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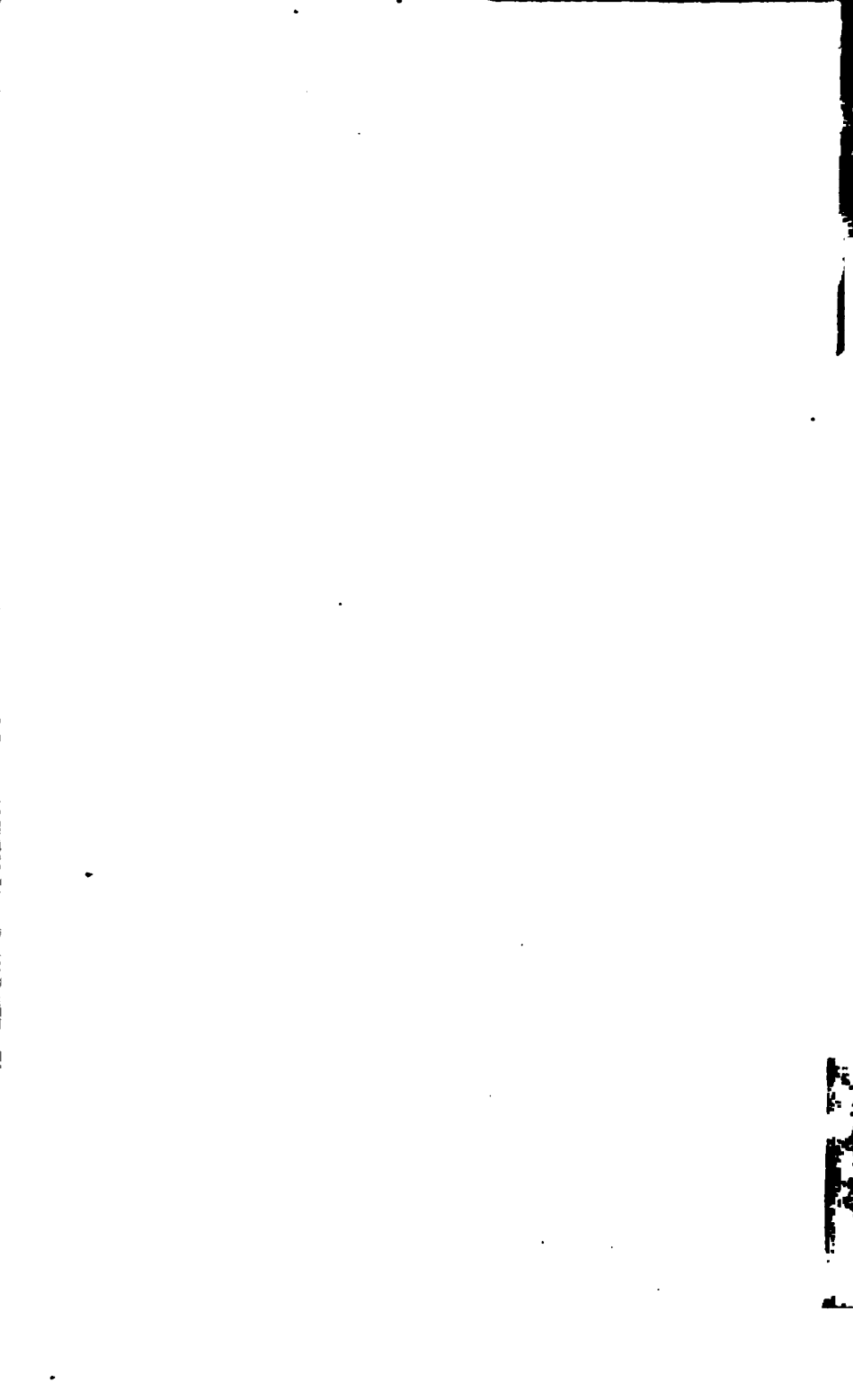
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6. *The Art of Fresco Painting.* By Mrs. MERRIFIELD. London: 1846.

NOTHING is more remarkable than the zeal with which old wall-paintings are sought after by those who would not go a mile out of their way to see a modern fresco. But the reason of this may be given in a few words. Till Mr. Herbert's 'Moses' was shown to the public, there was no instance in this country of a wall-painting in fresco, water-glass, or encaustic, equal to the easel pictures produced by the same artists, or even by men of less reputation. Whether it was that English painters would not master the difficulties of the fresco process, or that their skill in oils interfered with a new and different method; that the subjects assigned them were foreign to their genius, or the payment offered was too small; it is certain that men whose oil-paintings were generally admired, met with

polite indifference at the best when they turned to fresco. This was not the case in the Italy of early painters. Many of them attained their greatest celebrity, many of them have perpetuated their names, by fresco, and fresco only. Michael Angelo considered oils unworthy of the efforts of a man. The painters who preceded him seem to have toyed with the easier vehicle, and put forth their real strength on the wall. And even such men as Correggio and Parmigiano, whom we generally associate with a softer and less masculine school of painting, cast off these especial attributes when they decorated the churches of Parma. The result is that we scarcely ever find a fresco by an early painter below the level of his easel pictures, while we find many easel pictures of the early painters below the level of their frescoes. Modern times have exactly reversed this sentence.

If such be the case, it will strike many who are warm admirers of the early schools, that the attempted revival has proved a failure. So far as fresco is concerned, we fear the verdict cannot be questioned. The great argument in favour of fresco has always been its durability. Its advocates were anxious to impress upon us that the climate of England was no worse than that of Germany, and that the smoke of London would not be more prejudicial to frescoes than the incense and candles of Italian churches. But as a matter of fact the frescoes which have been painted within the last twenty years have already faded and want restoration. Some of the witnesses before the Select Committee on the Fine Arts in 1841, stated that the frescoes painted in the open air at Munich 'seemed perfectly to have resisted the action of the atmosphere.' Twenty years later Mr. Maclise said, in his report on water-glass, that the surface of the fresco painted on the Isar Thor was crumbling away. In the Poets' Hall of the Houses of Parliament the paint comes off in flakes. Mr. Dyce's frescoes in All Saints Church, Margaret Street, have been restored. Parts of his fresco of the 'Vision of Sir Galahad' flaked off the wall, leaving bright white specks of uncovered plaster in the upper part before the lower part was finished. If we contrast this condition of our modern frescoes with that of the earliest examples of the art, we find additional cause for wonder. It is true that many of the old frescoes have decayed, but none with such rapidity. Sir C. Eastlake stated in his evidence before the Committee on Fine Arts, that Leonardo's 'Last Supper,' which was painted in oil, was scarcely visible sixty years after it was painted, and an old Belgian painter quoted by Mrs. Merrifield, tells us that fresco lasts

nine or ten times longer than any other kind of painting, 'the more it is exposed to the rain the better it lasts.'* If it is surprising that an oil-painting upon the wall should have faded so much in sixty years as to be almost invisible, what is to be said of frescoes flaking off bodily in less than half that time? We fear that even rain would not have preserved them.

Had the early frescoes faded at this rate there is little doubt that the art itself would have perished. Living three hundred and fifty years after Raphael, what inducement should we have had to master such a difficult process which had not left us any traces of superior advantage? We should have known as much of the early frescoes as we know of the paintings of the Greeks, whom some enthusiasts consider the greatest of all painters simply because we know so little about them. But there is enough left of the very earliest frescoes to tempt us by their example. Even those which are most decayed have done their work, and have lasted for centuries. Vasari tells us of a St. Christopher by Lorenzo di Ricci painted on an outer wall and exposed for many years to the north without losing any of the brilliancy of its colours, or being damaged in any way. In the cases where the early frescoes have not lasted so well there is almost always some reason for the decay. Mr. Wilson, director of the Government school of design at Somerset House, attributes the bad state of Correggio's frescoes in the Duomo at Parma to the painter's use of a rich *intonaco*, that is, a preponderance of lime to sand. In most of the Italian churches, and particularly in the Sistine, the constant fumes of candles and incense are enough to ruin any picture, and the carelessness of Italian church officials is proverbial.

The most careful inquiry has not succeeded in explaining the decay of our modern frescoes. A commission which was appointed in 1862 examined the plaster on which the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament are painted, and found that it consisted of the proportions of lime and sand adopted in Italy and Germany, and recommended by the modern fresco-painters of the latter country. The artists did not complain of the quality of this composition. No internal dampness in the walls, if any existed, could have reduced the frescoes to their present condition. A series of experiments by Dr. Hofmann proved that gas had nothing to do with the matter. The artists who were examined could give no real explanation.

* 'Hess said if frescoes were painted in the open air in London the rain would be the best picture-cleaner.' (*First Report of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts, 1842.*)

Mr. Maclise said, 'As far as his observation went, he should attribute the apparent decay to the rubbing of the shoulders of the passers-by;' and in proof of this he pointed to the excellent condition of the upper part of his frescoes. But this does not explain the decay of the upper part of Mr. Dyce's 'Vision of Sir Galahad.' Mr. Herbert 'thought the principal cause was the employment of terra-verte'—the modern terra-verte being in his opinion different from that of the ancients. But it happens that this is one of the colours recommended for frescoes by Hess, the painter of the Basilica at Munich.

It is certainly not the want of advice that has led to this unfortunate result. We did not engage rashly in fresco-painting, or without sitting down to count the cost. The blue books which deal with the Fine Arts and the Palace at Westminster contain an ample justification of our attempt, as well as a history of our failure. If we begin with the Select Committee which sat in 1841 to receive the evidence of the friends and enemies of fresco, and follow the successive reports of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts, we shall find a most valuable mass of matter of all kinds, artistic, historical, controversial, scientific; much of it contradictory, much of it undigested; but still indispensable for our present purpose. Some of the works we have placed at the head of this article are entirely the products of these reports and of that evidence. The German Essays we have selected as a check rather than a complement; as a means of reducing some of the exaggerated statements we have met with in English pleaders to their real proportions.

The Select Committee on Fine Arts recommended the employment of artists in decorating the new Houses of Parliament, the appointment of a Commission, and experiments in fresco, as English artists had not sufficiently studied the subject. Much of the evidence led necessarily to this conclusion. Sir Charles Barry strongly recommended the employment of fresco, partly on the ground that the greatest painters and sculptors had always lived in those times when the arts of painting and sculpture were directed to the adornment of great public buildings. At the same time he admitted that the corridors were not the most favourable part of the building for the experiment on account of their limited width and their mode of lighting. The next witness was the then President of the Royal Academy, Sir Martin Archer Shee, and his evidence was decidedly unfavourable to the adoption of fresco. He said the great object in the public promotion of art was employ-

ment, but employment was not sufficient without encouragement; for they were not convertible terms. On the subject of fresco he said:—

‘I have not experience enough in the nature of fresco-painting to state precisely what I should conceive would be the effect of that style; but so far as my knowledge goes, and as far as I can collect from what I have seen of the description of painting which approaches in some degree to the nature of fresco, *such as scene painting*, and the mode in which the cartoons of Raphael have been executed, I should say that fresco would not be a style to be adopted in this country, either as peculiarly suited to our climate or consistent with the taste of this country.’

He recommended painting on canvas, considering that oil was ‘much more durable than fresco, particularly in our ‘climate.’ He was opposed to a choice of artists by competition, as he despaired of finding a competent tribunal. He thought there was a want of encouragement for high art in England, as Hilton from devoting himself to that style did not get a single commission during the last three years of his life, and Bell, after trying to introduce fresco as an internal decoration, found he had no chance in competition with the upholsterer. Mr. Dyce said that the works in the Hofgarten at Munich seemed perfectly to have resisted the action of the atmosphere, and from the climate of Munich there was every reason to believe that what succeeded there would succeed in England, if not in London, where the smoke was a further objection. There could be no doubt that fresco was more durable than oil, as lime was more durable than canvas. He thought it would only require a certain degree of study and practice for those who had been accustomed to paint historical pictures in oil to transfer them to fresco. High art had greatly improved in Germany since the introduction of fresco, and though no modern frescoes were as harmonious in colour as oil-paintings, that was not attributable to the method itself, but to the faulty taste of the Germans. Frescoes were suited to all situations and all kinds of light; they might be cleaned with bread and water, and it was less hazardous to clean a fresco than an oil-painting.* Mr. Vivian thought the climate of London very bad for frescoes; in Venice the salt of the atmosphere had proved destructive to them †; and oil-paintings were

* Mr. Thomas Barker of Bath cleaned a fresco with water and a soft sponge. In Genoa frescoes have been cleaned with vinegar. Carlo Maratti used wine in washing the Vatican frescoes.

† But in Genoa, where the influence of the sea air is more immediate, and the effect of storms more severely felt, frescoes have lasted on the external walls of houses for some centuries.

more easily restored. The third opponent of fresco was Mr. Fradelle, whose evidence was so ludicrously inconsistent as to carry no weight with it. Taking the well-known fact that Leonardo's 'Last Supper,' which is painted in oil and is in the worst state of ruin, is in the same room with a work of Montorfano's, which is painted in fresco and fully preserved, he argues from this against fresco by assuming that the 'Last Supper' was first painted in fresco and then revived in oil. That oil has perished when fresco has survived 'establishes that you cannot rely on fresco; that it depends on the circumstances of the wall, or the preparation of it to receive the painting.' It would be hard to find a sentence with more logical blunders in it; and the evidence before the Committee shows that the best friends of fresco were those who came out to combat its adoption. They made such strange assertions, contradicted each other and themselves with such pertinacity, that the failure of their assault was certain, and yet their failure seemed to prove that the position of fresco was unassailable.

Unfortunately the advocates of fresco have met with a similar contradiction at the hands of experience. Not only have their anticipations of the durability of fresco proved unfounded, but the paintings themselves have not impressed the public. It was too easily taken for granted that a revival of the old Italian method which had once produced such an effect would always produce it. The Germans who saw that Michael Angelo and Raphael had painted fresco and been the foremost of their time, thought that Cornelius and Overbeck had only to use the same implements to ensure the same recognition. And the advocates of fresco before the Select Committee laid the greatest stress on this presumed success of the Germans, which has turned out after all to be a failure. The revival of art has no doubt been productive of good, as it has stimulated men's minds and broken up a dead tradition. When the 'Nazarenes,' as they were called, grew up and looked about them, they saw a state of things which urgently needed remedy. We can fully enter into the zeal with which they strove for the recognition of truth in art, for the conquest of deep-seated error, and for a return to the time when art was the universal language of men and nations. What we regret is that while they were so fitted to preach, they were so unfitted to practise. Pedants in grain, they imagined that they were fighting against pedantry. Unskilled to portray beauty, they substituted severe ugliness for the meretricious trick of their opponents. We give them full credit for sincerity. We believe they did not see beyond their own works; that they

always judged their own works as they were in idea, and in the completeness of the idea forgot the defective execution. But if we are to judge their paintings by any artistic standard, we must look at the representation of the thought and not the depth of it, the picture instead of its philosophy. A French art critic who visited Munich and recorded his impressions in an able volume, says that Cornelius may be a great philosopher and a profound thinker, but he is neither a good painter nor a good draughtsman. The meaning and symbolism of his frescoes may be perfect, 'mais tout cela est fort mal dessiné et encore plus mal peint.'

The origin of the German school of fresco is stated by Mr. Dyce in his evidence before the Select Committee:—

'The German artists when they began to paint in fresco knew nothing of the process. A Prussian gentleman, Mr. Bartholdy, wanted to have his house done in fresco in the old manner*, and he offered to pay the expenses of a few artists then in Rome if they would undertake to make experiments on the walls of his house, or rather the villa in which he lived at Rome. That was the beginning of the German fresco-painting. The King of Bavaria seeing this gave encouragement to the artists, and the chief of them were employed on great works, and he offered the arcade of the Hofgarten to the inferior artists as a place to try their skill upon.'

We have incidental glimpses of the activity of the young artists at this time in various works. Perhaps the best is the one furnished by the Swedish poet Atterbom, whose letters from Germany and Italy in the years 1817 and 1819 were lately published. He describes an artists' festival of the period, at which the Crown Prince of Bavaria, afterwards King Louis, was present. The room was decorated with emblematic and satirical transparencies by Cornelius, Veit, and Overbeck, the satirical pictures representing the Victory of Samson over the Philistines, the Fall of Jericho, Hercules cleansing the Augean stables. The Philistines of course were pedants, and a label of 'Bonne ville de Jerichow' showed by what nation the modern Jericho was inhabited. The Crown Prince, 'whose chief passion is for the beautiful, both in art and the living form,' was dressed in the national costume of ancient Germany, a dress which was then forbidden in Munich by royal decree. He danced with all the young German ladies, and with the artists'

* In Raczyński's History it is said that Bartholdy wanted to have one of his rooms painted with arabesques, and that Cornelius exerted all his eloquence to induce him to substitute historical pictures in fresco. Cornelius and his companions were to receive nothing for their work but the cost of the colours and of their maintenance.

wives, who were all Italian and were generally young and pretty. At the sight of one young lady especially, 'a most 'gracious fire burnt in his eyes.' Festivals such as these were the relaxations in the artists' life of effort. Besides painting scriptural scenes in the Casa Bartholdi, they illustrated the Italian poets in the Villa Massimo. The works of Cornelius in the former house are 'Joseph making himself known to his 'Brethren,' and 'Joseph interpreting Pharaoh's Dream.' But the most pleasing of these frescoes is Veit's 'Seven Years of 'Plenty;' a young mother sitting under a palm tree with her children playing around her. One of the children kicks over a basket of fruit, another sits on high-piled sheaves and dangles a bunch of grapes before an infant.

Strictly speaking, the first of the revivalists was neither Cornelius nor Overbeck, but Asmus Carstens. Yet his merit was not at all recognised at the time, and his fame has now been obscured by those who followed in his track. Count Raczynski admits that the execution of his works is so imperfect as to entitle them to no higher name than that of sketches, though had he lived later he would undoubtedly have been a great fresco-painter. Goethe himself was unjust to Carstens, and Schiller's periodical, the 'Horen,' contains a severe attack upon him by Maler Müller. When once the Nazarenes became a school, and went over to the Church of Rome in a body, the world began to do them more justice. Even then there was much affectation about them. The conversion of one of the number, which was attributed to a miracle by the Roman Catholics, led Protestants to suspect a trick. But it was when the school had made its first great step, and was employed on public works in Munich, that youthful zeal gave place to cliquism and pedantry. Gervinus in his 'Venetian Letters on new German 'and old Italian Painting,' speaks with much severity of the system pursued by King Louis and his favourite artists. He begins by protesting against the indiscriminate puffery which welcomes every new project of the King and every new work of the painters. 'Count Raczynski writes a history of modern 'German art. History is generally written when things are 'completed.' He reminds his countrymen that the reason given by Vasari for the excellence of Florentine training is that nothing mediocre had any chance of pleasing in Florence, because no one had any respect of persons. This is not the case in Munich. No one dares to criticise freely, and the artists cannot bear criticism. Gervinus refuses to join in the general hallelujahs in praise of the royal Mæcenas of Bavaria. He thinks the most magnificent opportunity in the world was

thrown away by overhaste, the desire of filling a certain number of walls, and giving glory to the patron, not to the artists.

‘The results are manufactures instead of masterpieces, mannerisms instead of style, arabesques instead of historical pictures, wall-paintings instead of art. . . . An artist is wanted for a subject, intrigues instead of careful selection guide the choice of the patron. When he has found the man he tells him what he has to do instead of leaving it to his genius. Hess had to give his wall-paintings in the Court Chapel the air of old mosaics whether he would or no. . . . Kaulbach is left unemployed, and perhaps that is the best thing that could happen to him. On the other hand Schwanthaler is worked to death.’

The prophecy was fulfilled; Schwanthaler was worked to death. Yet we find in Mr. Bellenden Ker’s evidence before the Select Committee, that Klenze said of King Louis, ‘He has one merit which kings in general have not; that is he is not in a hurry, he gives you time, which is essential to the execution of great works.’

Another thing which Gervinus censures is the mannerism of the German painters:—

‘When once a German artist has a mannerism he is content, and he makes no further efforts. Veit has gone backwards instead of forwards in his Frankfort frescoes; Cornelius is the same in his last works as he was more than twenty years ago. Nor is there any change of manner with change of subject. Schnorr is just the same in the Nibelungen and in Ariosto, though the subjects are a world apart from each other.’

These strictures are severe, but it is something to find a man who can speak his mind. As a general rule, Germans lose themselves in doubtful objection or more doubtful praise. Herr Springer, the historian of modern German art, says hesitatingly that Steinle’s frescoes in the Castle of Rheineck and in the choir of the Cathedral of Cologne ‘do not give a just idea of the excellence of the master.’ He is bolder in discussing Führich and Götzenberger. The frescoes of the first at Vienna and Prague are ‘simply tedious.’ Those of the latter at Bonn are ‘the reverse of an ornament to the Hall of the University.’ But when we come to Cornelius we find more reserve. His works are intended only for the aristocracy of culture. All who demand that painting should satisfy the eye will not understand the great fame of the master. Much is to be desired in his execution. He cannot paint in oil, and he always leaves the execution of his frescoes to other hands, for good reasons. We may parallel these

doubtful expressions among the works of Cornelius's great admirers. Count Raczynski, whose judgment is that 'il n'y a pas de hauteur dans les arts (si grande qu'elle puisse être), à laquelle Cornelius ne veuille ou ne puisse atteindre,' says of the Last Judgment in the Ludwig's Kirche at Munich:—

'My first view of this great composition did not answer my expectations. The groups seemed disposed in a manner little favourable to the general effect; the proportions of the figures did not always seem to agree together; I looked in vain for one great thought, one source of admiration. I do not reproach Cornelius, but accuse myself of failing to understand him.'

And Herman Grimm, the author of the newest work on Michael Angelo, a writer whose life has been a perpetual crusade in favour of Cornelius, declares that he is not competent to judge the Munich Last Judgment:—

'I admire it, but it does not warm me. This upward soar of the blessed in the dress of their time, wonderful as may be the groups they form, this tearing down of the damned, does not move me. The devil with the fat sinners around him is indifferent to me, and the feeling which proceeds from the whole work is 'one of repugnance.'

If the chief admirer of Cornelius can speak thus of one of the chief works of Cornelius, the opinions we have expressed are not too daring. Still we would not be thought incapable of appreciating the real merits of the German masters. There are often ideas of much grandeur in Cornelius's designs, in details as well as in the whole conception. In the cartoon of the 'Four Riders,' the figure of Famine, with outstretched finger as if counting, is very fine, though it reminds us too much of one of the Huns in Kaulbach's 'Battle of the Huns'; but the rider in the centre with the sword and the mother who flings herself down before the feet of the horses are nearly as fine without being open to that objection. The group in the foreground of the 'Last Judgment' in Berlin—a mother holding up her infant for its father's kiss—is very touching. But the painter who excels in feeling, and who contrasts most strongly with Cornelius, is Heinrich Hess, the author of many of the frescoes in the Basilica of St. Boniface, and of those in the Chapel of All Saints, at Munich. Cornelius voluntarily confines himself to subjects requiring power; but he is sometimes betrayed into gentler feelings, and acquits himself well. Hess is almost perfect in tenderness and beauty but has no strength. We see this most clearly in his fresco of the 'Angel wrestling with Jacob'; the figure of the Angel is lovely, that of Jacob is coarse and rough. When Hess has to paint the Virgin, the

angels by the altar with the sacrament, or the Magdalen in a *Noli Me Tangere*, no modern German approaches him. The other frescoes in Munich which demand our attention are those of Schnorr in the Palace. But of these we cannot speak with much praise. Schnorr seems to us to unite many of the faulty characteristics of Cornelius and Kaulbach. He joins something of the exaggerated and ungainly action of the one to the crowding and extreme symbolism of the other. Gervinus states that while Schnorr's frescoes from Ariosto show poetic feeling, and are the most pleasing works in the Villa Massimo, they have had a fatal effect on German painters by inspiring an undue love of ornament.

Our reason for dwelling thus on the weakness of the modern German masters is that they are more intimately connected with our English frescoes than would at first be supposed. A strong attempt was made to entrust the work of decorating the Houses of Parliament to Cornelius and his scholars. Mr. W. J. Bankes, in his evidence before the Select Committee, said that he was very anxious to see fresco introduced in England, and had invited Cornelius over. He thought the King's palace at Munich would immortalise his reign; that a German artist could identify himself with the English character of the historical compositions required for Westminster Palace; that German artists entertained a high idea of the picturesque qualities of many of the events in English history; and that there would be no danger of English subjects being treated with German faces. Fortunately for England this advice was not followed. We cannot conceive anything that would have been more fatal both to English art and historical art than the employment of that school on our public buildings. The result of their frescoes in Germany has been anything but satisfactory, in spite of all the wrought-up enthusiasm of their supporters. Mr. Wyse stated in his evidence that he had seen peasants from the mountains holding up their children before the frescoes in the Hofgarten and explaining to them the scenes of Bavarian history; but since then the public neglect of these works has more than once been shown by their defacement. Cornelius told Mr. Wyse that it was difficult to impress a general love of art on the mind of a nation at large unless you were to use as an instrument painting on a large scale, and that fresco was peculiarly suited to that purpose. But the result of modern frescoes has been exactly the contrary of this. Herr Grimm has long complained that the cartoons supplied by Cornelius for Berlin are left rolled up in a dusty corner, and that the public is entirely indifferent to his

greatest works. It will be instructive to compare this neglect of Cornelius with the general appreciation of Mr. Herbert.

However, the Select Committee was aware of the danger of entrusting the works in the Houses of Parliament to a foreign school. In the course of the inquiry we find one of the members asking Mr. Eastlake if he thought 'the frescoes which would be executed by our present artists would partake of the peculiar style of the revival of art among the modern Germans.' Mr. Eastlake replied in the negative. He did not *apprehend* that there was much disposition in this country generally to follow the German style. As far as technical merit in fresco went he would be very glad to see the art in such perfection here as in the paintings of the Glyptothek; but he thought it would be better for English artists to look at the highest models; and the frescoes of Raphael in the Vatican were very superior to anything that had been done at Munich even in the technical process. He admitted that it was impossible to see the frescoes at Munich without knowing that they were the works of a German, and that this character was remarkable even in Cornelius's subjects from Homer. The first quality in the Germans which invited our imitation was their patriotism:—

'It may or may not follow that the mode of encouraging native art which is now attracting attention at Munich is to be adopted here. We have seen that a considerable degree of imitation of early precedents is mixed up with the German efforts; this of itself is hardly to be defended, but the imitation of that imitation without sharing its inspiring feeling would be utterly useless as well as humiliating.'

In one point, indeed, the Germans were well able to guide and assist us, and they did not grudge us their advice. They had mastered the technical process with much difficulty, and they let us profit by their experience. Their friends' attempt to have our public works given into their hands never made them selfish towards their English rivals. So far from this, Cornelius welcomed warmly the idea of forming an English school of fresco-painting, and said he could not conceive a more admirable opportunity for it than the building of the new Houses of Parliament. He inspected the plans for the Houses and the site, thought the situation unobjectionable, and that the damp of the river could have no effect on frescoes in rooms raised so high above the actual level of the water. He said that the only works in Munich which had faded were those painted in the open air without due regard to the materials, and that the damp really prejudicial to frescoes was that caused

by the use of unsound materials. That the true way of preserving frescoes was careful preparation for them was assumed by all modern authorities; and the process was fully described for the benefit of the beginners. The description of the process may be divided into three heads; the cartoon; the preparation of the wall; and the work of painting.

The cartoon is generally enlarged from small drawings of the whole composition, and careful studies are made for the separate parts. The mode adopted by Cornelius for preparing and fixing his cartoons is described in the following words. A strong cloth is stretched on a frame as if it was to be prepared for painting, and paper is firmly glued upon it. When the first layer of paper is dry, a second layer is glued over it in the same manner; the edges of the separate sheets being scraped where they overlap so as to preserve an even surface. The surface is then prepared for drawing with size and alum. The drawing is made with charcoal, and when finished is *fixed* by wetting the cloth at the back with cold water and then steaming the drawing in front. The effect of this last operation is to melt the size a little and fix the charcoal. A finished drawing of the full size being thus ready, the outline is traced from it on oiled paper; if the finished drawing is half size it is enlarged by squares to the full dimensions. The paper on which it is copied must be moderately thin, and is called the working outline. As much of it as can be finished in one painting is nailed to the wet wall, and the forms are traced with a sharp point which makes an indented outline through the paper on the soft plaster. In this operation the 'working drawing' is generally destroyed. Many celebrated Italian frescoes are said to show the effects of it even now; in some the indented outline is still apparent; and the outlines of Raphael's cartoons are covered with pinholes. But, as Mr. George Butler says in his Oxford Essay on Raphael, it is believed that Michael Angelo dispensed with its aid in painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

The second step is to prepare the wall, and this is most elaborately described. A brick ground is recommended by Hess and the professors of Munich; bricks well dried and of equal hardness. But Mr. Dyce, in his observations on fresco, appended to the sixth report of the Commissioners, remarks:—

'It seems to be clearly ascertained that although a surface of brick is best adapted to the process of fresco-painting, the chances of durability are greater when lathing is employed. I am inclined to think that in this country, unless special precautions have been taken, it will always be advisable to resort to the use of battens and

lathing. The danger to be apprehended from a surface of brick is not so much the transmission of damp from the soil or from the roof, as the exudation of the salts with which London bricks are highly charged, especially such as are employed in the construction of interior walls. However dry a wall of this kind may appear to be, or be in reality, every fresh wetting of the surface will, for a period of indefinite length, cause the bricks to throw out certain salts in solution which effloresce on the surface of the plaster laid on them. This saline matter penetrates even through cements.'

If the wall is covered with old mortar, the ingredients of which are unknown, this coat should be entirely removed till the solid materials are laid bare, and a new coat of river sand and lime should be applied. Another defence against damp which has been tried in Munich is to cover the horizontal surface of the wall at the third course of bricks above the ground with a thin sheet of lead protected by a coat of pitch on each side. But, of course, this is only possible in new walls. In old ones the rough coating is indispensable. The Italians put two parts of sand, and the Germans three of sand, to one of lime. An old Belgian MS., quoted by Mrs. Merrifield, says you must apply three coats of sand and old lime—the older the better—if the wall has not been plastered. And an English MS., by John Martin, 1699, gives the following directions:—

'In painting on walls to make it endure the weather you must grind your colours with lime water, milk, or whey mixed in size colour pots. Then paste or plaister must be made of well-washed lime mixt with powder of old rubbish stones; the lime must be often washed till fine all its salt is abstracted; and all your work must be done in clear and dry weather. To make the work endure strike into the wall stumps of headed nails about five or six inches asunder, and by this means you may preserve the plaister from peeling. Then with the paste plaister the wall a pretty thickness, letting it dry (but scratch the first coat with the point of your trowell) longways and crossways as soon as you have done laying on what plaister or paste you think fit, that the next plaistering you lay upon it may take good key and not come off, nor part from the first coate or plaistering, and when the first coate is dry plaister it over again with the thickness of half a barleycorn very fine and smooth, then your colours being already prepared work this last plaistering over with the said colours in what draught you please, so will your painting write and joyn fast to the plaister and dry together as a perfect compost. Note, your first coate of plaister or paste must be very hair'd with oxhair in it, or else your work will crack quite through the second coate of plaistering.'

This quaint old advice departs in some respects from the more modern prescriptions. But all agree that the 'plaister' must be laid on with care and pains. Cornelius lays the greatest

stress on the necessity of using lime that has been long kept, since it comes in immediate contact with the colours, and is itself a colour.* He prepared the lime for the Ludwigs Kirche eight years before he used it. If a rough coat is applied to a wall, he says, it is not enough to let it harden perfectly; if the lime used was fresh, two or three years should elapse before any further operations are undertaken. Other German and Italian painters, we are told, do not keep the lime more than ten or twelve months. In Munich a pit is filled with clean burnt lime-stones; on being slaked they are stirred continually till reduced to an impalpable consistence. The surface having settled to a level, clean river sand is spread over it to the depth of a foot or more, so as to exclude the air, and lastly the whole is covered with earth. A report of Faraday's on some lime that had been kept two years approves the practice of keeping it that time. He says the lime is very soft and smooth, and has gradually acquired a very fine texture, which eminently fits it for painting. Clean, sharp sand must be taken for mixing with the lime, and must not be too dark; the presence of any earthy particles in the plaster would entirely ruin the fresco. Hess says that the sand should be carefully washed to cleanse it from clayey or saline particles, and then dried in the open air. Mr. Cope made an experiment with some dark-grey river-sand from the bed of the Lune in Yorkshire, but both Dr. Hofmann and Sir Roderick Murchison pronounced against it. Dr. Hofmann reported that the dark colour which Mr. Cope found encouraging in its results was attributable to the presence of iron pyrites, and this was likely to crumble much sooner than an *intonaco* † in which sand free from iron pyrites was employed. Sir Roderick Murchison's words are:—

'Few or no river sands can answer as good material for the *intonaco* of fresco. Such deposits contain impurities and oxidisable substances which would be sure to affect the *intonaco*. The analysis of the old Paduan frescoes shows that there was scarcely a trace of iron in the Italian mixture, which was, I dare say, made up of the purest silicious sand which could be procured with one of the crystalline limestones or pure marbles of the country, nearly all of which contain some magnesia. The sculptors may aid the painters, and the "rejectamenta" of the former may prove the best possible material for mixing with the pure white sand, for it is highly charged with carbonic acid. Besides by this process one half of

* 'Lime is the white pigment.' (*First Report, Appendix.*)

† *Intonaco* signifies the last coat of lime laid on walls previous to painting on them in fresco.

the material would be Italian, and possibly, if not probably, the very lime used by Giotto.'

The analysis of the Paduan frescoes to which Sir Roderick alludes was made by Dr. Hofmann on a small specimen of the intonaco fallen from one of Giotto's paintings. The characteristic constituents of the intonaco were declared to be silica, lime, and magnesia. From the considerable quantity of the latter it was evident to Dr. Hofmann that a magnesian limestone mixed with sand in the proportion of 39·4 to 32·5, had been used in preparing the intonaco. The quantity of carbonic acid was unusually large; there was very little of it in the lime examined by Faraday. Vasari recommended that the lime should be made from the Travertine stone, with blocks of which the Colosseum, St. Peter's, and many other ancient and modern buildings at Rome have been reared. The lime used at Munich is remarkable for its whiteness, and is made from pebbles washed by the torrents of the Isar from the marble mountains of the Tyrol. The Durdham Down limestone is equal or superior to the Travertine.

These are the preliminary steps. The work itself comes next. The surface of the wall is wetted again and again till it ceases to absorb. You cannot wet it too much, says Cennino Cennini; but others say that Michael Angelo did wet one of his walls too much. It is to be noticed that throughout the process of fresco no water must be used, except rain water, or boiled or distilled water. This rule reminds us of the cook who excluded water from his operations, and substituted a lump of ice, which was to be melted whenever water was needed. A thin coat of plaster is next spread over that portion of the wall which is to be painted; the surface of this coat should be moderately rough. As soon as it begins to set (in ten minutes or so, according to the season), a second thin coat is laid on, one somewhat fatter, that is, with more lime and less sand. The outline is now traced with a sharp point on the plaster, and the painter begins to work when the surface is in such a state that it will barely receive the impression of the finger. If it is so wet as to be stirred up by the brush, the brush will get full of sand. If it begins to dry, and will not take the colour well, the painter must take a mouthful of water and sprinkle it over the surface. The tints first applied sink in and look faint, and it is necessary to go over them repeatedly before the full effect appears. But after some time, especially if the surface is not occasionally moistened, the superadded colour will not mix with what is underneath. It is usual to try the tints on a brick or tile that absorbs moisture, in order to

know the change to which they will be exposed in passing from wet to dry. The greatest care is needed in preparing them on the palette, as otherwise when the fresco is dry, it will appear quite streaky, though nothing of the kind is perceptible while it is moist. Mr. Taylor and an American artist painted two heads without properly mixing their tints, and the result was, in the words of the American, that the heads looked 'for all the world like the tulip-streaked countenances of rum-drinking Carolina slave-breeders.'

Simple earths are the colours chiefly used, and even among those mentioned by Hess are many that oppose great difficulties to the fresco-painter.* Mr. Dyce states that the use of ultramarine in a nearly pure state has hitherto been the *crux* of fresco-painters, and Cennini says, in opposition to Hess, that cinnabar cannot be used in fresco. An old MS. in the Marciana Library at Venice tells you to distemper blue with the milk of goats or any other animal, if you do not wish it to turn black. A Paduan MS. recommends the same for all colours, 'especially the smalti and smaltini.' The author of the 'Jesuit's Perspective' gives a recipe for making vermilion durable in fresco by washing powdered vermilion several times with clear lime-water. It has been found that in pure ultramarine, vermilion, sulphuret of cadmium, black both of Cologne earth and burnt peachstones, and to a certain extent in burnt vitriol, two or three layers must be put on to cover the intonaco, yet in nine cases out of ten the first layer adheres perfectly, the second partially and in streaks, and the third not at all. Mr. Dyce

* The colours enumerated by Hess for fresco-painting are :—'White; lime which has either been kept long, or is rendered less caustic by repeated manipulations and drying. Yellow; all kinds of ochres, terra di Siena. Red; all kinds of burnt ochres, burnt terra di Siena (the brightest particles selected at different stages of the process of burning furnish, according to Director Cornelius, very brilliant reds), oxides of iron, and lake-coloured burnt vitriol. Brown; umber raw and burnt, and burnt terra-vert. Black; burnt Cologne earth, which, when thus freed from its vegetable ingredients, affords a pure black. Purple; burnt vitriol, cobalt blue, and lake-coloured burnt vitriol. Green; Verona green (terra-vert), cobalt green, and chrome green. Blue; ultramarine, cobalt, and the imitation of ultramarine; the last is most safely used for flat tints, but does not always mix well with other colours. These colours have been well tested, and for the most part admit of being mixed in any way. Other more brilliant colours, such as chrome, yellow, vermilion, &c., have been tried in various ways, but have not yet in every case been found to stand. Colours prepared from animal and vegetable substances cannot be used at all, as the lime destroys them.'

made use of a solution of starch or the caseous element of milk, and found the results most satisfactory. A Scotch gentleman who tried caseine thought that it might obviate the necessity of preparing the intonaco day by day, and that if some expedient were adopted for keeping it damp, large pictures might be executed with very few joinings in the plaster. The solution of starch must be so weak that when cold it shall scarcely assume the form of a jelly. It must be used the day it is prepared, and the pigments must contain a small portion of lime:—

‘In preparing a tint of ultramarine (says Mr. Dyce) I make it up with the least possible quantity of water, it is then diluted with the solution of starch to the proper consistency, and a small portion of lime added to it. The addition of the lime curdles or imperfectly solidifies the mixture, to remove which it must be triturated in a mortar, worked with the palette knife on a slab, or (what is generally sufficient) stirred with a stiff brush till it attains the consistency of cream.’

The brushes prescribed are hog’s hair, with small pencils of otter hair in quills. No other hair resists the action of lime. They are to be rather longer in the hair than those used for oil-painting. At the end of each day’s work, all the plaster that extends beyond the finished part must be removed. In cutting it away, care must be taken never to make a division in the middle of a mass of flesh or of an unbroken light, but always where drapery or some object forms a boundary. If this be not attended to, when the work is continued next day, it is almost impossible to match the tints so that the junction may be imperceptible. The angles round the edge of the finished portion must be carefully wetted on recommencing, and this must be done delicately with a brush to secure the sufficient moistening of every corner, and at the same time to avoid wetting or soiling the surface of the part already finished. For the same reason it is well to begin with the upper part, for if the lower part was finished first, the water from above would be constantly running over the fresh painting. When any defect cannot otherwise be repaired, the part which contains it must be carefully cut out, and the process renewed for that portion. These junctions are valuable as enabling us to trace the speed and method of the workmanship of the old masters. In a report by Mr. C. H. Wilson, we have some dotted outlines showing the exact points where the painters left off for the day. In painting heads flying tresses were painted one day, and the head itself put in the next. By dint of fresco-painting Correggio gained such facility that he finished the figure of St. Jerome in two days. The first day he painted

the head and half the body, passing from the top of the shoulder to the wrist with one stroke of the brush. The next day he began at the hips, and finished at the toes with one stroke of the brush. Raphael's 'Incendio del Borgo' was painted in about forty days; the group of the young man carrying his father in three days. His group of the 'Graces,' in the Farnesina Palace, occupied him five days, and the 'Galatea' eleven or twelve days. It is interesting to contrast with these facts what Mr. Dyce said of the rate of Professor Schnorr's workmanship:—'When I was at Munich, he had, I think, six pictures on hand, generally about twenty feet long, and those were all to be executed during the three or four months when it is possible to paint in fresco.' Mr. Taylor censures the Venetian practice of plastering as clumsy in the extreme. The frescoes of both Titian and Pordenone show the rudest workmanship, the surface being very uneven, and the joinings which mark the work of different days very careless. The Florentine practice is better.

In the finished fresco the depth of shadows is often increased, parts are rounded, subdued, and softened, by hatching in lines of the colour required with a brush not too wet, and with vinegar and white of egg for the medium. These retouches are useless in the open air, as the rain washes them away. Those in Schnorr's frescoes in the Villa Massimo have all become visible, and appear as dark spots. It is a moot point how far retouching in secco is allowable. Vasari calls it 'cosa vilissima.' But Cennini says, 'Remember everything you paint in fresco must be finished and retouched in secco with tempera;' and there are very few frescoes by the best masters, those of Vasari himself not excepted, which have not been retouched in secco. Fresco-secco was introduced at Munich by Klenze, and Overbeck painted in it at Assisi. But Mr. Wilson, while admitting that work done in this way will bear to be washed as well as real fresco, and is as durable, declares that it is an inferior art in every important respect.

All these provisions, however, have not guarded against one fatal blemish which naturally occurs to us while reading the enumeration of colours, among the reds and yellows. When Douglas Jerrold was told that a young painter was mediocre, he said that was the worst ochre a man could paint with. We regret to say that this worst ochre has been largely employed in all modern frescoes. Our opinion of those in Germany has been recorded already, and it would be an invidious task to particularise all others for the sake of censuring them. Even a painter like Mr. Watts has failed in his 'School of Legislation,'

though perhaps his failure may be accounted for by the impatience of the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, who, it is said, threatened to whitewash the wall over if the painting was not instantly completed. Other frescoes, which are not so conspicuous in the wrong way, are not conspicuous in the right way. None of those in the Houses of Parliament can be pronounced a success—not even those of Mr. Dyce, which are the most important.* The best wall-paintings in Paris are, we believe, in oil, such as Delaroche's 'Hemicycle,' and many of Hippolyte Flandrin's works. We have judged modern German frescoes chiefly by the school of Cornelius, which is generally accepted as the most prominent, and which its admirers say is best represented in Munich.† The frescoes of Bendemann in the palace at Dresden, which more impartial judges consider superior to the works of the older school, we have not been able to see. Those in the National Museum at Munich, by pupils of Piloty, are not yet shown to the public. But there are works of considerable promise in the railway station at Munich, and outside the old house of the Fuggers at Augsburg, by men of the younger schools, which ought not to be omitted.

Those in the Munich railway station are by a pupil of Kaulbach's, the one to whom many of Kaulbach's Berlin paintings have been entrusted. But though Kaulbach himself was the chief pupil of Cornelius, and owed his employment on public works to a summons from Cornelius, he has so completely divorced himself from all affinity with his master that we need not apologise for treating his school separately. There is another reason for doing so. Kaulbach's chief public works have inaugurated a new process. He has turned from pure fresco, where he did nothing remarkable, to water-glass, in which his most successful works are executed. Much as may be said against Kaulbach's last pictures, it is certain that they are astonishing efforts of a great mind, while his earlier frescoes are passed over in silence, *senza infamia e senza lodo*. It would, no doubt, have been better for his fame and for German painting in general if Kaulbach had confined himself to the style in which he could be perfect, instead of aiming at daring

* There is a full and exact account of Mr. Dyce's Arthurian cycle of frescoes in the 'Athenæum' for August 12th and 19th, 1865, to which we refer our readers, if they wish to have this opinion substantiated.

† 'In the matter of frescoes,' says Count Raczynski, 'Munich has no rival.' And again: 'The school of Munich is only another name for the school of Cornelius.'

imperfections and silencing criticism by making it hold its breath. We cannot sufficiently wonder at Cornelius, who had his attention turned to Kaulbach's Hogarthian works, and brought him to Munich to paint Apollo and the Muses. But we find some justification in the fact that a great painter in England would have employed Leech in high art, and sacrificed the best pictorial comedy for doubtful attempts at ideal grandeur.

The large works which Kaulbach has painted in the New Museum at Berlin are the 'Dispersion of the Nations,' 'Homer and the Greeks,' the 'Fall of Jerusalem,' the 'Crusaders in sight of Jerusalem,' the 'Battle of the Huns,' and the 'Period of the Reformation.*' Between these pictures are single figures, Isis and Moses, Venus and Solon, History and Tradition; and a frieze runs round the whole, showing the development of civilisation under the form of child's play. The infant Prometheus steals fire from heaven, the first children break the shell, Romulus and Remus build their little Rome, and Nimrod hunts. In Greece we see the Zeuxis child with a dog licking the colours off his palette, the Orpheus child crowned with thistles by a donkey, the Plato child and Aristotle child disputing. The symbolism of the frieze is playful rather than earnest, and we are more tolerant towards it than towards that of the larger pictures. In these the painter has let his imagination run riot, and the incongruities in which he indulges take away all serious meaning. 'The Crusaders before Jerusalem' might be a scene from one of Meyerbeer's operas. There is no thought of unity or simplicity; every person is looking to effect. Even the figures surrounding the Saviour in the clouds are glancing and beckoning instead of wearing the majestic calm assigned them by all other painters. In 'Homer and the Greeks' we have all periods of Greek history and tradition confused together. Homer in vigorous manhood lands from a bark which is steered by the Cumæan sibyl, and meets on the shore the old Hesiod, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, Aristophanes and Pindar, Pericles and Alcibiades, Solon and Phidias. Above, the gods themselves come floating in the clouds; Thetis rises from the sea, and

* The 'Dispersion of the Nations' and the 'Fall of Jerusalem' are, we believe, the only works painted by Kaulbach himself; the others are done by his pupils. In like manner the only fresco painted by Cornelius himself is the 'Last Judgment,' in the Ludwigs Kirche at Munich; and a German description of Munich while the works were going on, speaks of 'the master Cornelius with his blouse on, and his palette in his hand; a small man sitting before an enormous wall and painting upon it; a mason with apron and trowel behind.'

Leda shrinks from the swan ; Apollo leads the Muses, and the warriors dance round the flaming altar. The 'Period of the 'Reformation' of course limited the painter in his range over time, but he has ransacked all countries. Columbus and Bacon, Paracelsus and Harvey, Petrarch and Shakspeare, Cervantes and Hans Sachs, Queen Elizabeth and Gustavus Adolphus, Huss and Savonarola, Gutenberg and Galileo, all meet in a Gothic hall, and measure the globe, dig manuscripts out of an old sarcophagus, scan verses on their fingers, or clutch their swords, while Calvin administers the sacrament, and a choir in the organ-loft sings out of the hymn-book.

It may be a question how far these pictures are worthy of being preserved by the water-glass process. What will future ages think of the views of history depicted in the middle of the nineteenth century? Unluckily, too, the power of drawing shown in Kaulbach's cartoons forsakes him when he begins to paint. But there is no reason to doubt the durability of the water-glass after the experiment tried on one of these pictures. It was suspended for twelve months in the open air under the principal chimney of the New Museum, exposed to sunshine, mist, snow and rain, and yet it retained its full brilliancy of colour. Pictures in water-glass have all the brilliancy and vigour of oil-paintings, without the dazzling surface which is the great objection to oil, and which fresco was supposed to obviate. The example set by Berlin was therefore eagerly watched by those who recognised the failure of fresco, and the technical success of Kaulbach's paintings led to a speedy examination of his method.

In the eleventh report of the Commissioners it was stated that Mr. Maclise was to paint one of the subjects in the Royal Gallery in fresco. But by the next year Mr. Maclise had found that his picture, the subject of which was to be the meeting of Wellington and Blucher after the Battle of Waterloo, 'depended on the verisimilitude of so many minute details, 'buckles, buttons and tassels, that innumerable cuttings and 'joinings of the plaster would be required, as a very small 'portion of these details could be painted on the fresh-laid 'plaster every day.' This made the process of fresco unsuitable for the work he was to execute, and he was disheartened at the difficulties of fresco which 'confined the artist within 'the limits of the applicability of very scant materials, and 'made him doubtful of their effect while working with them.' He felt his aspiration subdued by the conviction that his art was the slave of his means, since whatever was the style of subject to be treated in fresco, and however simple in its design

it might appear, the obstacles to be overcome were still in such obstructive force as to be positively repellent to the artist. While these thoughts were weighing on him, Mr. Maclise took up Fuchs's pamphlet on stereochrome, which had been translated and issued for private circulation by direction of the Prince Consort. A former report had also contained the substance of a lecture on silica and its application to painting by the Rev. J. Barlow, Vice-President of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and in this Dr. Fuchs's method had been detailed. But, being no chemist, Mr. Maclise acknowledges that the pamphlet conveyed little meaning to him. 'A flint in fluid form was to me a mystery,' he says, forgetting the passage in the Psalms which exactly applies, 'Who turneth the hard rock into a standing water, and the flint stone into a springing well.' It was evident from the first that concentrated water-glass could not be used as a vehicle for painting in the manner of varnish or oil, as it stiffened the brush and petrified the contents of the palette before the most rapid execution could accomplish the painting. The only thing to be done was to take a trip to Berlin, and examine the process on its own ground.

To this journey we owe Mr. Maclise's report on the stereochromic process, and the adoption of that process by himself and subsequently by Mr. Herbert. The process is far simpler than that of fresco, and can be described in a much smaller space. Silica, when combined with an alkaline base, forms a soluble glass, the degree of solubility depending on the proportion which the silicious acid bears to the alkaline base. A silicated alkali soluble in boiling water may be produced by mixing fifteen parts of fine sand with eight parts of carbonate of soda, or with ten parts of carbonate of potass and one part of charcoal fused in a furnace. Brought in contact with a lime salt, or under the action of the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, this water-glass forms an insoluble cement, and it is on this principle that Fuchs based his invention of stereochromic painting. A ground of Portland cement and sand is generally taken for the wall on which the picture is to be painted. Dr. Pettenkofer, whose method of regenerating pictures has lately made his name illustrious, gives the following account of the preparation of a wall for stereochrome:—

'Spread on a wall of brick or on a plate of burnt clay, a mortar composed of three parts of coarse sand and one part of Portland cement with the necessary quantity of water. This surface (not above half an inch thick) when still fresh, is covered with a thin coating of fine mortar, which is called the sweating-mortar, and

consists of three parts of fine sand—sand composed of carbonate of lime is best—and one part of Portland cement (or if you wish the ground to be more absorbent, Roman cement) and one of water. The sand and cement for the sweating-mortar must be rubbed through the same sieve. The fineness of the sieve must be regulated according to the requisite quality of the surface of the wall on which you wish to paint. The sweating-mortar need not be thicker than between one and two twelfths of an inch. As soon as the upper layer has sufficiently sucked it should be made even with the proper instrument, and when this is done throw on with the trowel some of the same sand which has been used for the sweating-mortar, as much as will stick to the wet wall. The sand must be as dry as possible so that it may easily suck up the moisture from the wall. After a quarter of an hour take off the sand with a sharp-edged iron ruler, and shave off at the same time as much of the sweating-mortar as to leave the surface rough to the finger, so that a drop of water cannot rest upon it but is quickly absorbed. After that throw dry sand again on the wall, as much as will stick, and let it dry out. When the wall is well dried and the cement hardened, sweep away the remaining sand with a not too stiff hair broom; then wet the prepared surface with a saturated solution of carbonate of ammonia in water, either by wiping it over with a large brush or sprinkling it for larger surfaces. The wall is now prepared for painting.

Mr. Maclise found that the German painters insisted on an excessively rough surface which he thought produced an unsightly effect of colour. Kaulbach said the wall ought to feel to the touch like a coarse rasp in order to ensure the absorption of the water-glass. But the artists best conversant with stereochromy declared that this was unnecessary. The Munich director Zimmermann, Professors Pettenkofer and Buchner, said it was not necessary for any stereochromic reason. Dielitz of the Berlin Museum said, 'the degree of smoothness in the cement depends entirely on the taste of the painter. If you prefer a smooth ground for your work you have only to use a finer sand. If you like a rough ground, use a coarser sand.' In like manner Fuchs prescribes that the wall should be moistened with water-glass before painting; but the Berlin artists stated, in plain disagreement with the recommendation of the discoverer of the new process, that it was on no account necessary to saturate the plaster strata with that fluid in order to fix the painting; and that this object was sufficiently attainable by using the water-glass with judgment over the completed picture.' In another place Mr. Maclise says: 'The necessity for saturating the wall with water-glass, I was assured, was never felt. The plaster-strata (consisting of pure quartz sand and lime in union), such as are chosen for forming the groundwork for an ordinary fresco,

'are considered to be sound enough in themselves for the stereochromate painting. On this kind of ground I saw the artists at Berlin at work; they painted with colours mixed in distilled water as a vehicle.' The pigments proper for stereochromic painting, he adds, are of the same number and kind as those found admissible for fresco. But they must consist, says Herr Schasler, in his pamphlet on Kaulbach's paintings, of such substances as have no chemical affinity with silicious acid.

When the painting is finished, the water-glass is applied by means of a sprinkler. Much caution is required lest the force of the jet wash away any of the colours. Mr. Herbert recommends the newly invented scent-blower instead of the rather cumbrous syringe with which paintings have been fixed hitherto. Mr. Maclise greatly admired the effect produced by the sprinkler in shedding a spray of coloured water over any portion of the wall where it might be considered necessary. Water-glass if sprinkled profusely and frequently on a picture will make it shine and give depth and lustre to the colours. 'So general is the taste for the glossy surface,' Mr. Maclise remarks, 'that such quality alone will ensure admiration, and gain for a picture the praise of fine colour, while the contemplation of works embrowned by repeated varnishings has in a certain degree vitiated public taste. I notice that one of my early experiments in stereochromy, which shines under too lavish a layer of water-glass, is always selected for praise in preference to another painted in the same hues but of flatter surface.'

Mr. Maclise has produced in seven years the two greatest monumental pictures of which this country can boast, but he is unfortunate in the arrangement and lighting of the Royal Gallery, in which they are painted; and we have reason to know that this defect was foreseen by the Prince Consort, who suggested an ingenious mode of remedying it. The windows are placed exactly over the pictures. As the spectator looks up, the glare of the sun through coloured glass strikes directly upon him. From the length and narrowness of the gallery, he cannot withdraw sufficiently to command the whole picture; the foreground is almost certain to monopolise his attention unduly, and the centre is thrown into the background. At the moment of our writing the 'Death of Nelson' is not shown to the public, as the scaffolding in front of it has not been removed. Two doors have been made in the back of this scaffolding, and a strip of green baize has been hung over the opening. If the spectator puts his head outside these doors, the light strikes on him as

painfully as on all who look up from the floor, though being on a level with the picture he can see it to better advantage. But if he draws back his head and places the green baize between himself and the windows, the effect is marvellous. The picture takes an entirely different tone. All the glare which offended his eyes, and which came from the windows, not from the painting, disappears. Some renovating process seems to have passed over the picture in that moment of time. It is most unjust to the painter, most unfair to the public, that these works should be seen under such disadvantages. We trust that all possible means—such as the removal of the stained glass from the windows, and some other expedients—will immediately be adopted to give these noble works as much light and space as the building admits of.

In these two companion paintings which treat the two most famous victories of England, the artist has wisely chosen the one moment of highest interest in each of them. There is some such supreme moment in every battle, and no battle-painting is complete without a reference to it. The idea that a painter is bound to give a general view of the combat is too idle to be discussed. It would either lead him to the minute accuracy of a chart, or plunge him in the insignificant details alike common to all battles. Wellington's meeting with Blücher did not take place till after the battle of Waterloo had been decided, and Nelson's death did not take place on the quarter-deck of the 'Victory.' But the meeting of the English and Prussian Generals when the fight was won, and the death-wound of the Admiral in the very hour of victory, are dramatic incidents that rise in the memory at the mention of Waterloo and Trafalgar.*

* Our readers are aware that considerable doubt has been thrown upon the time and place at which the meeting of the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blücher took place after the battle, more especially by the erroneous declaration of the Duke himself that it occurred at *Genappe*, which, as we have shown in this Journal (Ed. Rev. vol. cxix. p. 332) was impossible, as Genappe was in the possession of the French till near midnight. We have, however, now before us some additional evidence on this interesting topic, which shows that Mr. Maclise's picture does not depart more widely from the truth of history than the license of art may fairly admit of. A formal declaration, which we have seen, has been drawn up by General Count Nostitz, who was personal aide-de-camp to Blücher in 1815, in which he states *most positively* that the meeting of Blücher and Wellington did take place at La Belle Alliance—that the two generals congratulated each other *there* on their victory, and concerted measures for the pursuit of the enemy during the night.

The animation which Mr. Maclise has shed over the meeting of the victors contrasts finely with the weight of horror that deadens the whole crew of the 'Victory' at the news of Nelson's fall, But in each work the central interest is well preserved. The noisy exultation of Blücher chimes in with the *insouciance* with which the Prussian trumpets bray out 'God Save the King' over the bodies of dead and wounded. But the English salute is silence, and there is a tearful earnestness in Wellington's face which exalts the man over the conqueror. The details in the foreground are rather crowded, and with all their spirit, there is some difficulty in following them. On the right hand of the spectator, we have the handsome, almost girlish face, of Byron's 'young gallant Howard,' as he sleeps the painless sleep of death. Nearer to us are holes in the ground with shot buried in them; a drum with a black-edged rent in the head where it was pierced by a ball, horseshoes, cannon-wheels with men's heads resting on them, and cannon with bodies flung over them, a tall French cuirassier with long jackboots and gaudy uniform, and a Highland piper with his bagpipes. The heads of the horses are as spirited as in antique sculpture. The white horse which snuffs the face of a dead Frenchman—those in the background dragging off the French artillery, and attacked by English cavalry, are particularly open to this remark.

In the 'Death of Nelson' there is less variety, a more subdued tone, but a greater depth of feeling. Though the work goes on without interruption, and few turn to look at that group of two or three figures supporting the stricken chief, every one feels that the death-wound has been given; and every one is stimulated to greater exertions. One points

On the other hand, Sir William Gomm states that the meeting certainly did *not* take place at La Belle Alliance, but at a place so near it that the Prussians were justified in slightly extending the application of so appropriate a name. 'The point of meeting,' says Sir William, 'was at or near to a small farmhouse or cabaret called "Maison Rouge," on the roadside between "La Belle Alliance" and Ros-somme, a more considerable farmhouse and the furthest point on the road to which the Duke advanced. *He was returning from it when the meeting took place.*' Lastly, the Duke himself said to Mr. Rogers (Rogers' Recollections, p. 212), 'When all was over, Blücher and I met at "La Maison Rouge."' The evidence is therefore decisive (as we had previously remarked) that La Maison Rouge was the real place of meeting, but the distance from La Maison Rouge to La Belle Alliance is inconsiderable, and the Duke was returning towards La Belle Alliance when he met Blücher on the road.

out to a midshipman the top whence the shot proceeded, and the midshipman holds up his hand to show that he has marked his victim. There is a grand earnest figure of a seaman kneeling with his eyes intent on Nelson, and a noble fellow at a gun with the handspike in his left hand. Good use again has been made of a yard and sail of the 'Rédoutable' which has fallen on board the 'Victory.' But one of the chief things to note, both in this picture and in the 'Belle Alliance,' is the unwearied accuracy with which Mr. Maclise has gone into details. We should not do justice to his painstaking industry if this fact was not recorded. Wellington's sword, Blucher's travelling cap, Nelson's coat, the numbers representing the famous signal on the signal slate of H. M. S. Victory, the costume of the captains of guns and their pigtails, the old flint lock, have all been copied from life, and give the pictures a wonderful authenticity. Mr. Maclise had at first invested the English cuirassiers behind Wellington with cuirasses, as a means of strengthening the effect of the picture by a mass of armour. But he found to his regret that just in the year of the battle of Waterloo cuirasses were not worn by the English, and the effect had to be sacrificed. Another time he found the popular tradition supported by actual testimony. He had painted Nelson in his coat with the four stars of which the hero is reported to have said, 'In honour I gained them, and in honour I will die with them.' The apparent ostentation of this speech has offended many. Dr. Arnold, in his 'Lectures on Modern History,' denies the truth of the story. Others jealous of the fame of Nelson, remonstrated with Mr. Maclise. The painter, however, could reply by pointing to the very coat worn by Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar with the four stars embroidered on it, as they were embroidered on all his coats, and the stains inside it from the heart's blood of the hero.

We do not wish to institute a comparison between these two pictures of Mr. Maclise and the 'Moses descending from Mount Sinai' of Mr. Herbert. Yet we have no hesitation in saying that if the revival of high art in England and its employment on public works had produced nothing but Mr. Herbert's picture, we should not regret the efforts of our artists or the money spent by the nation. Mr. Herbert has taken away the reproach which Giusti levelled against our nation:—

'L' Inglese
 Che i dipinti negati al suo paese
 Pel suolo ausonio
 Raggranellando va di porta in porta.'

His picture represents Moses coming down from his second

sojourn on Mount Sinai. The whole of Israel has come out from its tents to see him bring down the Tables of the Law; and the chief men are waiting to receive him on a mountain plateau, while the people are kept off by guards posted around. In the valleys at the foot of the mountains we see the tents, their inmates thronging forth eagerly and breaking the line of the guards. The clefts of the mountains are filled with soft purple shadows, and through a powerful glass every detail of the ribs of the hills, each of the scanty shrubs on the path of Moses, and all the figures of the multitudinous host of Israel are plainly visible. To the whole composition, Mr. Herbert has imparted a luminous quality which we have never seen in any other wall-painting, even by the old masters, and the scene is flooded with the lustre of Arabian day. The chiefs and great men who are clustered on the platform look earnestly at the coming form of Moses. He has bound the ends of his girdle round the rough stone Tables, and bends beneath their weight. Aaron in a Levite dress and bearing the rod of inheritance stands first among those who are waiting for the Lawgiver; near to him is Joshua in the dress of a soldier; the sons of Aaron stand a little back; and beyond Joshua we have the variegated dress of a Prince of Judah and a woman carrying her child in a cradle like that in which Moses himself was exposed. On the left of Moses is a group with a woman giving drink to a thirsty child, and Miriam hiding her face in her arms. In front of him there is a young mother with a child teasing a lizard, a shepherd, and a Levite. One casts himself down at the feet of Moses as if in adoration, another lifts his hand to shade off the full stream of light that proceeds from the shining face and horns of the prophet. There is a hush and stillness of expectation shed over the whole group. Each bends forward curiously to look, but each is restrained by awe. And in the midst of them is Moses himself, walking as in a trance, unconscious of their presence, almost unconscious of himself.

We are aware that our description of this magnificent picture can convey little idea of it to those who have not seen it, and will seem still more inadequate to those who have. But while a picture can only be described by dwelling on details, and while the multiplicity of details in such a composition would seem to court a lengthened description, the strength of the work lies wholly in the general effect it produces. It has been objected to Mr. Herbert that his Moses is not at all grand, that the very ladies prattle before the picture without a sense of shame, and that the Lawgiver shuffles. His face, it is said,

is that of a highly-nerved, somewhat physically irritable and intelligent person of the nineteenth century. The awful burden he bore, and the awfulness of his task, have not sufficed to open that countenance with glory. Possibly this will be the first thought of those who are nothing if not critical, and who never look at a picture without asking what they can find against it. But a little reflection shows us that Mr. Herbert's view of Moses is right as well as original. The general representation has that amount of conventional grandeur which pleases at the first view, and leaves the mind unsatisfied. Kaulbach's Moses is a good instance of this; it is a fine model, reminding you partly of Michael Angelo, partly of 'When Pan to Moses lent his Pagan horn.' We naturally suppose that the man who led his people out of Egypt, who subdued Pharaoh, made the Red Sea divide, and smote the rock, must have had a grand presence and majestic features. Yet if we remember the true effect of such a mission as that of Moses, and the character of Moses himself as we find it in the Bible, we shall be more apt to side with Mr. Herbert. An old man who had fasted forty days and forty nights, who had been in the presence of the terrible God of the Hebrews, interceding for a stiff-necked people, and remembering what had been done when he was absent before, might well be bowed down beneath his awful burden. We have many proofs of the diffidence of the character of Moses, his reluctance to be sent to Pharaoh, his 'Who am I that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?' He declared that the children of Israel would not believe him when he said that he had seen God. Pharaoh would not listen to him, for he was of uncircumcised lips. He could not expect to convince either Israelites or Egyptians, for he was slow of speech and of a slow tongue. Lest it should be thought that all this was changed by his Divine legation, he says, 'I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant.' Mr. Herbert is, we think, the first painter who has divested the sacred legislator of adventitious solemnity and conventional marks of power, and substituted for them the worn countenance and wasted frame of a chief who leads an army through the desert, and confers upon them laws destined to maintain a moral dominion over all the generations of mankind.

One reason why Mr. Herbert's picture is so worthy of its fame is, that the painter never grudged labour or loss upon it. In 1850 he was commissioned to paint nine frescoes in the Peers' Robing Room at the price of 9,000*l.* For several years before he had been earning nearly 2,000*l.* a-year, yet he was

willing to give up nine years to work for about half the sum. When he found that the fresco process was imperfect, he unhesitatingly obliterated his work, and began it anew in the water-glass method. He was to have received 2,000*l.* for the 'Moses,' but the commission appointed in 1864 recommended that the price should be raised to 5,000*l.* The same sum is to be paid to Mr. Maclise for the 'Death of Nelson,' and, of course, for the 'Meeting at La Belle Alliance.' It is plain that when the thought of decorating the Houses of Parliament with frescoes was first entertained, no great expense was anticipated. Mr. Dyce said he understood that in Munich Professor Schnorr was paid at the rate of 500*l.* a-year, which would be equal to 700*l.* in this country, and had to pay his assistants. For this sum Mr. Dyce thought the services of the chief English artists might be commanded, 'those at least who are engaged in subjects of fancy. The services of those who paint portraits would not be obtained at that sum, but I believe it is taking a high average to state the income of the more respectable artists of this country at 500*l.* a-year.' Accordingly the first frescoes in the House of Lords were ordered at the rate of 400*l.* for the cartoon, and 400*l.* for the fresco. Mr. Dyce was to paint the 'Legend of King Arthur' in the Queen's Robing Room, and to receive 800*l.* a-year for six years. The eight compartments in the Peers' and Commons' corridors were to have been painted in oil, and 500*l.* was to have been paid for the first picture, and 450*l.* for each of the remainder. But when frescoes were substituted the remuneration for each was raised to 600*l.* The truth is, that the artists to whom we are indebted for these works have made immense sacrifices of time and of money to the public; and, what is more, they have not scrupled, in seeking to extend and improve their powers in art, to risk the reputation they had previously acquired in it. They are entitled not only to an ample remuneration which Parliament will not grudge to any great and successful work; and they are entitled to adequate payment and respectful consideration, even when they have been less completely successful. For whatever the result may be, these eminent men have willingly devoted the best years of their lives to the work, which was pressed upon them by the late Prince Consort and the Government in the name of the nation. We should be glad to think that these just principles have never been lost sight of.

The prices paid are not extravagant, though of course somewhat higher than those paid in Germany. It is well known that King Louis always bought in the cheapest market. Count Raczynski states that Hess received 3,700*l.* for his frescoes in

the Chapel of All Saints, and 5,000*l.* for those in the Basilica of St. Boniface. For the Nibelungen halls in the palace, Schnorr, according to the same authority, was paid 2,600*l.* For his frescoes from Walther von der Vogelweide in the queen's first ante-chamber, Gassen received 360*l.*; Folz for the Bürger room, 460*l.*; Kaulbach for the throne-room, 300*l.*, and for the sleeping-chamber, 666*l.*; Hess for the Theocritus room, 600*l.*; and Moriz von Schwind for the Tieck room, 240*l.* Contrast with these figures the price paid to Kaulbach for his paintings in the New Museum at Berlin—37,500*l.*, with an allowance of 3,750*l.* for materials.

We are not among those who think that a nation cannot afford to pay as high prices as individuals, or that a nation cannot encourage art. The English nation can afford the very highest prices for works that are worthy of them. The truest and noblest art is that produced by popular encouragement, and not that countenanced by princely patrons. So long as royalty is content to be one of the first supporters of art, to pay liberally and to patronise tastefully, it may help, or it may lead, the general endeavour. But if royalty is to be all in all, if there is to be no appeal from the Mæcenas, if all artists are to please him or starve, the results will be such as we have seen in Munich. One patron cannot always employ a school of painters, and if national taste be left dormant while the patron's works are being executed, his painters will find themselves empty-handed when they have done all that he required. If men would read history rightly, they would always look for popular encouragement as the first essential. They would not look back to Leo X. associating with Raphael, Julius II. inspecting the ceiling of Michael Angelo, Charles V. picking up the mahl-stick of Titian, Francis I. supporting the dying Leonardo. These honours were graceful to both parties, but they were merely the expression of something far deeper. The pontiff or the monarch made himself the mouthpiece of that national admiration which had given the painters their supremacy. If modern painters would look first to the effect on the people instead of intriguing for royal favour, they would find themselves recipients of a truer homage.

Too close an imitation of one part of artistic tradition has, we believe, exercised an injurious effect on modern German painters. They have looked first to royalty and to distinguished patronage. In painting scenes from the history of art in the Loggie of the Pinacothek at Munich, Cornelius has chosen incidents that reflect credit on patrons as characteristic of painters. But in England we have suffered more by a too

strict adherence to another part of tradition. Our painters have thrown away much labour on the fresco of the Italians, which has not proved suitable to our tastes or our climate. We have shown in the course of these remarks that tradition was chiefly appealed to in proof of the excellence of fresco, and that the success of the early painters weighed with us against constant discouragement and failure. We believe that the adoption of the water-glass process will silence that argument. It is true that Mr. Barlow pronounces water-glass to be essentially the process of fresco-secco, and that good authorities consider fresco-secco inferior to buon-fresco. But the question is not if one art is inferior to another, but if it will last better than another. If water-glass is easier, more pleasing, and more durable than buon-fresco, we cannot detect its inferiority. We should rather think an easier method a gain than a loss, as it leaves the painter free to devote all his energies to his subject, instead of hampering him with his materials.

Mr. Herbert's success is to our minds the most hopeful feature of our great national undertaking. That one man has conquered the former indifference of the public leads us to a good assurance that others will follow, and when Mr. Maclise's two noble pictures are equally well known to the public, we are convinced that they will be appreciated as they well deserve to be. We do not wish other painters to imitate Mr. Herbert, to affect his deep religious feeling, or ape his peculiar execution. But we hope to see his followers undertake their subjects in the same spirit as he devoted himself to his. We hope to see them earnest and thoughtful, full of their art and not mastered by half considerations of it, patient without being sluggish. That the last few years have worked many improvements in the spirit of English art will, we think, be generally admitted. But it depends on the next few years whether these improvements will continue growing, or yield to a reaction, whether the stride we have made in advance will be followed by total exhaustion, or the words of Cornelius be fulfilled that 'there could not be a more admirable opportunity than the building of the new Houses of Parliament, not merely for illustrating English history and poetry, but for founding a school of fresco-painting (though it be in the new method), which would emulate, if not surpass, that of any other in Europe.'*

* We cannot close this article without observing that an English amateur, Mr. Gambier Parry, of Highnam Court, near Gloucester, has published a plan for painting on walls in our climate, which he

ART. II.—*La Jeunesse de Mazarin.* Par M. VICTOR COUSIN.
Paris: 1865.

THIS book contains some novel and interesting details of the youth of Cardinal Mazarin, and an elaborate account of his first essay and triumph in diplomacy. Few of our readers are acquainted with this part of the life of that eminent personage. They are familiar with his successful manhood, when, pursuing the system of Richelieu, he secured the ascendancy of France in Europe, and inaugurated the despotism of Louis XIV.; and, notwithstanding De Retz and Brienne, they can appreciate the subtle craft of the statesman who baffled the deadly plots of the Importans, and reduced the anarchy of the Fronde to order. But it is not likely that they have followed carefully the long game of arms and diplomacy played in the affair of the Mantuan succession—a prelude to the terrible contest between France and the House of Austria which marked the course of the seventeenth century; or that they have formed a sufficient estimate of the ability shown by Mazarin at this juncture, when as a subordinate envoy of the Pope he secured peace for a time to Italy, and, though but a youth, won the respect of the foremost generals and politicians of Europe. M. Cousin, in the volume before us, has related and elucidated this episode in the career of the

contends possesses the luminousness of fresco and the strength of oil, whilst it differs from the former by its durability even in our climate, and from the latter by the absence of that gloss which is so offensive in wall-painting, and by not being liable to darken. The composition which he employs is a mixture of wax, Elemic resin, oil of spike-lavender, and the best copal.

Mr. Leighton, we believe, has executed a large painting in this mixture at the new church at Lyndhurst in Hampshire; and certainly the exquisite decoration of the nave of Highnam Church is calculated to impress every one with a very high sense of the value of the material, and a still stronger feeling of Mr. Gambier Parry's powers as an artist. We know few things finer than the way in which the two spandrils of the nave-arch are filled by the groups of angels sweeping down on either side from the throne of the Saviour as He sits in judgment, and the beauty of the heads and figures is exceedingly striking. The work has all the qualities of luminousness, breadth, flatness, and architectural symmetry which are required by its position and character.

Mr. Gambier Parry's work at Ely Cathedral we have not seen. It is, we believe, executed in oil, and we have not a doubt that it is worthy of the great building which it serves to complete.

Cardinal; and we need not say that his work forms a valuable contribution to historical biography. He has woven into the body of his narrative a large mass of original documents, supplied either from the French Archives or the muniments of the Barberini family, which add much to our knowledge on the subject; and his style and language are always flowing, agreeable, and dignified. In one particular, however, we object to the cast of thought displayed in this volume. In his admiration of Richelieu and Mazarin, M. Cousin, like too many of his countrymen, loses sight of the evil side of their policy, and of its ulterior consequences. Yet may not many of the wars and calamities which for two centuries have afflicted France and Europe be laid to the charge of these statesmen, who, if they enlarged the bounds of the kingdom, and raised the monarchy to its highest splendour, were the first to reduce to a definite system the perilous doctrine of natural limits, and, even more than the rule of the first Napoleon, destroyed the elements of national liberty for the sake of a brilliant but transient despotism?

Giulio Mazarini (to give him for once his Italian patronymic) was born in 1602, his father being of humble origin—a retainer of the great house of Colonna, his mother a person of noble birth, of rare beauty, and of fine accomplishments. During the first years of his life he was brought up with the family of Philippo Colonna, grand constable of the kingdom of Naples, who treated him with peculiar regard, had sense enough to appreciate his talents, and introduced him at an early age to the best circles of Rome and Naples. The child gave promise of remarkable talents; and under the care of the Jesuits at Rome made rapid progress in the education of the day, being especially skilled in rhetoric and mathematics, and with an extraordinary turn for acting. His genius did not escape the notice of his observant and experienced teachers, who wished to enlist him as a recruit in their Order; but Mazarin declined a vocation in some respects not unsuited to him, though beneath a manly and lofty ambition. At the age of twenty the beauty of his person, the charm of his graceful and insinuating manners, and his reputation for talent and address had already begun to attract attention, and though still only a dependent of the Colonnas he enjoyed a ready welcome in the best society of Rome and Naples. Like Richelieu, at this period of his life Mazarin became an ardent gamester; and some, who afterwards beheld his composure during many a trying crisis of his career, remembered with what equanimity he had borne in youth a long run of ill-fortune at the gaming-table. He was wont to say

‘che ad uomo splendido il cielo è tesoriere,’ and he certainly sometimes drew largely on this balance. Having, on one occasion, lost everything he possessed except a pair of silk stockings, he pawned them to raise a few pieces in order to try his luck again. His confidence was rewarded and he soon won back the rest of his wardrobe.

Shortly after this time the youth became the companion of one of the Constable’s sons on a visit to the court of Madrid, which was still the centre of European politics. It is probable that the remarkable spectacle of imposing grandeur and gradual decay which the Escorial even then presented, did not escape his penetrating eye; and to this visit we may ascribe his knowledge of Spanish character and habits, and his familiarity with the Spanish language. A love affair of a singular kind was the cause of his return to Rome; but he nevertheless applied himself to the careful study of the Civil Law, an acquisition which stood him in valuable stead in many a keen diplomatic contest. At twenty-two he was employed as a captain of horse in the Papal service; and though Mazarin, in after life, never laid claim to military accomplishments, it is certain that this apprenticeship proved of real and lasting advantage to him. It gave him, as in the case of Richelieu and of several other contemporary statesmen, a practical acquaintance with a soldier’s calling—experience useful to a French minister; and it may have improved the strategic talent which, as M. Cousin observes with truth, was undoubtedly one of the gifts of the Cardinal.

This education of life and books, of much experience and of varied culture, was not unfitted to form the peculiar genius of the young Italian adventurer. His first appearance in public affairs was in 1624, when the jealousy of Austria, France, and Spain respecting the occupation of the Valteline had induced these Powers to come to an arrangement by which, pending future negotiations, the Pope was to hold this territory in deposit. On this occasion Mazarin accompanied his regiment to the neighbourhood of Milan, and saw encamped on the Lombard plains the armies of the three great monarchies with whose destinies his own fortune was to be strangely and grandly associated. With M. Cousin we may imagine how he appreciated the characteristics of the foreign hosts—the compact order of the Spanish veterans, the martial pride of the German horse, and the gallant bearing of the chivalrous gentlemen who gathered around the tent of D’Estrées. An accident brought the young subaltern under the notice of one of the High Commissioners who then accompanied the Papal armies and in part

directed their general movements. This functionary, who was named Sacchetti, entrusted Mazarin with some minor employment, and was so pleased with his zeal and intelligence that he assured him of his support and patronage. It is not perhaps from mere flattery that a biographer of the great Cardinal informs us that when engaged in this duty 'he was a very Proteus of energy and adroitness, and seemed endowed with perpetual motion.' For Mazarin's genius was of that kind that despises no task, however humble,—is equal to any opportunity for action, and thoroughly and zealously does its work whatever may be its character or quality. It is certain, whatever the employment was, that from thenceforth he stood high in the esteem of the Papal Commissioner; soon afterwards we find him spoken of as a rising man among the coteries of Rome; and as early as 1625 the eminent Bentivoglio commended him to a brother cardinal as 'a young man who was fit without exception for everything.'

The events, narrated at length in this volume, which launched Mazarin on his brilliant career, commenced in 1628. Vincent II., Duke of Mantua and Montferrat, one of those petty princes whose complicated territorial rights have so often proved the occasion or the excuse of disastrous wars in Europe, having died in the course of the previous year, a contest arose about his succession of evil omen to the repose of Italy. The claim of Charles of Gonzaga, Duke of Nevers, to the Duchies was supported by Richelieu, who, already bent on his great design of weakening the power of Spain and Austria, sought an opportunity of establishing in the Peninsula a dependent ally of the House of Bourbon. Spain and Austria, on the other hand, ever covetous of aggrandisement in Italy, wished to assign Mantua to the Duke of Guastalla, a mere creature of Ferdinand II., and to divide the territory of Montferrat between Philip IV. and the Duke of Savoy, who, as holding the keys of the Alps against France, was an ally of no inconsiderable importance. It soon appeared that the rival Powers, whose interests or pretensions, ever clashing, were continually threatening Europe with war, would appeal to the sword to settle this question. The Emperor having formally refused to acknowledge the right of the Duke of Nevers, a Spanish and Piedmontese army entered Montferrat, in February 1628, and with the exception of Casale, which was invested by a descendant and namesake of the great Captain Gonsalvo de Cordova, soon reduced the whole of the province. Meantime France was collecting her armies, although her strength was as yet divided by the Huguenot revolt and the siege of Rochelle:

and Richelieu was making energetic preparations to pour an imposing force into Piedmont. The clouds of war which, though long menacing, had not burst on Italy for many years, now gathered ominously over her northern provinces; and it seemed probable that the struggle for empire between Austria, France, and Spain, foreseen and dreaded by many a statesman, would break out at once in the plains of Lombardy. These incidents cannot be related without suggesting a comparison between them and the events which our own time has witnessed: and in these pages we are continually reminded of that secular policy of France in Italy which has been handed down from one dynasty to another.

The reigning pontiff, Urban VIII., beheld the gathering storm with alarm and made a patriotic effort to avert it. For more than a century the general policy of the Popes, as heads of the Catholic Church, had been to mediate in the repeated contests between France and the House of Austria; and, as temporal princes, they had usually endeavoured to keep Italy free from the Transalpine armies. Urban VIII. accordingly, resolved to despatch a nuncio extraordinary to Milan, with a view to negotiations for peace; and, his choice having fallen on Sacchetti, that minister selected as his private secretary the promising young man of whose abilities he had already conceived a high opinion. On account of the frequent absence of his chief, Mazarin was obliged to undertake the principal duties of the embassy; and these he performed with such success that he was marked out for promotion at the Vatican. At this juncture he had an opportunity of displaying his diplomatic talents in a long and remarkable correspondence, in which the arguments in favour of peace are stated with great skill and clearness; and his despatches, thoughtful, full, and masterly, are said to have won especial praise from the Pope and his secretary Cardinal Barberini. The sword, however, had more to do with the brief truce which ensued at this time than the pen or the tongue of the young diplomatist. A French army having crossed the Alps with a celerity unexampled in that age, the Duke of Savoy recoiled with alarm at the prospect of the invasion of Piedmont; and, the German forces being still in the Tyrol, and Casale holding out against the Spaniards, the warlike league that had been so menacing to Italy was dissolved. By the treaty of Susa an alliance with France, of an onerous and humiliating kind, was imposed upon the Duke of Savoy: that Prince and Philip IV. engaged to recognise the claims of Charles of Gonzaga; and it was stipulated that the Emperor should be requested to confer on him the investiture

of the Duchies. Within a month the French army, marched back from Piedmont, was reducing the Huguenots in the valleys of Languedoc and Guienne; and Italy was relieved for a time from the terrors of foreign invasion and conflict.

It soon, however, appeared that this respite would be only for a brief period. Ferdinand II., now at the summit of his power, triumphant upon the Rhine and the Oder, and bent upon reviving the sovereignty of the German Cæsars in the North of Italy, was indignant at the terms of a negotiation in which he was not a contracting party and which seemed to dictate or usurp his duties; he therefore refused peremptorily to admit the title of Charles of Gonzaga to the disputed Duchies. The Duke of Savoy, chafing at the results of a treaty which was galling to his pride and made him almost a vassal of France, was eager to join his former allies; and Olivarès, intent on finding an indemnity for the United Provinces, now nearly free from the Spanish yoke, was willing to recommence an intrigue to increase the power of Spain in Italy. The Confederates had made a new alliance at the beginning of 1629; and it was resolved once more to invade Montferrat, and in spite of any opposition from France to make the settlement and partition of the Duchies which had been determined by the previous arrangements. Preparations were made on a great scale to bring this policy to a successful issue. An army, drawn from all parts of the Empire, advanced to the northern frontier of Italy, and, under the command of the famous Wallenstein, was destined for the conquest of Mantua. The Spanish forces in the Milanese were recruited and placed on a war footing; and the government of the province was committed to Ambrose Spinola, after Parma, perhaps the most illustrious of the generals who served Spain in her age of glory. Meanwhile the Duke of Savoy prepared to take the field at the head of his troops; and the Alpine passes were secretly fortified, in the hope of preventing or retarding the advance of the French in the probable event of their re-appearing to avenge their ally.

At this juncture the Pope resolved to renew the efforts to prevent a rupture which, the year before, had been partly successful. Antonio Barberini, his minister's brother, accompanied by another nuncio—Sacchetti having retired from office—was placed at the head of a numerous embassy, and charged with messages of peace from the Vatican. Mazarin attended the august mission, composed of men long trained in the service and policy of the Holy See, in the capacity of Secretary of Legation, his assiduous zeal and eminent talents having already attracted considerable attention. In the delicate and

complicated negotiations that ensued, his genius gave him the real control and management of the Papal counsels; and it is not too much to say that within a year he attained the highest reputation as a diplomatist, and that the success of the Papal mediation was due in the main to his abilities. Indeed, the events of these few months had a prominent influence on his career, and brought out his powers with conspicuous clearness. They brought under his penetrating eye the strength and weakness, the ambition and the designs, the avowed policy and the secret aims, of the great rival monarchies of the Continent, whose fortunes still bear the mark of his genius. They gained him the acquaintance and respect of the foremost generals and statesmen of the day—of Spinola in his declining years, a fitting type of the grandeur of Spain then verging to its melancholy decay; of Richelieu in his vigorous administration, his rapacity, and his organising skill, an impersonation of French statesmanship; of Créqui, Schomberg, D'Effiat, and Collalto, men all celebrated in that generation; and they placed Mazarin himself, with his splendid aspirations and his unsatisfied ambition, in the circle of the Powers which then directed the destinies of Europe. At the same time they put to the proof, and displayed on a brilliant, if narrow stage, the peculiar powers of the future statesman—his fine and delicate perception of character, one main source of his remarkable influence; his tenacity of purpose gracefully hidden under a pliable and conciliating demeanour; the subtle craft with which he pursued his object through every change of circumstance, and removed difficulties that appeared insurmountable; his inexhaustible fertility of expedients, ever accommodating events to promote his aims; and his somewhat passive, but steady courage, not bold and downright, like that of Richelieu, but calm and calculating in perilous conjunctures and fitted to cope with any emergency.

We can only glance at the intricate drama of military and diplomatic action in which Mazarin became so conspicuous. The Papal Embassy having halted near Bologna, in order to watch the course of events, the young secretary proceeded to Milan, the scene of his duties the year before, where his presence was again required. In this centre of the Confederate League, he quickly acquired intelligence of their affairs and made himself master of the situation. At first a rupture appeared inevitable, the Spanish, Austrian, and Savoyard armies being in motion and acting in concert, and France and Venice having entered into an alliance to maintain the title of Charles of Gonzaga. Mazarin, however, was

able to ascertain that jealousy had already arisen between Spinola and Raimbauld Collalto, the temporary commander of the Austrian army, and that neither of these officers was satisfied with the conduct of the Duke of Savoy; and in this dissension a faint chance of negotiation appeared to open. In a short time the subtle Italian had made his way to Spinola's confidence, and by that winning and insinuating address, which contemporaries called 'his golden eloquence,' he had persuaded the aged and illustrious commander that a faithful Catholic should fulfil the wishes of the Head of the Church, that the highest glory of a great Italian should be to secure the repose of Italy, that one born in Genoa the Proud should not further the ends of the House of Savoy. Spinola, touched in his piety and patriotism, assured Mazarin that he disliked this war, and made a proposition to the young secretary which he hoped would lead to a pacific issue. If Charles of Gonzaga would consent to refer his claims to the arbitration of the Emperor, and, in the meantime, would allow the Duchies, Casale and Mantua being excepted, to be occupied by the German forces, as a pledge of fealty to his liege lord, the pride of Austria might be satisfied, and, in that event, negotiations might commence, and the Papal Embassy might accomplish its mission.

As M. Cousin truly remarks, the acceptance of this overture threw a great responsibility on Mazarin. It offered no guarantee for peace, might perhaps only precipitate hostilities, and, if unsuccessful in its avowed object, it would bring discredit upon the secretary. But Mazarin was one of those men who, without regard to personal consequences, pursue resolutely the line of conduct which on reflection appears the best; and as he thought that the proposition afforded an opportunity to negotiate, he did not hesitate in embracing it. Within twenty-four hours he was on his way to seek an interview with Charles of Gonzaga, who, relying on the support of his allies, was preparing boldly to resist the invasion. The Duke, however, as has often happened with petty princes in his position, was little inclined to accept a compromise which galled his pride and placed his heritage in the hands of Ferdinand without a blow, and he eluded Mazarin's arguments by referring him to the King of France and the Republic of Venice. Nothing disconcerted, Mazarin applied to the ambassador of the latter Power, and, pointing out the paramount interest which the Republic had in maintaining peace, he claimed his co-operation in a settlement which would liberate Italy from foreign invaders. At this juncture, such

a policy, however, did not find favour with a selfish aristocracy, who, dreading and hating the House of Austria, and clinging to their traditional alliance, were desirous of French intervention in Italy, and thought the present a good opportunity to strike a blow at their ancient enemies. The Venetian ambassador declined to enter into negotiations in the absence of France; and Mazarin was compelled to return to Milan without having accomplished his object, and with a conviction that the attainment of peace was not only exceedingly difficult, but depended chiefly on the ambitious minister, who, devoted solely to French interests, directed the counsels of Louis XIII.

On reaching Milan the secretary found despatches from his chiefs at Bologna, which, after approving what he had done, enjoined him to visit the Duke of Savoy, who professed a devotion to Italian interests. Having apprised Spinola that time was required for a message to Paris to secure peace, and having obtained the consent of that general to a brief suspension of hostilities, Mazarin set off at once for Turin in compliance with Barberini's orders. Within a short time his delicate tact, his gracious address, and his fine intelligence had gained the friendly notice of the Duke, who, himself endowed with no mean abilities, perceived and appreciated Mazarin's gifts, and thought that they might be useful to him in the policy which he was now pursuing. This remarkable man, who, though painted by M. Cousin in too dark colours, had few scruples, an aspiring ambition, and a capacity of no common order, had spent a life of war and intrigue in endeavouring to secure and advance the fortunes of the House of Savoy in the long rivalry of France and Austria. His position and his abilities enabled him to hold the balance between these Powers, and to incline it as it suited his interests, and though of late he had, not unjustly, felt alarm at the policy of Richelieu as fatal to the independence of his House*, he had, hitherto, with considerable success trimmed pretty evenly between his neighbours. At the present juncture he resented bitterly the provisions of the treaty of Susa, and was willing to risk a war to annul it; but, as he knew that the first brunt of an attack

* The Cardinal had proposed that the Duke should cede Savoy to France, and, in return, should obtain Lombardy as a compensation. Charles Emmanuel, however, unlike his descendant, had declined an offer which, however tempting, would he thought place him in subjection to France, and involve him in constant wars with Austria. It will be for future history to determine which choice was best for the House of Savoy.

from France would fall upon Savoy, he was desirous of securing the presence of a Spanish and German force in his territories before the actual outbreak of hostilities. He was, moreover, at this moment intriguing with Charles of Lorraine and the Duke of Orleans to hurl the dreaded Cardinal from power; and he was trying to induce Ferdinand to make a diversion in favour of his allies by invading France on her German frontier. As time was needed to mature these schemes, the cool-headed and able politician wished for the present to make a peace; and for this reason he had declared himself in favour of the Papal mediation. In Mazarin he conceived he had found an instrument fit to negotiate and temporise, who besides could be at pleasure disavowed as not accredited by the Court of Savoy.

As war had not yet been declared, and Richelieu was not fully apprised of the part the Duke of Savoy was taking, the ambassador of France was still at Turin, and with him was Marshal Créqui, the commander of the French force in Italy, who had been charged to see to the execution of the provisions of the treaty of Susa. The Duke of Savoy introduced Mazarin to these personages as an envoy of the Pope, and he professed the greatest zeal and readiness to co-operate in his pious mission. He had previously indicated the line of conduct which he thought Mazarin should pursue, and to this the secretary had assented as calculated to effect his purpose. The Papal negotiator was to suggest that peace depended on the will of France, and that Spinola's project afforded an opportunity for an amicable arrangement; and he was to propose that the points in dispute should be referred to the decision of a Congress, under the presidency of the Cardinal Barberini, to which the Powers should send their representatives. And, as delay was to be deprecated, and the Austrian and Spanish generals had received full powers to treat from their respective governments, the King of France was to be requested to make Créqui his plenipotentiary, and enable the Congress at once to assemble. By putting forward propositions like these, the Duke was certain, in any event, of gaining his principal object, time; and if Richelieu could be induced to entrust Créqui with full powers, the cunning Savoyard felt convinced that he could outwit that gallant but impetuous soldier, and that, with the aid of the other plenipotentiaries, he might be able to secure at the Congress some modifications of the treaty of Susa. In any case the project, therefore, fell in with the policy of the Duke; and it is a proof of his high opinion of Mazarin that he should have

employed in such a service a young, unknown, and untried stranger.

Whether Mazarin had penetrated or not the real purpose of the Duke of Savoy, he addressed himself with zeal to a negotiation which obviously promoted his own object. He was so successful with Créqui and Marini, the French ambassador at Turin, that he induced these personages to report in favour of his propositions to Richelieu; and the Cardinal was persuaded to give his consent to the principle of a Congress, and actually permitted Louis XIII. to constitute Créqui as his plenipotentiary. The young diplomatist, justly exulting at the prospect of this remarkable success due in the main to his great ability, believed that peace was now assured, and wrote joyfully to Barberini congratulating him on his approaching presidency. Events, however, soon took a turn of evil omen to the cause of peace, which protracted and changed the course of the negotiations, and gave Mazarin new opportunities for a display of his subtle and versatile genius.

Collalto, eager to win distinction while in command of the Austrian army, and thinking the Emperor in no sense bound by an overture made without his sanction, had, while Mazarin was in Piedmont, invaded Mantua in considerable force and overrun a great part of the province. Spinola's disposition for peace having met with little favour at the Escorial, he had been directed to enter Montferrat, and he had advanced near the fortress of Casale, then garrisoned by a French contingent under the command of the valiant Count Toiras, in virtue of the treaty of Susa. Aggressions like these provoked the alarm of the representatives of France at Turin; and Créqui, though possessing full powers, declined to treat in the proposed Congress, and informed Richelieu that in his judgment the negotiations were merely a feint, and that war in Italy was inevitable. The Cardinal, on receipt of this intelligence, incensed at having been overreached, resolved that France should intervene in force, and cut this knot of intrigue with the sword; and, having assured his allies of support, he arrived within a short time at Lyons, and, at the head of a formidable army, prepared to cross the Alps into Piedmont. At the close of 1629 the prospect of peace which had seemed so fair was overclouded on all sides; and Mazarin's earnest and admirable efforts had failed upon the eve of success.

In this emergency the Papal Embassy, at the instance of the Duke of Savoy, who, on the approach of the French army beheld the discomfiture of his schemes, resolved to despatch an

envoy to Richelieu and try the effect of fresh negotiation Barberini nominated the nuncio as the person best fitted for such an important charge, but the Duke persuaded him to commit it to the young subordinate of whose abilities he had justly formed a high opinion. Accordingly, Mazarin crossed the Alps, and met Richelieu for the first time in January 1630.

M. Cousin describes minutely, in the following passage, the interview which on this occasion took place between these remarkable men, who, differing in genius, character, and feelings, played similar parts on the stage of history.

‘Mazarin now had a brief opportunity of seeing the illustrious assemblage of statesmen and warriors who had met at Lyons under the French standards. But it was on their chief that the eyes and thoughts of the young diplomatist were mainly directed. He was, for the first time, in the presence of Richelieu. For the first time he encountered the glance of that eagle eye which seemed to penetrate the minds of all on whom it was fixed; and he heard those clear and powerful accents that combined the highest dignity and affability. He beheld a statesman, who, aged before his time, worn out by fatigues, and struggling for life, was continually the prey of some terrible malady, and maintained existence by the physician’s art, yet who showed the world, in Bossuet’s language, that in the strife of politics as in that of war an heroic spirit can conquer nature. And who was the future heir of the Cardinal? Who was destined to share in his perils and success, to promote at first, then to continue and achieve, his great designs abroad and at home; to crush the last fierce revolt of feudalism; to emancipate the Monarchy; to add provinces to France; and, like Richelieu, to finish his career by accumulating all kinds of honours on himself, and mingling his blood with that of princes? It was a young Italian, without birth or wealth, the son of a retainer of the Colonnas, as yet half a soldier and half a diplomatist, in the service of the Pope but not an ecclesiastic, without any settled official position, compelled to bow and pay court to everyone, and with no hopes of preferment in future except from a weak and vacillating Court and dull chiefs who could ill appreciate him!’

Though the game between them was not equal, the subtlety of Mazarin proved able to contend against the energy of Richelieu, and some concessions were gained from the Cardinal which promised to be of considerable value. At first Richelieu refused peremptorily to suspend the march of his troops for an instant or to entertain any overture of peace; and he declared that he would not leave Italy until France had obtained guarantees, of a durable and unequivocal kind, to assure her own and her allies’ interests. The investiture of the Duchies should be conferred on Charles of Gonzaga without

delay; his title should be placed under the protection of a League of the principal states of Italy; he should be at liberty to recruit his forces by levies drawn from France and elsewhere, and for this purpose France should possess the right to send troops across Piedmont; the treaty of Susa should be confirmed; and the armies of Austria and Spain should return to their quarters in the Tyrol and the Milanese. The Cardinal declared that he would not treat on any conditions besides these, which were not only extremely severe, but clearly indicated a settled purpose of establishing French ascendancy in Italy.

It obviously was exceedingly difficult to deal with propositions like these in the actual state of Italian affairs, and to promote the object of the Papal Embassy without involving it in the most dangerous pledges. But the mind of Mazarin was so constituted as usually to hit on the wisest course in any conjuncture, however critical, and the more arduous the conjuncture, the greater was his skill in dealing with it. He felt that it would be useless to combat Richelieu's fixed resolve; and, accordingly, he acquiesced in the justice of the claims of the Cardinal, and even hinted that they would obtain the probable support of the Holy See. But though a French army crossed the Alps, and its general made very high demands, it did not therefore necessarily follow that the prospect of peace became hopeless if room for negotiation were afforded, and the voice of reason could obtain a hearing. Mazarin replied to Richelieu's terms by a proposal, which, as affairs then stood, was probably the best that could be devised to prolong the chances of a pacific issue. The French troops should advance into Italy; their eminent commander should not abate an iota of his legitimate claims, or delay his march for a single day; but would he not consent that the plenipotentiaries already designated should assemble, and, subject to a reference to him, should be informed of his demands, and be in a position to discuss them? Such a step could not embarrass the operations if the sword unhappily were drawn at last; it might, perhaps, secure by negotiation what was sought to be effected by force; and in any event, it would be a proof that if France was strong she was not precipitate. After some hesitation Richelieu assented to a proposition which he could hardly reject without incurring the gravest responsibility, yet which, at present, was the best expedient to save Italy from war and bloodshed. Mazarin accepted the compromise with delight, and in a short time had so won over Richelieu that the great Cardinal permitted him to bear his terms directly to Spinola and

Collalto and to act virtually as a French envoy—a mark of confidence really astonishing.

In the numerous conferences which ensued after this interview, Mazarin put forth his whole powers to persuade the representatives of the allies to entertain the propositions of Richelieu. The Duke of Savoy, terrified at the prospect of the French army on the verge of Piedmont, and dissatisfied in some respects with the attitude of the Empire and Spain, declared his readiness to accept them, resolved to repudiate an unequal contract should a favourable opportunity offer. The Cabinets of Vienna and the Escorial, suspecting or knowing the conduct of the Duke, and, at the last moment, unwilling to plunge the Continent in a general war, were not disinclined to make concessions, but they rejected some of the Cardinal's terms as incompatible with their rights, and dignity. After long, tedious, and complicated negotiations, in which Mazarin, sometimes alone and sometimes with the Papal Nuncio, took a prominent part in the interests of peace, Spinola and Collalto agreed to admit the principle of conferring the Duchies on the nominee of France, but they would not assent to the immediate investiture, and they objected altogether to the projects of a guarantee by the Italian States, of allowing Charles of Gonzaga to recruit his troops from any country he chose, and of opening Piedmont to the French armies; insisting justly that these schemes were merely designs of French ambition. As agreement upon these points seemed hopeless, the Papal Nuncio, accompanied by Mazarin, was obliged to seek an interview with Richelieu, and the only reply of the imperious Cardinal was to press his demands even more urgently, and to threaten the immediate commencement of hostilities. Compliance being now impossible, the French army, which for some time had been held in readiness to march, advanced rapidly across the Alps, and at the close of March 1630, it had taken possession of Pignerol, and established itself in the heart of Piedmont. Meanwhile an imposing French force was moved to the frontier of Germany; and the operations of the invading army were supported by powerful reserves in Dauphiny. France seemed at last to have thrown down the gauntlet to the House of Austria, and to have selected Italy as the place of encounter.

At this crisis the Papal Embassy could hardly hope to succeed in its mission. On being apprised of the fall of Pignerol, Spinola and Collalto had marched in force into the territory of Piedmont in order to aid the Duke of Savoy, and it seemed as if the valley of the Po would witness the shock of the foreign

armies. But the suspicious attitude of the Duke, who had provoked the distrust of the allied generals by a series of secret overtures to Richelieu, and the jealousies and clashing interests of a coalition, prevented such an irreparable misfortune; and after an idle parade of strength, Spinola withdrew to lay siege to Casale, while Collalto directed his attention to completing the Austrian conquest of Mantua. A breathing time being thus afforded, a faint hope of negotiation remained, and Mazarin, with the nuncio and Barberini, once more sought the presence of Richelieu. On this occasion the Cardinal referred the deputation to Louis XIII., who had reached Chambery to be near the scene of operations of such vast importance; and it is said that the King was struck and pleased at the ability shown by the young diplomatist, the future prop of the Bourbon monarchy. The result of the negotiations was to open to Mazarin a new field for the display of his skill in diplomacy, although that field was very unpromising. The Cardinal, who appreciated his talents and was aware of his earnest wish for peace, requested him to communicate to the allies a fresh set of terms of arrangement not less exacting than before, based on the recent success of the French, and to insist upon their immediate acceptance. Thus Mazarin once more was made the envoy of France in an arduous mission by the most clear-sighted statesman of the age, who had known him only a few months; and such was Richelieu's confidence in him that he was entrusted with the power of modifying the intended settlement in some particulars.

It is difficult to believe that Mazarin could expect to succeed in this negotiation. The conditions of peace he was to offer being nearly the same, or even more stringent than those which had been lately rejected, was it probable that the allies would accept them? Nevertheless, he undertook the task, unwilling perhaps to irritate Richelieu, perhaps confident in his own powers, perhaps imagining that the recent success of the French in Piedmont had changed the situation. The state of affairs, however, at this moment was such as to render failure inevitable, though the young envoy exerted himself with his usual skill to promote his object. The Duke of Savoy, whom he first addressed, indignant at the invasion of his States, exasperated at the excesses of the French, and hoping to baffle the Cardinal by intrigue, now showed little inclination for peace, and referred him to the allied commanders. Spinola, who was besieging Casale, and whose military pride and reputation were engaged, declared that his colleague must be consulted, and repudiated several of the terms of the arrangement.

Collalto returned a similar answer, apparently from the same motives, having routed Charles of Gonzaga in the field, and sat down to reduce Mantua with good hopes of a successful issue. After several weeks of fruitless negotiation, the young envoy retraced his steps to give an account to Richelieu of his mission. He felt all the bitterness of a failure, not only of evil omen to Italy, but perhaps ruinous to his own prospects, and the spectacle of Piedmont, trodden under foot by the French army, and given up to rapine, seemed a presage of the fate of his country. Yet even at this crisis his buoyant spirit rose equal to the difficult situation. Ever keeping his paramount object in view, he was devising new expedients to reach it, and he wrote cheerfully to the Papal Embassy, that all indeed depended on Richelieu, but that with prudence, firmness, and skill, the cause of Italy was not yet desperate.

The siege of Casale, which, by diverting Spinola from his pacific tendencies, had become an event of the highest importance in the drama which was being developed, was not the least interesting scene of the kind in an age famous for remarkable sieges. M. Cousin describes it eloquently and fully, but we have only room for a few words:—

‘The successful rival of William of Nassau, the most illustrious adept in the art of fortification and making sieges who appeared during the first half of the century, was now employed in his proper field, surrounded by engineers whose repute was higher than those of any in Europe and at the head of a veteran soldiery. Opposed to him was the general whose defence of the island of Rhé at the siege of Rochelle had justly deserved his country’s admiration. France and Spain encountered on this spot, and displayed their respective characteristics, the one a gallantry that approached rashness, the other a caution that verged on inertness. . . . The attack of Casale had been conducted upon each of the faces of that fortress. The besiegers were formed into four camps, German, Spanish, Neapolitan, and Lombard, and Spinola had distributed among them his most skilful and trusted engineers. Mazarin noticed what we should term a first essay at light artillery, an invention usually ascribed to Gustavus. “The engineer Targoni,” he wrote, “had constructed a number of small pieces which turn “in their carriages and are drawn by horses. They are six-pounders, “and are discharged together in a line on which they are ranged “with their carriages; the gunners are protected by slides of planks “that are capable of being raised; and so infantry in the open field “can resist cavalry and musketry with success.”’

The report of Mazarin had at first caused the Cardinal to suspect his envoy, and to utter threats of fresh hostilities. His anger, however, soon passed away, and his warlike impulses

yielded to the events that now followed in rapid succession. The French in Piedmont were decimated by disease; the intrigues of the Dukes of Lorraine and Orleans had prevailed at the Court of Vienna; and France was menaced on her Rhenish frontier. The Cardinal, not yet absolutely dominant, feared the irresolution of Louis XIII., and the unceasing plots of the Duke of Orleans; and in the actual state of affairs consented to resume the negotiation. At the instance of Mazarin, Richelieu agreed to forego his most offensive demands,—the guarantee by the States of Italy, the licence to Charles of Gonzaga to recruit, and the right of the French to pass across Piedmont, with some provisions of minor importance. It is no slight proof of Mazarin's talents that he should have obtained such great concessions, and not less so that, after his failure, he should have been sent again to the allies. On his return to Italy, however, he found that during his absence affairs had so changed that even Richelieu's new propositions were hardly likely to meet acceptance, and that the prospect was doubtful as ever. The Duke of Savoy, indeed, was willing to treat on a basis which relieved his States from the intruders' presence, and, though boasting of his resources, appeared to favour the French overtures. But Mantua having fallen in the interval, the siege of Casale having advanced, and the Duchies being almost reduced, while aid from France appeared improbable, the Austrian and Spanish commanders declared that Richelieu's terms were inadmissible, and refused to negotiate within their limits.

We may well conceive what, at this intelligence, must have been the alarm and grief of Mazarin. He did not, however, give up his efforts, and endeavoured to turn Spinola from his purpose. But, after the exploit of his rival and colleague, to whom Mantua had just fallen, that general was resolved to take Casale; and Mazarin soon saw that further negotiation must be made compatible with that object. Spinola at last proposed conditions on which, though different from those of Richelieu, he insisted positively as his ultimatum. He would agree to an armistice of twenty days, during which period the antagonist Powers might treat for peace through the plenipotentiaries who had been originally named for this purpose; and if an arrangement were not then made, Casale should be delivered to the Spaniards within twenty days after the renewal of hostilities, unless relieved by the French in the interval. He added that upon these terms he would throw his weight into the scale of peace, that, doubtless, the allies would concur, and that, probably Casale would revert to the Duke of

Mantua at the end of the war, whoever were its temporary occupants.

Once more baffled amidst these currents of ever-changing interests and designs, Mazarin was compelled to return to Richelieu. He had not only been unsuccessful, but he was the bearer of a fresh series of propositions, of a somewhat peremptory and offensive kind, and apparently adverse to French interests. The indignation of the Cardinal was extreme and led to a characteristic scene, not unlike that between Napoleon and Metternich during the negotiations at Dresden in 1813 :—

‘Mazarin kept respectfully silent for a time, and then said something in self-justification. Without listening to him, Richelieu exclaimed that his treachery or his folly deserved punishment, and that if the Pope declined to do so, the King of France knew how to take vengeance. At this language, Mazarin interposed, and in a firm and resolute tone, told the Cardinal that he had submitted to such usage not from fear, but respect of the great sovereign whose minister was now before him ; that he would not tolerate any longer this want of courtesy to a servant of the Pope ; that he considered himself accountable to His Holiness ; that it was from him he expected reward or punishment ; and that he had no apprehension of threats or insults. He pronounced these words with so bold a look, that Richelieu, pretending that royalty was insulted, broke out into a violent passion, upset the chair in which he had been sitting, threw his red hat upon the ground, and walked up and down the room to give vent to his anger.’

The exigencies of the situation, however, soon brought Richelieu to a calmer temper. The French army had been terribly reduced, and time was required to fill its ranks and fit it again for active service. Louis XIII., too, had fallen dangerously ill ; the threatened attack on the German frontier demanded the attention of the Cardinal ; and his power, nay his existence, was imperilled by the conspiracies gathering around him. Richelieu, therefore, was not averse to an armistice ; and Mazarin, seeing the opportunity, presented the overtures of Spinola in the most favourable and attractive report. Were the plenipotentiaries permitted to assemble, the French probably would obtain the recognition of Charles of Gonzaga, and, in the actual position of affairs, would it not be advisable to try to attain their avowed object by means of an armistice ? And, if hostilities were renewed, would not the French have gained by a delay that would have enabled them to recruit their armies, and probably to relieve Casale ? Another argument, too, of great weight, was urged by the clear-sighted Italian. The Duke of Savoy had just died, and

his son Victor Amadeus had succeeded. This prince, brother-in-law of Louis XIII., though professing to keep to his father's policy, had not been able to conceal from Mazarin that he inclined to peace and the French alliance. Was it not, therefore, in the interest of France, by suspending the horrors of war in Piedmont, to endeavour to gain the friendship of the Duke; to detach him from a hostile coalition, and thus to promote French objects in Italy? These various considerations gradually overcame the pride of the great Cardinal; and, after having assured Mazarin that his confidence in him had not diminished, he despatched him again to the allies' camp having given his assent, with a few modifications, to the propositions of the Spanish general.

The young diplomatist had thus won, from the ablest and keenest statesman of the age, concessions of an important kind; had, in spite of numerous changing obstacles, once more approached the great object which he had pursued with such resolution and skill; and, notwithstanding occasional failures, had deserved and obtained the esteem and respect of the most exacting judges of conduct. Mazarin now had good reason to hope that peace would follow his present mission. Yet unexpected difficulties arose that tried his presence of mind to the utmost, and again nearly unsettled everything. Casale was now so hardly pressed, that Spinola, feeling convinced that its fall would be an affair of a few days, wished to recede from his former propositions. At last he intimated that negotiations on the basis suggested were not possible, that he had no longer full powers to treat, and that in consequence of his efforts for peace he had lost the confidence of his sovereign and the allies. Even in this painful and extraordinary situation, Mazarin did not give up the game; and, having received Spinola's assurance that he was still able to conclude an armistice, he endeavoured to persuade the belligerents to concur at least in this expedient. His ingenious arguments fortunately prevailed; the Spanish and Austrian commanders feeling that their honour was pledged to make the concession, the Duke of Savoy being willing to obtain for Piedmont a temporary respite, the Cardinal being fully convinced that France would gain by a pause in the hostilities. On the 4th of September, 1630, an armistice was formally signed; and Mazarin had the extreme gratification of seeing a step to peace assured through his persevering and able efforts. By this arrangement—in many particulars unlike the original project of Spinola—hostilities were suspended until the 15th of October; the unfortified suburbs of Casale were to be

delivered to the Spanish troops, the French retaining possession of the citadel; and the representatives of the different Powers assembled at the Diet of Ratisbon were, if possible, to settle the questions at issue. Should war recommence, the whole of Casale was to be placed in the hands of the French, if relieved before the 1st of November; if not, Spinola was to enter the town, nevertheless under a regular engagement that preserved the rights of Charles of Gonzaga.

The weeks of the armistice passed between preparations for war and negotiations at Ratisbon. The French army, powerfully reinforced, was placed under the command of Schomberg, one of the great Huguenot soldiers of the monarchy, and was concentrated in the valley of the Po, in readiness to march to the relief of Casale. Death having removed Spinola from the scene—the late public slight of the Spanish minister had hastened the end of that haughty spirit—the Marquis of Santa Croce was appointed commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces, while Collalto, still at the head of the Austrians, prepared to co-operate with his colleague. During the interval Mazarin exerted himself in smoothing away the obstacles to peace, and in urging the obvious policy of settling the Italian question separately at Ratisbon. By the 1st of October it had become evident that this latter object would not be attained; and Schomberg notified that if peace were not concluded by the 15th, he would march to the relief of Casale, according to the stipulations of the armistice. He had arrived almost within sight of the fortress at the head of a large and formidable army, when on the 20th he received a copy of a treaty signed at Ratisbon on the 13th, which provided for the pacification of Italy. This arrangement, which, though afterwards disavowed in some essential points by Richelieu, assuredly was for the present binding, secured the Duchies to Charles of Gonzaga, restored Piedmont to the Duke of Savoy, and guaranteed the complete evacuation of the Peninsula by the French and Austrians. On one point of supposed importance to military honour, it was indeterminate. It seemed to imply that the citadel of Casale should in any event be surrendered by the French, for it declared that the Spanish army should take possession of the entire of the town, and should hand it over to Charles of Gonzaga, within fifteen days from the grant of investiture.

This last provision touched to the quick the pride of Schomberg and the French army. Was the great fortress which, so to speak, had been the centre and prize of the war, to be given up by its gallant garrison to the enemies who had

failed to take it, under the eyes of comrades advanced to the rescue? And was it certain that this grand object of Spanish ambition would be ever let go by them who were to become its occupants? Schomberg declared the terms of the armistice not inconsistent with those of the treaty—that, being on the spot, he would relieve Casale, and that he would even risk a battle for a point of national honour and interest. He would desist, however, if Charles of Gonzaga were given immediate possession of Casale, the French and Spanish troops together abandoning the ground they respectively occupied. Collalto and Santa Croce insisted that these propositions were inadmissible, and contrary to the letter of the treaty; and, hastening to the head of their forces, prepared at once for a general engagement. Notwithstanding all that had taken place, it appeared that the plains around Casale would be the theatre of a terrible battle which, involving military and national faith, would make a European war inevitable, and plunge Italy in ruin and bloodshed.

Most fortunately, however, this consummation was averted by the young diplomatist who had toiled with such perseverance and skill in the sacred cause of the peace of his country. As the hostile armies drew towards each other, Mazarin hastened to Casale at once, and flew from camp to camp to endeavour to make the voice of reason heard amidst the din of arms and passion. After efforts which conspicuously displayed his admirable tact and fertility of expedients, and appeals, in which his persuasive eloquence rose often, it is said, to fine pathos, he succeeded in obtaining the assent of the rival commanders to a compromise which satisfied their punctilious jealousies and fell in with their supposed duties. In compliance with the demands of Schomberg, the French were neither to surrender Casale, nor the Spanish to enter into occupation of it; both armies were to evacuate the town, and Charles of Gonzaga to take possession. To gratify, however, the pride of the allies, and to preserve the shadow of the Imperial title, an Austrian High Commissioner was to share some functions of sovereignty with that Prince until the regular grant of investiture. Meantime all hostilities were to cease; the armies of the different Powers were to be separated by a prescribed distance; and all further questions in dispute were to await the decision of the plenipotentiaries.

This arrangement, due to Mazarin wholly, which put a stop to a terrible conflict, and for a time secured to Italy the repose of which she was so much in need, was not effected until

the rival armies were about to close in the shock of battle. We quote M. Cousin's felicitous description :—

'The battle had already almost commenced. Toiras had marched out of the citadel with two or three hundred horse and as many foot soldiers to see what service he could render. The Spanish and Imperial army was marshalled in formidable lines that showed like fortresses. Within was seen the Marquis of Santa Croce with the artillery, in the midst of his staff; Galas was at the head of his veteran infantry, and Piccolomini of the German cavalry, on whom had devolved the first onset. Schomberg was in the French centre; on the right wing was Marshal de la Force, on the left Marshal de Marillac. All three were in motion on the front of the army. When within range the soldiers knelt down; prayers were said, and afterwards a few words were addressed to them to arouse their courage. "Never," wrote Richelieu, "was there a finer day. It was as if the sun had multiplied his light to illustrate with peculiar distinctness every feature of such an important action." It was now about four in the afternoon. The cavalry rode, sword and pistol in hand, the infantry marched with an even step, and with a resolute and cheerful countenance. The Spanish cannon had opened its fire, and was making ravages in our ranks, but without shaking them or causing disquiet. The sentiment of the approach of great danger produced on all sides a solemn silence. Piccolomini, who had moved from his station, to reconnoitre and ascertain if the moment to charge had come, had had a horse shot under him. The forlorn hope and the volunteers who had been told off for the first attack had reached the foot of the Spanish entrenchments. On a sudden a cavalier was seen to ride from those entrenchments at a gallop, to make his way through the volleying shot, and with his cap in one hand and a crucifix in the other, to cry out with a loud voice, "Peace! Peace!" It was Mazarin, who, approaching Schomberg, informed that general that he had been sent by Santa Croce to assent to the proposition on which that morning they had made an agreement. The French astounded had come to a halt, when two discharges of cannon exasperated our soldiers, and they rushed forward to engage the enemy. Mazarin set off to the Spanish camp, put an end to the firing, and hastening back, implored the generals, in his alarm lest some new accident might occur, to hold a conference upon that instant. They agreed: Santa Croce, with his principal officers, Don Philip Spinola, the Count Serbellone, the Duke of Lerma, the Duke of Nocera and some others, left the Spanish camp; Galas, Piccolomini, and the Imperial commander proceeded from their own lines; and the French marshals having done the same, the conference took place on the field of battle.'

From this time the reputation of Mazarin was established in the councils of Europe. In looking back at the complicated drama in which he played so eminent a part, we agree with M. Cousin that he displayed the very highest diplomatic ability. Some circumstances, indeed, were much in his

favour—the reverence which, even in that age, was felt for an envoy of the Pope by the representatives of the Catholic monarchies, the jealousies and weaknesses of a coalition which paralysed the arm of Spain and Austria, and the series of accidents which prevented Richelieu from carrying out his warlike policy. For these sufficient allowance, perhaps, has not been made in the present volume. Yet Mazarin's splendid and hard-won success was caused in the main by his own genius; by his singular power of influencing men; by his exquisite tact, urbanity, and persuasiveness; by his clear perception in forming his designs, and his admirable energy and skill in pursuing them. It is astonishing that a youthful subordinate, hitherto unknown in the political sphere, should in a few months have gained the respect and confidence of so many great men; should have acted with such acuteness and wisdom, such firmness of purpose, such wonderful ingenuity, in a situation of so difficult a kind; should, in spite of continual obstacles and mischances, have conducted to a triumphant issue negotiations so intricate and arduous. Were this episode all that history could record of the character of Mazarin, it would show that his was one of those minds that are formed to direct the councils of kings, and to leave their traces on the fate of empires. Yet, as we have said, we do not think that Mazarin as a statesman deserves the unqualified and extreme praise which M. Cousin is inclined to give him. If he added noble provinces to France, and crowned the work of his great predecessor, he developed those schemes of French aggression which have hitherto always ended in disaster; and, in aggrandising the monarchy, he stifled some germs of national liberty. Even in the actual condition of France—when the foreign policy of Richelieu and Mazarin is perhaps covertly revived, when the annexation of Savoy and Nice has rewarded the services of France to Italy, and when the Empire, without the dignity, aspires to the position of the Bourbon Monarchy in the days of its supremacy in Europe—a writer of M. Cousin's powers may remember that territorial extension costs an enormous price; that the splendour and the glory of a government are no true test of a people's greatness; and that the acquisition of territory and influence abroad does not, in reality, lighten the burden of internal despotism. We do not question M. Cousin's sincere adherence to those liberal principles, both in France and in Italy, which are not less honourable to him than his philosophy and his eloquence: and we trust that no one will attempt to draw from his pages an apology for foreign aggressions or wars adverse to the cause of national independence and public freedom.

ART. III.—*Irresponsible Boards.* A Speech delivered by Lord HENRY GORDON LENNOX, M.P., in the House of Commons, on Tuesday, 18th March, 1862. Chichester and London: 1862.

IT was not until some time after the passing of the Reform Bill that the nation began to interest itself actively in demanding public institutions for promoting science, art, and education. The contrast between the positive apathy on these subjects which existed half a century ago and the feeling which is now shown both in and out of Parliament will appear very striking when we recall a few of the circumstances of the last fifty years. At the beginning of that period the sole public repository which existed for preserving objects of art and science, the property of the nation and supported by Parliament, was the British Museum. It is only about thirty years since the late Mr. John Wilson Croker and others, when the British Museum was discussed in Parliament, used to jeer at Bloomsbury as a *terra incognita*, and Charles Buller's wit sparkled in an article describing a voyage to those parts and the manners and customs of the natives. About a hundred visitors a day on an average, in parties of five persons only, were admitted to gape at the unlabelled 'rarities and curiosities' deposited in Montague House. A very small public, indeed, studied or even regarded them as illustrations of the fine arts, or of science and of human culture and intelligence. The state of things outside the British Museum was analogous. Westminster Abbey was closed except for divine service and to show a closet of wax-work. Admittance to the public monuments in St. Paul's and other churches was irksome to obtain and costly: even the Tower of London could not be seen for less than six shillings. The private picture-galleries were most difficult of access, and, for those not belonging to the upper ten thousand, it might be a work of years to get a sight of the Grosvenor or Stafford Collections. No National Gallery existed, and Lord Liverpool's Government refused to accept the pictures offered by Sir Francis Bourgeois, now at Dulwich, even on the condition of merely housing them. The National Portrait Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, and the Geological Museum were not even conceived. Kew Gardens were shabby and neglected, and possessed no Museum. Hampton Court Palace was shown, by a fee to the house-keeper, one day in the week. No public Schools of Art or

Science existed in the metropolis or the seats of manufacture. The Royal Academy had its annual exhibition of modern art on the first and second floors of Somerset House, in rooms now used by the Registrar-General, whose functions had then no existence. It was only at the British Institution, or at Christie's auction rooms, that a youthful artist like Mulready could chance to see the work of an old master, as he has often told us. Dr. Birkbeck had not founded the present Mechanic's Institute in Southampton Buildings, and the first stone of the London University in Gower-Street was not laid. Not a penny of the public taxes was devoted to national education, which was only a bone of contention between churchmen and dissenters. Architecture, the mother of the arts, had not raised itself from the bald meanness of Baker Street even to the stucco conceits of Regent Street; and the inspiration of architectural genius had only arrived at the invention of transferring the portico of a Greek temple from a hill like the Acropolis, indiscriminately to adorn a St. Pancras Church or a Unitarian Chapel, a General Post Office or a British Museum. Mr. Savage's new Chelsea Church, the first of the revivals of Gothic art, was not erected till 1820. Very few were the facilities of locomotion to induce the public to visit the exhibitions of art which existed. Cabs and omnibuses had not been invented to compete with the lumbering two-horse hackney coaches and chariots. No steamer had ascended the Thames even so far as the rapids of old London Bridge. Gas had not penetrated St. James's Park, and did not reach Grosvenor Square till 1842. The average postage of a letter was sevenpence, and penny postage was not even a theory. It was 'life' in London, as represented by 'Toms' and 'Jerries,' to floor 'old Charlies,' whom Peel's Police had not yet superseded. Hard drinking was as much a qualification for membership of the Dilettanti Society as the nominal one of a tour in Italy. Men's minds were more anxiously engaged with Bread-riots and Corn-laws, Thistlewood's Conspiracy and Peterloo Massacres, Catholic Emancipation and Rotten Boroughs, than with the arts and sciences, for the advancement of which, in truth, there was hardly any public liking, thought, or opportunity.

But an immense change has taken place within a recent time. No topics excite such warm and animated debates in Parliament as the purchase and preservation of pictures and sites of museums, and the public give manifestations of their wishes throughout the country which are apparently in advance of the temper of Parliament. Above thirty members of Par-

liament introduced by a future Chancellor of the Exchequer; last year appealed to the Lord President of the Council for greatly increased public expenditure in aid of local efforts to promote Art. The exhibitions of works of art of spontaneous growth over the whole kingdom, during the past year, have been numerous, and many provincial towns have desired to seek aid from the possessions of the Crown, or the national collections in the metropolis.

There has been an International Exhibition of Works of Fine Art and Industry at Dublin, which obtained some of its resources from the munificence of the Queen, from the National Gallery and the South Kensington Museum. Other exhibitions of a like sort, to which have been added specimens especially of art by working-men, have lately taken place, at Lambeth, Islington, Bow, the Tower Hamlets, and Greenwich, in the metropolis; at Alton Towers, Birmingham, Bristol, Dorchester, Nottingham, Reading, Wakefield, Tonbridge Wells, &c. None of these obtained any superfluous objects from the British Museum or National Gallery; but Alton Towers, Dorchester, Nottingham, and Reading procured some additions from South Kensington. This movement, so spontaneous and widely spread over the whole of the United Kingdom, will undoubtedly increase, and it betokens that at some period our principal cities and towns will have their local museums and galleries, as in France and Germany, in friendly connexion with the national institutions as the parent establishments. Before such an union can be effected, great changes must take place in the constitutional government of the principal institutions, which is altogether behind the requirements of the times. The several national institutions, although necessarily planted in the metropolis, ought to be so organised as to help local museums throughout the United Kingdom, and be the culmination of a whole system. Fine works of art and science are limited in number, and are not to be created like food and raiment according to the ordinary principles of supply and demand. The British Museum, the National Gallery, the Kew Museum and Gardens, the South Kensington Museum, the Geological Museum, the Patent Museum, the National Portrait Gallery, and others which may be established, should each be centres for rendering assistance to local museums of a like nature.

In briefly noticing the history of each of these institutions *seriatim* we shall purposely abstain from minute comment on their numerous abuses and defects: our object is to establish the proposition that these abuses and defects are in every

case traceable to one fruitful source of mismanagement, viz., the want of Parliamentary and individual responsibility in their executive administration.

How the British Museum originated, we venture to think is now little known, and it will surprise many, even perhaps Dr. Longley, Lord Cranworth, and Mr. Denison themselves, to be told that their predecessors, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, were appointed trustees of a *Public Lottery* for raising the necessary funds to start the British Museum, in the year 1753, when it was deemed expedient to nominate the highest dignitaries in the kingdom as the chosen instruments for accomplishing what would now be regarded as illegal and immoral. Although Parliament of late years, with doubtful policy, has sanctioned Art Union lotteries for circulating works of art, public feeling now would never entertain the idea of founding a National Museum of Science and Art with the profits of a lottery, and certainly no Archbishop, or Lord Chancellor, or Speaker, would be invited to superintend the management of it.

In the year above-mentioned Sir Hans Sloane, Bart. was a very old physician, who lived in the Manor House near to old Chelsea Church, where his monument—an urn embraced by serpents—erected to his memory by his daughters, may still be seen. He was the President of the College of Physicians, and founder of the Apothecaries' Gardens, where the cedars make so fine a feature in the landscape at Chelsea Reach, and he gave his names to 'Sloane Street' and the adjacent little square called 'Hans Place.' Sir Hans Sloane bought this house from Lord Cheyne, and it was bequeathed by him to Lord Cadogan, who married his daughter, and in this house, to employ the words of the black letter Act of Parliament (26 George II. cap. 22)—the same which legalised the lottery—he had 'through the course of many years, with great labour and expence, gathered together whatever could be procured, either in our own or foreign countries, that was rare and curious,' at a cost, it is said, of 50,000*l.* In 1749 he had made a codicil to his will, in which he expressed a desire that his collection, in all its branches, 'might be, if it were possible, kept and *preserved together whole and entire in his Manor House* in the parish of Chelsea,' i.e., half a mile further west from Charing Cross than the site where it has been proposed to locate his Natural History Collections! The Collection, or 'Museum,' as it is called, consisted of 'his library of books, drawings, manuscripts, prints, medals and coins, ancient and modern antiquities, seals, cameos and in-

‘taglios, precious stones, agates, jaspers, vessels of agate and jasper, chrystals, mathematical instruments, drawings and pictures, more particularly described and numbered, with short histories or accounts of them, with proper references in certain catalogues by him made, containing thirty-eight volumes in folio and eight volumes in quarto.’ We beg our readers to note the precise method of cataloguing, which, as will appear hereafter, has been altogether superseded by the trustees. He appointed trustees to sell his collection for 20,000*l.*—also ‘to obtain a sufficient fund or provision for maintaining and taking care of his said collection and premises, and for repairing and supporting his said Manor House waterworks coming from Kensington and premises.’ His trustees were in the first instance to apply to Parliament, and, if Parliament declined the offer, they were to sell it, for the use of certain foreign academies, which were named; and in case the said offer should not be accepted by either of the said foreign academies, his executors were at liberty to sell it ‘with all convenient speedy and advantageous manner.’ The Act of Parliament which was passed to sanction the purchase of this collection for the nation is still the basis of the constitution of the British Museum. The trustees of that institution then first received their powers and title from Parliament. The office of ‘Principal Librarian’ was then created with the powers and the salary of 1,000*l.* a year which he retains to this day. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker were invested with the patronage and control of this establishment; and for 113 years this strange constitution has not undergone any material alteration or improvement. The first act of the trustees appears to have been to waive the condition of the site and to consent to the removal of the Museum from the Manor House at Chelsea to any proper place, ‘so as the said Collection be preserved *entire without the least diminution or separation*, and be kept for the use and benefit of the publick, with free access to view and peruse the same at all stated and convenient seasons.’ For the Act provided that the collections should only remain there until a general repository should be provided for the same, after which the Manor House of Chelsea was to follow the general disposition of Sir Hans Sloane’s landed estate. The preamble of this statute ran in the following terms:—‘Whereas the said Museum or Collection of Sir Hans Sloane is of much greater intrinsick value than the sum of twenty thousand pounds: and whereas all arts and sciences have a connection with each other, and discoveries in natural philosophy and other branches

‘ of speculative knowledge for the advancement and improvement whereof the said Museum or Collection was intended, do and may in many instances give help and success to the most useful experiments and inventions: Therefore, to the end that the said Museum or Collection may be preserved and maintained, not only for the inspection and entertainment of the *learned and curious*, but for the general use and benefit of the publick,’ Parliament covenanted to pay for it the sum of 20,000*l.* to his trustees, and the Act we have already described became the law of the land.

But this Act did much more. Powers were obtained to remove to a general repository the Cotton MSS. still remaining ‘ at Cotton House in Westminster in a narrow little room, damp and improper for preserving the books and papers in danger of perishing, and not made sufficiently useful to British subjects and all learned foreigners;’ also to purchase the Harleian Collection of MSS. for 10,000*l.*, to be placed in the same repository with the Cottonian Library. The Act created about forty trustees for these several collections, and incorporated them by the name of ‘ the Trustees of the British Museum,’ and gave powers to provide a general repository, in which ‘ the said Museum or Collection of Sir Hans Sloane, in all its branches, shall be kept and preserved together in the said General Repository, *whole and entire*, and with proper marks of distinction, and to which free access to the said General Repository and to the Collections therein contained shall be given to all studious and curious persons at such times and in such manner as the trustees shall appoint.’ The Act also legalised the lottery to raise 300,000*l.* for these purposes. There were to be 100,000 tickets of 3*l.* each, of which 4,159 were to be ‘ fortunate tickets,’ giving prizes as follows:—1 of 10,000*l.*, 1 of 5,000*l.*, 2 of 2,000*l.*, 10 of 1,000*l.*, 15 of 500*l.*, 130 of 100*l.*, 1,000 of 20*l.*, and 3,000 of 10*l.*, or a total of 99,000*l.* The Archbishop, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker were appointed the managers to see fair play, and the lottery was drawn in Guildhall on the 26th November, 1753, wagers on the chances of the drawing of tickets being specially prohibited.

Thus things ‘ rare and curious ’ constituted Sloane’s Museum, for the use of ‘ studious and curious persons.’ The objects enumerated are as miscellaneous in character as the contents of the old curiosity shop of some small provincial town. Is there to be found at this time one and the same collector hungry for ‘ chrystals, mathematical instruments, drawings, and pictures’? This original vagueness and multiplicity still haunt the British

Museum. Whilst commerce has found it convenient and useful to separate the dealers in books from those in prints, and keep medallists and picture-dealers, and mathematical instrument makers apart, the British Museum Trustees look with horror on any one that shall divide their heterogeneous collections, although they themselves have violated all the conditions of Sir Hans Sloane's will, and separated his 'mathematical instruments from chrystals, drawings, and pictures'! In a volume in the Sloane MSS. several versions of a plan or proposal for managing the collection are given in detail. It was to be divided into '1° books, prints, drawings, pictures, medals, and the most valuable of the jewels; 2° MSS.; 3° natural and artificial curiosities,' which were assigned to different rooms in old Montague House. 'Thus the whole collection will be kept together without the other collections interfering.' Does Lord Derby, who is one of the Sloane Trustees, know that the whole collection, in spite of Act of Parliament, codicil, and trust deeds, is all dispersed? Not even the thirty-seven catalogues are kept together! Or have the trustees given due effect to the following injunction of the testator 'to prevent as much as possible persons of mean and low degree and rude or ill-behaviour from intruding on such who were designed to have free access to the repositories for the sake of learning or curiosity, tending to the advancement and improvement of natural philosophy and other branches of speculative knowledge'?

Pursuing the history of the British Museum, we find that in the year following the passing of this Act, it was proved to be difficult, if not impossible, to get the Archbishop, the Lord Chancellor, and Speaker to meet, and so Parliament passed one of its curious hotch-pot Acts, 'for punishing persons destroying turnpike locks;' and 'making Acts for erecting courts of conscience publick Acts,' and 'preventing persons driving certain carriages from riding on such carriages,' and in it gave powers to render the presence of two of these high functionaries as valid as three, and made seven of the trustees as good as forty!

For fifty years the Museum slumbered on, spending about 2,500*l.* a year on management, and a few hundreds a year on purchases, chiefly books and antiquities; but in 1805, an Act (45 George III. cap. 127) was passed to purchase the Towneley Collection of ancient marbles for the sum of 20,000*l.*, to be 'open to the inspection of artists and the curious in the fine arts,' on condition that the whole of the said collection should be kept together, and Edward Towneley Standish, of

whom the purchase was made, or of his heir or nominees, was made a trustee of the property sold.

In 1816 another great acquisition was made. The invaluable Elgin Collection of marbles and sculptures was purchased by a vote of 35,000*l.*, and here again the vendors, Lord Elgin and his successors, were added to the trustees, again increasing the number. This appears to be the last purchase which was accompanied by the creation of a trustee to protect the property he had sold. From the foundation of the British Museum to this period, about 120,000*l.* had been expended on purchases, chiefly consisting of books, MSS., and antiquities. Natural history was hardly recognised by the trustees, for only about 2,500*l.* had been spent upon it. Nothing had been expended for minerals and fossils, or zoology, or botany, or prints and drawings. After that year, some slight purchases were made for objects in these classes, but it was not until after Mr. Hawes' Committees of the House of Commons, in 1835-6, that funds have been systematically devoted to procuring objects of science.

At this time, Parliament having been reformed, public interest began to manifest itself, through Parliament, in the management of the British Museum, which has gone on increasing to the present time. In 1835 and the following year an inquiry was made into the state of the British Museum which presented ponderous blue-books to the House. The effect of these reports was to cause a largely increased expenditure, both for salaries and purchases, in the several neglected departments, but these committees did not give greater distinctness to the object of the institution than Sir Hans Sloane's of 'rare and curious,' and they failed to point out that the origin of all defects in the institution was to be found in its irresponsible management by numerous trustees.

A second Select Committee sat, and in 1847 a royal commission of inquiry was appointed, and a supplementary commission 'for considering various and grave subjects' was added in 1848.

'Evidence,' says Lord Henry Lennox, 'was taken with praiseworthy patience, and in 1850 the result was communicated to both Houses in the shape of a very able and strongly-worded report, and the 900 pages of evidence on the strength of which that report was founded. It was signed by all the Commissioners excepting one—the late Lord Langdale, who entered a protest against the strong report for *not being strong enough.*'

In 1859 Mr. Gregory obtained another Committee, which directed its inquiries into the state of the British Museum as

being in 'hopeless confusion, valuable collections wholly 'hidden from the public, and great portions of others in 'danger of being destroyed by damp and neglect,' a state which Mr. Gregory assured the House, in 1865, had not been remedied.

From these facts it appears that all that can be done by mere inquiry has already been accomplished; but the result is *nothing*. The trustees retain their unmolested powers, and have effectually set at nought, by disregarding them, the proposals made for the reform of the great establishment entrusted to their care; indeed, one of their arguments is that they have no power to reform it.

According to the last published Parliamentary returns, in 1860, the expenditure, from 1753 to 1847, and from that year to 1860, on the different classes of objects was reported to have been as follows, under the following heads:—

	In 94 Years up to 1847.	14 Years, from 1847 to 1860.
	£	£
Sir Hans Sloane's Collection	20,000	20,000
MSS., including the Harleian, &c.	40,850	78,113
Printed Books, Maps, and Music	92,447	169,853
Natural History	10,405	10,405
Minerals and Fossils	17,238	31,703
Zoology	12,751	30,290
Botany	1,204	2,280
Antiquities—including the Towne- ley and Elgin Collections—Coins and Medals	122,115	173,820
Prints and Drawings, including the Lawrence and Sheepshanks Col- lections	28,109	52,254
	<u>£345,119</u>	<u>£569,261</u>

The maintenance of the establishment has cost 1,382,733*l.*, and the buildings about 1,000,000*l.*, making a total of about 3,000,000*l.* in round numbers. Since 1860, about 300,000*l.* more have been expended.

For several years past the government of the Museum has been practically in the hands of the Principal Librarian, and what the effect of that government has been, the expenditure will best show. Between 1847 and 1860 the proportion of the expenditure of the several departments was as follows:—

MSS.	37.
Printed Books	77.
Minerals	14.
Zoology	17.
Botany	16.
Antiquities	51.
Prints and Drawings	24.

¹⁸⁵²This period has been essentially the reign of Mr. Panizzi. His dominant will and ability, and great social influence, have overcome the obstructions imposed by his forty-seven masters, all more or less differing with one another, and all irresponsible; and by his mesmeric finger he has tamed them into a happy family, whilst he has also repressed the internal anarchy of the establishment. He has virtually created the noble department of printed books, and placed the library, now the first and best managed in Europe, on foundations which will not be easily shaken for generations to come. He perceived that those ponderous walls and dark ill-ventilated chambers were not calculated for exhibiting objects of taste or curiosity, but would make repositories for books, and he wisely acted accordingly. He has made some necessary concessions to art and antiquities, but very properly checked the expenditure on scientific objects, which could only be hidden in cellars or consigned to moths. He will leave the Museum in triumph for his own sound views, with a well-earned pension, but his departure and the state of the institution cause a crisis which renders more than ever imperative a reorganisation of the administration of the whole establishment. Although Mr. Panizzi placed his resignation in the hands of the trustees some months ago, on the score of fatigue and declining health, we believe that he has consented, at the earnest request of the Government, to perform the duties of his office until the month of March. In this interval Parliament will meet, and we trust that one of the first measures to be announced by Mr. Gladstone to the new House of Commons, will be a Bill to place the whole administration of the Museum on a proper footing, and to raise its chief officer, both in rank and authority, to the position which ought to be given to the head of one of the most important institutions in Europe. No one is more highly qualified than Mr. Gladstone to deal with the subject, and we shall be grievously disappointed if he neglects or delays to take it in hand.

A decisive definition must be made of the scope and objects of the Museum. The old loose tradition of 'rare and curious,' and 'rarities and curiosities,' can no longer be accepted as the

vague object of the principal repository of our national collections. The very idea of such a centralisation as now exists is adverse to all progress. The Royal Society and the Society of Arts were very good and sufficient institutions a century ago; but these societies no longer monopolise all the subdivisions of human intelligence in science and art, and they have given birth to a numerous progeny of other societies. Nor can the British Museum do so, without falling altogether behind the times. As well might the human race have been confined to the Garden of Eden, as well might England forbid emigration to the colonies, as that all that is 'rare and curious'—which is now interpreted to mean all objects illustrating all the arts and sciences—should be confined within the narrow walls of Bloomsbury or any single spot.* Since the period when the 'few rare and curious things' were first assembled in old Montague House, the Zoological Gardens and Kew Gardens have been made the living representatives of zoology and botany. The Geological Museum has taken charge of geology if not of mineralogy. The Museum of the Commissioners of Patents and the Institute of Civil Engineers have appropriated objects of mechanical science and Sir Hans Sloane's 'mathematical instruments. The South Kensington Museum is devoted to illustrate the application of the fine arts to works of industry. The Ethnological Society and the Crystal Palace have assumed the charge of showing the history of mankind. A National Gallery for pictures and a National Portrait Gallery have been created.

* But Sir Roderick Murchison looks on the British Museum as a 'consulting dictionary'—a 'perfect encyclopædia of literature, science, and art'—'great, unique, and glorious monument'—'a great national establishment, in which the public may see all the striking objects and great groups of Nature;' 'putting some limit upon the excavation of ancient towns, and the bringing of the débris of large ancient cities into the centre of London.' He says: 'I have a colossal vase of Siberian aventurine (in which the union of Natural History and Art is admirably illustrated), which the Emperor of Russia gave me in recognition of my labours in developing the geological structure of Russia, which is the admiration of many people. I should like to bequeath that vase, and will bequeath it, to the British Museum; but if the British Museum is to be broken up, I fairly say that I would alter my will.' This feeling for the vase contrasts with Mr. Sheepshanks' gift of sixty thousand pounds' worth of pictures, given on condition that trustees did *not* manage them, and that they were not placed in London.

The India Office has founded a museum for works of Eastern origin. The Institute of British Architects the Architectural Museum, and other architectural societies have their collections of objects of architectural art. In fact every class of objects which the British Museum has collected as 'rare and curious,' is now studied from a distinct and scientific point of view by numerous independent associations which had no existence when the Museum was founded. No conceivable extent of space would enable the British Museum adequately to house and represent all desirable objects of science and art for all time. As science and art extend, so is the tendency to subdivide, classify, and re-arrange their boundaries, and it is adverse to all scientific development to insist upon principles of concentration and limitation accidental in their origin and antagonistic to all progression. If the nation desires to have collections worthy of it, the present collections of the British Museum should be forthwith divided into the following distinct branches, each sufficiently enlarged :--

1. Books and MSS.
2. Pictures and Drawings.
3. Antiquities; including Vases and Coins.
4. Zoology, and perhaps Mineralogy together.
5. Botany.
6. Ethnology.
7. Mechanical Science, with Mathematical Instruments, and the like.

Not only would the development of each division be promoted by separation under a proper executive management, but the utility of the collections would be greatly increased. They would be vastly more useful even to the few chosen scientific persons that use them, and a hundred times more used by the public at large. The connexion of the objects with the library, always put forward as necessary, cannot be logically maintained, and is only a pretence.

Moreover there is a metropolitan view of the local position of such collections which must not be overlooked. Although the collections are national, being made for the use of the nation at large and not for the metropolis only, still the metropolis, with its three millions of population, being a seventh of the whole country, has peculiar claims to have its convenience consulted. However theoretically central the British Museum may appear on the map, it is gradually ceasing to be convenient of access to the greatest numbers. It matters little to those who seriously study the collections where they

are placed*, but to the public at large it is important that the respective collections should be distributed in different sections of the metropolitan district where they can be seen most conveniently by the greatest numbers, and opportunity will be afforded to these greatest numbers by the railways which will encircle London in two years. Places on these lines will be within reach by trains starting every five minutes, and there is no doubt that if the Natural History Collection were transferred to the Regent's Park, the Ethnographical Collection to the Victoria Park, the Portraits sent to the National Portrait Gallery in the South of London, and the Mediæval Antiquities to South Kensington, these objects would afford instruction and pleasure to thousands rather than to hundreds only in Bloomsbury. The drawings of the old masters should be transferred to the National Gallery when we have one worthy of the name. The library and the sculpture galleries, with the vases, coins, and other antiques, would then appropriately occupy and fill the present edifice, with one of the noblest collections in the world.

Year after year in Parliament Mr. Gregory, like a Jeremiah, lifts up his voice at the present state of the arrangements and neglect in the British Museum, so that we need not draw up, as might be done, a long indictment against the trustees for their miserable treatment of the noble collections confided to their charge. The state of the collections is a national disgrace. An over-crowded building, most unsuitable for exhibition, most unhealthy to visitors, and destructive to many objects from insufficient ventilation; ill-cared for and ill-lighted; specimens of sculpture disfigured with dirt; specimens of natural history crowded in cases which are not dust-tight and sluttishly neglected; labels wanting—there is throughout an air of sleepy slatternly shabbiness, except in the libraries and a very few other portions, which renders it imperative that Parliament should transfer the annual vote of 100,000*l.* from the hands of the trustees to a more competent and sensible management. So long as Parliament continues the folly of entrusting forty-eight trustees with this immense annual expenditure, so long as this *fons malorum* remains untouched, it is useless to preach other reforms.

* When the School of Design was at Somerset House, which is a perfectly central situation, the fees paid by the students averaged only 300*l.* a year; now, at South Kensington, apparently a less eligible site, they produce 2,000*l.*; but the schools have been immensely improved in every respect.

When, a century ago, there was no Parliament or public to care for national collections, it may be admitted that trustees of science and art were useful; but the circumstances are now wholly changed. There is a large and increasing public deeply interested, forming itself into scientific and artistic societies, spontaneously creating museums and galleries, which, perhaps, it may be said, are a-head both in feeling and intelligence of Parliament and the Government, and almost supersede the necessity for trustees. But trustees may still be useful and honorary, if they have only the limited functions of counsellors. As administrators of Parliamentary funds they have become positive obstructives. In the Record Commission, in the Excise and Stamp departments, in the Ecclesiastical Commission, in the School of Design, the sham of management by numbers has been long exploded, and so it must be with the British Museum. It is unnecessary to dwell on this topic, which both theoretically and by practical illustration has been exhausted by Lord Henry Lennox in his very able speech on Irresponsible Boards, which, although praised by Mr. Disraeli, uncontroverted by Mr. Gladstone, and applauded by the House of Commons, has been for four years only a *vox et præterea nihil*.

In justice to the trustees it may be conceded that they have of late made several important purchases, with courage, liberality, and judgment, acting, as we believe, on the advice of Mr. Charles Newton, the present able keeper of the Department of Antiquities. Thus the fine series of the Halicarnasian marbles, the Farnese marbles, the purchases from the Pourtalès Collection, and the exquisite bronzes recently obtained from Signor Castellani, are magnificent additions to the national collections. But, having made the necessary effort to secure these precious objects, the trustees appear to be utterly indifferent to the proper display of them. Thus the Budroun and Branchidæ marbles have literally been deposited for *seven years* in glazed sheds, which deface the portico of the Museum, scarcely afford common protection from rain and fire, and are not open to the public. The trustees have destroyed the arrangement of the hall, originally occupied by the Elgin marbles (for which, indeed, it was constructed), by separating the groups from the friezes: they have thus *two* halls, imperfectly occupied by ill-arranged sculpture, in place of one magnificent assemblage, and this at the time when they complain of want of space to exhibit their more recent acquisitions. The largest halls in the sculpture galleries have a bare and poverty-stricken aspect, at the very time when we are told that there is

not room to show the grand Lion from Cnidus, which is believed to commemorate the victory of Conon—the Apollo from Cyrene—the Demeter and other statues from the *temenos* of the infernal deities of Cnidus, which are of the school of Praxiteles—or the statue and chariot-horses of Mausolus. One of the pretexts assigned for this strange result is said to be a pedantic objection on the part of some of the trustees to what they call ‘mixing’ the styles of Greek art, by placing different schools in contiguous apartments. But, as if in flagrant defiance of their own principle, they have allowed a *plaster cast of our own statue* of Mausolus to be placed in the centre of the room surrounded by the frieze of the Parthenon. It is impossible to visit the Museum without a feeling of profound regret at the singular want of taste and skill evinced by the arrangement of its collections; and we are satisfied that this merited stricture falls entirely on the trustees, and not on the officers of the department, who are continually struggling against their unfortunate influence.

The opinions we express are those of Lord Ellesmere’s Commission of 1859, and may be usefully repeated here:—

‘Such a board of trustees, to any one who considers the individuals who compose it, with reference to their rank, intelligence, and ability, would give assurance rather than promise of the most unexceptionable, and, indeed, wisest administration in every department. High attainments in literature and in science, great knowledge and experience of the world and its affairs, and practical habits of business, distinguish many of them in an eminent degree; and it would be unjust either to deny the interest which all of them feel in the prosperity of the institution, or refrain from acknowledging the devoted services which some of them have rendered in its administration. But, on the other hand, absorbing public cares, professional avocations, and the pursuits of private life must, in many instances, prevent those individuals whose assistance might have been best relied on from giving anything like continued attention to the affairs of the institution; and, what is perhaps of more importance, the large number of the board, by dividing, or rather extinguishing individual duty or responsibility, has, in a great measure, interfered with the superintendence and control which might have been exercised by any small or selected number specially charged with the duty. The inconvenience likely to result from the affairs of the Museum being devolved upon so large a board, appears to have been felt at a very early period.’

Again—

‘It is not surprising that, in such circumstances, the standing committee should have been confounded with the general board,

without any practical distinction between their functions, and that the actual management of the Museum should have devolved upon a fluctuating board, having no special charge, nor direct personal responsibility; and all this in constant disregard of that precaution which the trustees very wisely established against themselves, by throwing the ordinary business of the Museum upon a portion of their number, specially appointed and accepting.'

'To return to the standing committee, or to the board of trustees—for these may be spoken of together—the course of conducting business is unfortunately calculated not to correct, but to aggravate, the inconvenience.'

'On the whole, the conclusion *has been forced upon us, that the mode in which the trustees have exercised their functions of government in the Museum has not been satisfactory*; and that the inconveniences arising from so great a number of trustees, and from the fluctuating nature of the board, have been increased by the neglect of such precautions as, with reference to the accustomed modes of transacting business, we should expect to find strictly in observance. However admirably qualified the trustees may be individually for the transaction of business, it is impossible to expect satisfaction in the conduct of their affairs where they act, not by a select number, but at meetings—which they are left to attend as they please, and as leisure and inclination serve—to which they are called by summons announcing the time of meeting merely, but giving no notice of the business—at which business of great importance to departments is conducted without direct and personal intercourse with the officers at the heads of the departments, and in a manner so cumbrous and fatiguing as to be hostile alike to good decision and despatch.'

And the Commissioners proposed this remedy:—

'With respect to the executive management, your Commissioners are *unanimously of opinion that a change should be adopted, involving the abolition of the offices of Principal Librarian and of Secretary, as they now exist, and the establishment of a responsible executive council.*'

But Lord Langdale, who well knew that an executive council was a practical absurdity, refused to sign the report, and entered a protest as follows:—

'Many and considerable inconveniences have crept into the management of the Museum. The remedy must, as it seems, be sought for,—

'1st. In the establishment of, or revival of, an executive government, vested in one person, solely responsible for the due execution of his duty, but assisted by a council, to whom he might readily and on all occasions resort for advice and assistance.

'2nd. In the establishment of a committee of trustees, a standing committee, elected, and undertaking personally to perform all

those duties of superintendence, investigation, and control, which seem to be the proper and peculiar duties of the trustees, *as distinguished from the duties of practical management and executive government*, which seem to be the proper and peculiar duties of a GOVERNOR OR DIRECTOR.*

All that is now required is to act upon this last judicious recommendation, which subsequent experience has amply confirmed since it was made; and we acknowledge that our hope of a radical improvement in the administration of the Museum rests entirely on the appointment of a competent and responsible officer invested by Parliament with the necessary powers to effect it, under the control of the Government. Is there any instance in England of so large an expenditure of the public money by men over whom Parliament has no effective control whatever?

Between the founding of the British Museum and the National Gallery there is a long space of seventy years, much spent in foreign wars. On the 10th May 1824, the National Gallery was opened to the public in the house of Mr. Angerstein, the banker, No. 100 Pall Mall, which stood on the site of the present Carlton Club. Before that time George IV., the first monarch since Charles I. who had cared to collect works of art, had brought together collections of Dutch pictures, Sèvres china, *Goutière* and Florentine cabinets of the finest quality, and he made some atonement for a sensual and selfish life by presenting to the British Museum his father's library. He also laid the foundation for a National Gallery of pictures, by inducing his Ministers, according to the authority of Sir Charles Long, to propose to Parliament the purchase of Mr. Angerstein's collection of pictures for the sum of 57,000*l.*

Following the fashion of the times, the management of the new Gallery was placed under a board of trustees, having no distinct parliamentary responsibility. The natural results have ensued. Almost from its very birth to the present time there have been chronic complaints connected with the management of this collection, which have provoked heated controversy in and out of Parliament. The genuineness of the purchases; a reverential affection for the dirt and discolouration which London smoke confers on pictures, that 'tone' which is so dear to your connoisseur and so very unlike nature except in a fog; the prejudice in favour of certain schools of painting; the want of space; the disgusting and pernicious ventilation, and the injury done by it to pictures* ; the suit-

* The report of Mr. Faraday, Professor Tyndall, and Dr. Hofmann

ability and unsuitability of the present site; the quarrels about the merits of ten other sites, which began in Mr. Hume's time; the promiscuous admission of the public; the wasteful dispersion of pictures by public sale, are some of the topics which have occupied committee and commission, and commission and committee, and provoked annual discussions in Parliament which, as they do not fall within the special department of any one Minister of the Crown to guide, have only resulted in confusion worse confounded.

The site of the National Gallery, after sixteen years of controversy, may perhaps be considered as settled, unless Parliament should again change its mind, as it has already done, on the point. But what is to be the size and character of the structure? It is at present in the hands of the First Commissioner of Works, who is at issue with every member of the House of Commons, Lord Elcho, Sir John Pakington, Sir G. Bowyer, Mr. Tite, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Henley, Mr. Henry Seymour, and all who usually express views on the subject. During the last session of Parliament he stood unsupported by a single member in his wish to patch up the present building, instead of erecting a new one, as good as the age could erect, in which all the experiences of all the necessities of picture-galleries which the last ten years have made manifest should be attended to. Meanwhile these precious works of art—precious by their cost and money-value, but far more precious from their beauty and importance in art—are stored in a building wholly deficient in ordinary securities against fire, and exposed to the most disastrous accidents. Lord Elcho properly asks, how the plan of the New Gallery is to be obtained? By a public competition, limited or otherwise? But there is no answer. The trustees, who, if worth anything, ought to express an opinion, stand mute. It is not settled to this very day what are the scope and limits of a National Gallery. Is the public to house in one central spot every picture, good, bad, and indifferent, which the trustees accept? Is room to be found for Leslie's 'Uncle Toby,' given by Mr. Vernon, and a *replica* of the same given by

demonstrated that out of fifteen sites where pigments had been exposed, for nearly two years, for experiment, 'the most injured are 'from the National Gallery, Charing Cross, and the next from a 'country privy; the third, much less changed, from the House of 'Commons; the fourth, from the Barber-Surgeons' Hall; the fifth, 'from the Bridgewater Gallery; the sixth, from the Royal Society's 'Rooms, Burlington House; and the seventh from the British Museum.' (July, 1859.)

Mr. Jacob Bell—the public already possessing a better version than either in the Sheepshanks Collection? Ought any one of these pictures to be in a National Gallery, if we understand a National Gallery to consist only of the finest works of the greatest artists of all times? What is best to be done with superfluities which, if not provided for, smother the collection and lower it to mediocrity? Is it best to throw them away at sales, or give them to local institutions, which are too happy to have them? Ought not the trustees by this time to have laid down some defined principles of action? Ought it still to be an unsettled point whether or not a representation of the British school of painting is to be a distinct exhibition apart from the National Gallery, where it would seem that British pictures should only occupy relatively a very small place? Is there to be a Louvre and a Luxembourg, as at Paris? Are modern French, Belgian, German, and other foreign pictures to be represented anywhere? Is it to contain apartments for the exhibition of prints and drawings? Before Mr. Cowper undertakes to alter the present building or to erect a new one, some individual authority responsible to Parliament should settle these questions, and they can only be properly considered and settled, and defended when settled, by a Minister of the Crown, who is charged with the special duty. No further inquiries by commissioners or committees are needed, but the want is action.

Since the appointment of Sir Charles Eastlake as director, purchases have been made according to some system, and for the most part very judiciously. He wisely and successfully has devoted himself to the acquisition of the finest Italian works—unquestionably the most useful in the science and art of painting. In 1853, the Prince Consort caused a remarkable paper on the subject to be prepared of how and what pictures should be acquired for the National Gallery, and the effect of this paper is witnessed in the present satisfactory state of the Italian collections so far as they have proceeded. But such a result has only been obtained by conferring sufficient powers on Sir C. Eastlake, and not allowing the trustees to meddle with his judgment—reducing them in fact to nonentities.

We wish that it were possible, before we quit this part of the subject, to include in it some mention of the Royal Academy, as a national school of art and a national exhibition of the works of living artists. But in the present constitution of the Royal Academy all the vices and evils of irresponsible management by a close self-elected body have reached the highest pitch, insomuch that it appears to us to have forfeited

altogether (if indeed it ever possessed) the right to be regarded as a public institution. The Academy is rich. The Academy may flourish as an opulent private corporation, with which the public has no more to do than it has with one of the city companies—the Goldsmiths' or the Fishmongers'. But as the Academy persists in rejecting the proposals made to it for the purpose of placing it, as a public body, at the head of the arts in this country, we can only conclude that its present anomalous character must be terminated by the Government. It has accordingly received notice to quit the public building it has long occupied, and we question whether the House of Commons will be disposed to place another site at its disposal at the public expense, unless the Academy accepts a radical change in its constitution. The only method by which the Royal Academy can consistently retain its present system of management is by divesting itself entirely of its public character, and by erecting at its own cost, as the great city companies have done, a suitable building for its schools, its meetings, and its exhibitions.

The Geological Museum was founded in the year 1835, by Sir Henry de la Beche, at the same time with the establishment of the Geological Survey. The collections were first placed in a house in Craig's Court, but they are now arranged in a suitable building in Jermyn Street. The Museum here was opened in 1852. It has always had the great advantage of having a parliamentary chief and a director, with a single aim, and therefore has not been one of Mr. Lowe's 'toads 'always under a harrow.' The School of Mines is conducted in the same building, where its wants have greatly outgrown the premises.

Kew Gardens before 1840 were the private gardens of the sovereign; but in that year, after the report of a committee, drawn up by Dr. Lindley, the Queen gave them to the public, and Sir William Hooker was brought from Glasgow to be the director. To use his own words:—

'A national garden ought to be the centre round which all minor establishments of the same nature should be arranged: they should be all under the control of the chief of that garden, acting in concert with him, and through him with one another, reporting constantly their proceedings, explaining their wants, receiving their supplies, and aiding the mother-country in everything that is useful in the vegetable kingdom. Medicine, commerce, agriculture, horticulture, and many valuable branches of manufacture would derive much benefit from the adoption of such a system. From a garden of this kind Government would be able to obtain authentic and official information on points connected

with the founding of new colonies ; it would afford the plants there required, without its being necessary, as now, to apply to the officers of private establishments for advice and assistance.'

Acting upon these enlightened principles, he raised the gardens from a neglected state into admirable order and completeness, which we have no doubt his son and successor will maintain and increase. The number of visitors in 1841 was 9,174. In 1864 they were reported to have been 473,307, of whom 218,308, or nearly half, came on Sundays. It was Sir William Molesworth, who, in 1853, first gave the labouring classes the opportunity of visiting the gardens on Sundays—an example that has been successfully followed by Glasnevin Gardens at Dublin, but not as yet by the Botanic Gardens at Edinburgh. A well-arranged Museum was added to the gardens in 1847, which exhibits specimens of fruits, seeds, gums, resins, dye-stuffs, sections of woods, and all vegetable products useful to mankind in the arts, in medicine, and in domestic economy, substances which neither the living plants nor the *hortus siccus* can exhibit. Thus at Kew the nation possesses a most successful exhibition of the products of the vegetable world worthy of the country. The limitation of purpose and the completeness with which it is realised contrast strongly with the diffuseness, chaos, and confusion at the British Museum. But then at Kew we have parliamentary control and unity of responsible management, with the competent direction of a responsible chief.

Next in chronological order of formation comes the South Kensington Museum, which, so far as concerns the fine arts, was founded with the precise object of illustrating their application to industry. These art collections were first opened to the public in November 1852, and were arranged on the second floor of Marlborough House, lent by Her Majesty through the influence of the Prince Consort. They consisted of purchases made in the Exhibition of 1851, and a very remarkable display of the Sèvres china, which George IV.'s French cook had collected after the French Revolution, when Paris expelled in disgust the choicest works of the eighteenth century. By Her Majesty's permission this collection of porcelain, probably the most extensive and finest in Europe, was gathered together from the several palaces, and when exhibited created a considerable sensation. Additions to this nucleus flowed in rapidly by the purchase of Dr. Bandinell's small collection of pottery*; the Gherardini Collection of Italian models secured by Mr.

* Mr. Henley, President of Board of Trade.

Gladstone; extensive selections from the Bernal Collection, promoted by the Prince Consort*; the acquisition of the Soulages Collection †, followed by large purchases of Italian art, made in Italy by Mr. Cole, Mr. Redgrave, and Mr. Robinson; Dr. Bock's collection of mediæval woven fabrics, with additions obtained at the sales of Prince Soltikoff and the Comte de Pourtalès.‡ The rapidity and economy with which these collections have been made has been a matter of general surprise and approval, and is simply to be attributed, first, to that promptitude of action which can only be realised through individual responsibility; secondly, to a clear perception of the precise object for making the collection, viz., the promotion of industrial fine art. It may be affirmed with the greatest confidence, that if instead of a single responsible Minister of the Crown, this work had been undertaken by a numerous corporation of illustrious dilettanti, it would never have been accomplished. Indeed, it may be said to have been commenced in 1840, by the twenty-five managers of the School of Design, but was soon stopped by their want of unanimity.

The Kensington Museum has been valiantly fought over in Parliament, year after year, and the battles have been won in triumph by the parliamentary generals who led them; and the country owes especial gratitude to Mr. Adderley, Mr. Cowper, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Bruce, for their services to industrial art in the House of Commons. Whilst, during the last few years, with the single exception of the library and antiquities, every department of the British Museum has been more or less paralysed in its development, and nothing done to relieve the general plethora; whilst the National Gallery has been driven to all kinds of shifts for accommodation, and nothing settled; and the National Portrait Collection has remained concealed from the public in private lodgings in Great George Street,—the South Kensington Museum has not only formed its collection, but has built a great part of a most appropriate edifice for exhibiting works of art; the best lighted and best ventilated by day, and the only one lighted by night among all similar structures in Europe.§

* Lord Stanley of Alderley, President of Board of Trade.

† Marquess of Salisbury, Lord President of the Council.

‡ Earl Granville, Lord President.

§ As this passes through the press we hear of the death of the architect, Captain Fowke, R.E., at the early age of forty-two. It is to be hoped that his plans for this Museum, as well as his Prize plans for the Natural History Museum, the Patent Museum, &c., will survive him.

When the art collections were removed to Kensington, the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 presented to the science and art department various collections of objects which had been exhibited in that Exhibition. These have been arranged in several divisions illustrating diagrams and apparatus necessary for primary education; the uses of animal products; the chemistry of food; mechanical science and building materials. There is also at South Kensington a collection under charge of the Commissioners of Patents, which consisting of such objects as the first locomotive, the first steam engine that moved a boat, Arkwright's loom, &c., possesses the most valuable materials for a museum of mechanical science which would soon rival the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers at Paris. It is hardly necessary to say that this collection, being under the management of a Board and having no parliamentary responsible chief, makes no progress, but is a source of constant squabbling.

Within the last year a collection of models of naval architecture of high national and popular interest, illustrating the progress of the British navy, has been placed in charge of the South Kensington Museum. The ship-building trade of the country largely contributes models of its naval architecture and marine engineering, and in a few years this collection is likely to become the largest and most complete in Europe, and especially appropriate to the country the navy and mercantile marine of which stand first in the world. This collection should obviously be a subdivision of a great museum of mechanical science. Until the Duke of Somerset had the wisdom to remove the collection of naval models from the custody of the *Board*, consisting of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, it used to be secreted in Somerset House; sometimes in garrets, at other times in vaults, and once at least was very nearly being dispersed altogether. And the old admirals prevented the access of the public to it, lest the secrets of naval construction should be betrayed to the enemies of the British flag. Another notable instance of the administrative ability of a *Board*.

The catalogue issued by the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery gives no history of that institution; but this gallery was founded by virtue of a resolution moved by the present Earl Stanhope in 1857. Its management was properly enough kept distinct from the administration of the National Gallery, with which it has no logical connexion, and is placed in charge of fifteen trustees, of whom the Lord President of the Council for the time being is one. Two years appear to have elapsed

before the Gallery was opened at 29 Great George Street, and excluding the Exhibition year of 1862, an annual average of nearly 10,000 persons, or at the daily rate of under 100 persons, has visited it. Lord Henry Lennox estimated the cost of each visitor at the time of his strictures between 16 and 18 shillings; that sum must now be reduced; still there is no doubt that it is, proportionately to its number of visitors, the most costly of all our public galleries. According to the last report, 133 portraits have been purchased, and 58 presented; making a total of only 191 portraits acquired by the trustees in six years. A very drastic commentary on this kind of management is afforded by the proposal of Lord Derby for forming a series of national portrait exhibitions at the South Kensington Museum. This board of trustees, expressly created to look after national portraits, is passed by altogether by a late Prime Minister, who sends his suggestion to the Lord President of the Council at South Kensington. What Lord Derby now proposes to do ought to have been done six years ago, and would certainly have been done but for the impediment of a *board of trustees!*

The foregoing rapid survey proves conclusively that those institutions for which there is a Minister of the Crown responsible in Parliament, and where individual direction exists for the management, as at the Kew Botanic Gardens and Museum, the South Kensington Museum, and the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, are flourishing and progressive, whilst in those where there is no direct parliamentary responsibility, and the management is in the hands of a board, as at the British Museum, the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, and 'Patent' Museum, confusion, discord, languor, incompetency, and extravagance are found.

It is idle to discuss such questions of details as separation, space, site, buildings, and internal management, until the one cardinal basis has been established of a clear direct parliamentary responsibility. Parliament should peremptorily refuse to consider any of these questions until it has a Minister who can stand up and say, 'I, on behalf of the Government, am responsible for the recommendations I make, and the estimates I submit, and if you don't accept them, find a substitute for me.' The failures of board management for the last fifty years are all concisely summarised in Lord Henry Lennox's speech in 1862; and it is puerile in those who advocate reform in these institutions not to have got rid of the multifarious boards as they now exist.

We are by no means advocates for the absolute abolition of

trustees, as some have proposed. Such a proceeding would seem to be as ungracious as impolitic—unwise as well as unnecessary. All might be retained, and the numbers even increased by the names of the highest representatives of science, literature, and the arts, so as to consolidate the representatives of the several institutions into a council for science and art. Put at their head the Lord President of the Council, who would summon them to meet either in general assembly or in select committees to advise on special subjects as consultative bodies only, when their services would be truly valuable. It should, however, be made quite clear that they have no voice whatever in the management of the expenditure of any institution, which would rest sole and undivided in the charge of a responsible Member of the Government.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons will probably acknowledge that it is impossible they can efficiently administer the expenditure of 100,000*l.* a year in Bloomsbury, and that they are not aided in the work by the presence of any standing committee, still less by the whole body of trustees. Surely these high officers are indifferent to the patronage of appointing some few worn-out butlers to the post of attendants, which would be much better filled by policemen. At the time when the Legislature created the British Museum by lottery and trustees out of the vendors of the property purchased, the management and purchases for many years, exclusive of the cost of buildings, did not exceed the income which the endowment from the lottery (30,000*l.*) and Major Edwards' bequest (about 20,000*l.*) provided. But whilst the Parliamentary votes have gradually crept up to 100,000*l.* a year, the old vicious mode of board administration has not only remained unchanged, but become rather worse as an executive, by additions to the numbers of the trustees. No one will venture to contend that it is beyond the competency

* Whilst Sir Roderick Murchison has full experience of the success of the Geological Museum under his own direction, his vision seems to be so dimmed as a trustee of the British Museum that he advocates the management of the Natural History there by a 'sub-committee,' who should suggest to the 'standing committee,' who would report to the general body of trustees! 'If Sir Philip Egerton,' he says, 'would attend, and if we could get the assistance of Sir Benjamin Brodie and the President of the College of Physicians, as well as of Lord Cawdor, we should work well, and do the business effectively.' Would Sir Roderick substitute a similar committee at Jermyn Street for himself?

of Parliament, or would be the slightest breach of faith with the family trustees or the elected trustees, to relieve them from the business of expending the annual vote of 100,000*l.* They were never made trustees for the work which by imperceptible degrees has passed into their hands. Take away this money and the Sloane, Harley, Towneley, Elgin, and Payne Knight trustees will still remain fully possessed of their original powers and duties.

Judging from the past, we have little hope that any Government will take up this most necessary administrative reform of its own motion. It cannot become a party question, and seems to be crossed by all sorts of personal influences. But the work might be done at once if those members of Parliament who complain annually at the present most unsatisfactory state of things—if Lord Elcho, or Lord Henry Lennox, or Mr. Gregory, or Mr. John Stuart Mill, a man who thoroughly understands the evils of Board Management, would only follow the example of Mr. Hume, who in 1840 organised an association of members of Parliament and others to promote the opening of national monuments to the public, which succeeded, and do the like for abolishing the executive management of public collections through boards of trustees. Another *fulcrum* to act on both Government and Parliament might be found in an association of the local museums and institutions throughout the country to participate in the use of the superfluous objects and pictures at present an incumbrance to the central institutions themselves. But such a circulation of superfluous objects is just one of those measures altogether dependent on the administrative reform of the parent institutions, and cannot be dealt with separately. If local institutions will persuade their county and borough members to take an interest in it, the Government may be emboldened to grapple with the anomalous constitutions which at present retard the progress and sound organisation of our institutions of science and art, and to substitute the Parliamentary responsibility of a Minister for the ineffective administration of irresponsible boards.*

* As we close this page the melancholy intelligence of the death of Sir Charles Eastlake reaches us. His manifold services to the arts in this country were not more remarkable than his blameless character and his high attainments; and he leaves a blank in our society which it will indeed be most difficult to fill by another.

ART. IV.—*Traictie de la première invention des Monnaies de NICOLE ORESME; Textes Français et Latin d'après les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Impériale; et Traité de la Monnoie de COPERNIC, Texte Latin et traduction Française.* Publiés et annotés par M. L. WOLOWSKI, Membre de l'Institut. Paris. 8vo. 1864.

THE first of these Treatises on Money is the work of a schoolman and a bishop, who was buried about five hundred years ago in the choir of his own cathedral at Lisieux, and who had well-nigh passed away from the memory of men, when a lucky accident drew the attention of a German professor of our own day to this remarkable prelate, and the zealous researches of M. Wolowski have since restored him to his proper position as one of the Fathers of economical science. The second Treatise on the same subject, which is included in this volume, is from the pen of Copernicus, who seems to have applied to the relations of society the same searching intellect and sound reasoning which arrested the sun in its course and restored the true economy of the heavens. We are extremely indebted to M. Wolowski for the care he has bestowed on this curious publication. He has collected the manuscripts, revised the texts, translated a portion of the original Latin essay, and thrown a flood of light on the personal history of Nicole Oresme, their forgotten author. But it is not merely a love of antiquity that has directed his labours. The most curious part of the discovery is that this treatise, written in France about the year 1373, at one of the darkest and most turbulent periods of the history of that kingdom, a few years after the battle of Poitiers, and in the earlier years of the reign of Charles le Sage, is an exposition of the theory of money, so clear that it might have proceeded from the pen of Adam Smith, and so correct that it would not be disowned by any member of the Political Economy Club. When it is remembered how long and how generally the grossest fallacies prevailed on this subject—if, indeed, they are even now dissipated; when we call to mind the volumes which have been written to reduce the definitions of *value* and of *price* to the simplicity of truth; when we are reminded of the gross and scandalous abuses by which the princes of the Middle Ages were continually endeavouring to eke out their resources by tampering with the currency, and that these practices have not entirely ceased in some parts of the world, even amidst the lights of our own age; it is nothing short of marvellous that a churchman of the fourteenth cen-

ture should have left behind him a succinct treatise, in which the principles that govern the great questions of the currency, of coin, and of exchange are stated with equal force and precision.

It has hitherto been acknowledged that the true theory of money was first explained with admirable clearness and force of reasoning by Locke, in his 'Considerations of the lowering of Interest and raising the Value of Money;' and no doubt it was on this solid basis that Montague and Somers rested their vigorous measures for the restoration of the British currency to its true intrinsic value in 1695. But there is scarcely a point in Locke's Treatise which Nicole Oresme had not some glimpse of. In more recent times the late Mr. Senior wrote a very able paper on Money, which is justly considered to be one of the most lucid and demonstrative of his economical writings; but as the true principles of the science are few in number and uniform in their application, when once ascertained, we are not sure that he added anything essential to the doctrine of Nicolas Oresme, of whom, in all probability, he had never heard. We shall shortly lay before our readers the leading propositions of this remarkable Essay, but we must first inform them by what means it was brought to light, and then give them some account of its author.

The discovery, for such it may be called, of this work is due to M. Wilhelm Roscher, a distinguished Professor of Political Economy in the University of Leipzig, whose curiosity was excited by the casual mention, in some forgotten author, of a treatise by Nicolas Oresme 'De Origine et Jure necnon et de Mutationibus Monetarum.' This Essay had been reprinted in 1589 in the 'Sacra Bibliotheca sanctorum Patrum' of Margarinus de la Bigne, from the first edition, printed by Thomas Keet in the earlier part of the sixteenth century. Of this edition one copy exists in the Imperial Library at Paris. In that magnificent collection is also to be found a printed copy (without date) of the contemporary French translation. But the manuscript which has been collated and used by M. Wolowski in the present edition dates from the fifteenth century. It belonged to an ecclesiastical library at Paris down to the Revolution, and is still in its original binding, stamped with the arms of the first owner. Two Latin MSS. of the Essay also exist, one in the library at Poitiers, and another in the Burgundian Library at Brussels.

Having procured a copy of one of the earlier editions of the work, M. Roscher proceeded to examine it, 'when,' he exclaims, 'what was my surprise to find in my hands a theory of Money,

‘elaborated in the fourteenth century, but still perfectly correct and consistent with the doctrines of the nineteenth century, and expressed with a terseness, precision, lucidity, and simplicity of language, which attest the superior genius of the author. The whole work is so remote from the notion commonly entertained of the barbarism of the Middle Ages, that one might have suspected some trick, if there had been any ground for such a suspicion, and if the appearance of such a work had not been just as improbable at the commencement of the sixteenth as in the fourteenth century.’ Having satisfied himself of the high merit of the treatise, M. Roscher addressed to that branch of the Institute of France of which he is a corresponding member, a notice of its scientific excellence, and this appears to have been the first acknowledgment of its real importance in the history of political economy. It is, however, just to remark that the existence of the treatise had been adverted to in 1846 by M. Lecoindre-Dupont, in his Letters on the Monetary History of Normandy and La Perche, and it had been more fully described by M. Francis Meunier in an Essay on the life and writings of Nicolas Oresme, published in 1857. The volume now before us comprises, in the most complete form, the Latin and French texts of the Essay, and M. Wolowski has added to the researches of his predecessors a good deal of interesting matter; so that we are now probably in possession of all that can be known of the author and of his book.

Nicole or Nicholas Oresme appears to have been born either at Caen or at Bayeux in the early part of the fourteenth century, and in 1355 he attained the dignity of Grand Master of the College of Navarre, in which he had been brought up. The biographers all relate that he was chosen in 1360 by King John to be the *preceptor* of his son, who afterwards ascended the throne, and who not only bore, but deserved, the name of Charles le Sage. But this must be a mistake, for Charles was in that year twenty-three years old, and had assumed the supreme power as Regent of the kingdom immediately after the Battle of Poitiers in 1356. There is, however, great reason to believe that Nicole Oresme, though not his preceptor, was one of his wisest counsellors, and in 1377 Charles raised him to the see of Lisieux. The prelate had previously held the deanery of Rouen. Like many of the most enlightened men of that remarkable age, Oresme did not escape the charge of heresy; for in 1363, being called upon to preach at Avignon in presence of Urban V. and all the Papal Court, he had delivered a severe reproof of the enormities of the princes of the Church.

We have searched with some curiosity to discover traces of any intercourse between Oresme and Petrarch at that time. They must in all probability have been acquainted with one another, and when Petrarch presented to the King of France a copy of his Treatise ‘*De Remediis utriusque Fortunæ*,’ it is said that Charles ordered Oresme to translate it; though even this statement is controverted. A still more important work which is attributed to him is a translation of the Vulgate into the French tongue, undertaken by order of the King, who wished to fight the Waldenses with their own weapons.* His original works are chiefly theological treatises, after the manner of the schoolmen, and an attack on judicial astrology, which was cited and praised by Pico della Mirandola. Amongst these works the Treatise on Money was found.

Nor is this a solitary instance of an application of scholastic acuteness in the Middle Ages to questions of economical science. It has been justly remarked by Professor Roscher, that the schoolmen, and especially John Scotus Erigena, paid more attention to these subjects than is commonly supposed; but they arrived at the discussion of them by a strange path of reasoning. The consideration of the sacrament of Repentance naturally led them to weigh those offences or supposed offences against the laws of morality which also violated the rules of public economy, and to examine the evils resulting from them; and they were thus led to examine the grounds on which these obligations rest. The condemnation of usury by the Church as mortal sin led to interminable discussions of this nature; and it is one proof of our Bishop’s enlarged and reasonable mind that he condemns the depreciation of the currency as a far greater crime than that of usury, because, he says, ‘the usurer lends his money to a man who voluntarily borrows it, and who uses it to the relief of his own necessities, upon terms which are the result of a contract entered into to their

* But of this translation no copy is known to exist, and the Bible had been translated into French nearly a century before, in 1294, by Guyart des Moulins, a canon of Aix. During the captivity of King John at the Savoy in the Strand, it appears from the Duke d’Aumale’s catalogue of his privy expenses, that he had with him a French bible; for thirty-two pence were paid to ‘Margaret the bindress’ for covering afresh a French bible and putting four clasps to it. M. Michelet asserts that Charles V. caused the Bible to be translated for him by his Attorney-General, Raoul de Presles, whilst a worthy Prior wrote for his Majesty a treatise on the Laws of War, and the Bishop of Lisieux translated Aristotle. But he does not furnish us with the evidence of these statements.

‘mutual satisfaction; but the depreciation of the currency is an undue and arbitrary act, by which the Prince takes the money of his subjects from them without their consent, since he commands them to take bad money for good.’ (Cap. 17.)

But this truth was so little recognised as a moral and political obligation during the Middle Ages, and indeed for many centuries later, that the depreciation of the currency was the continual expedient of bad governments, as, indeed, it has been in some parts of Germany even in our own time. Philip le Bel lowered the standard of the livre tournois twenty-two times in the last nineteen years of his reign. In England, under Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III., the same abuses took place; and in 1381 the Commons represented to Richard II. that the depreciation of the current coin of the realm was one of the grievances that had ruined the kingdom. In fact it was not until the close of the seventeenth century that the evil was corrected even in this country*, and in France it subsisted till the Revolution of 1789. But no sovereign had carried to so extravagant an excess the supposed royal right of fixing the value of the coin of the realm as the rash and luckless King John of France. Between 1351 and 1360 the livre tournois changed its value seventy-one times, and in the years 1359 and 1360 alone these changes amounted to sixteen and seventeen times respectively in each year. The marc of silver was fixed at five livres five sols, but such was the debasement of the coin that it rose in 1359 to 200 livres, an anticipation of the assignats of 1794 by supreme order of the King of France. For the Crown asserted that ‘to itself alone belonged the right of making whatever money it thought fit for the whole kingdom, and of giving currency thereunto;’ and an absurd attempt was made to restrain the officers of the Royal Mint from disclosing the real value of the coin they issued.†

* The denominations, weight, and fineness of English silver coins were fixed by the 43rd Elizabeth (1601), and have since remained unchanged, except by the introduction of the florin and the four-penny piece. But the silver coin of England was subject to perpetual variation by the offence of clipping down to the end of the seventeenth century. The reader will readily call to mind the inimitable description of the measures taken to secure the uniformity of the British currency, which is to be found in Lord Macaulay’s ‘History of England,’ cap. xxi.

† ‘Si aucun demande à combien les blancs sont de loy, feignez ‘qu’ils sont à six deniers.’ The debased coin was to be struck with the same dies ‘afin que les marchands ne puissent apercevoir ‘l’abaissement, à peine d’être déclarés traîtres.’ (*Michelet, Hist. de Fr.*, vol. iv. p. 262 : ed. Bruxelles.)

When this doctrine of the arbitrary power of the Crown over the representative of value was proclaimed by King John, the times were evil and the condition of France most miserable. Never had a single generation of men in any civilised country borne a greater accumulation of misfortunes than those which fell upon the French in the middle of the fourteenth century. 'All authority,' says the Duke d'Aumale, in his interesting introduction to the Notes and Documents relating to the reign of John, published by his Royal Highness in the Miscellany of the Philobiblon Society, 'All authority, royal and feudal, seemed annihilated. The Regency had devolved upon a pale and puny prince, who was hereafter to acquire in that hard school the qualities of a great king, but who had at that time no influence, no real power. The bravest of the nobles were captive or slain, for the two great battles of Crécy and Poitiers, lost within two years, had carried off the flower of the aristocracy. The castles, scattered about provinces which the enemy had laid waste, contained little more than women or old men, children or men who had lost their honour. The peasantry, irritated by the excess of misery, rose, and whilst the Jacquerie was devastating the country, the citizens of the towns, headed by a daring innovator, Etienne Marcel, usurped the place of the crown and the defeated nobles, and attempted at once to repel the foreign invader, to change the system of government, perhaps even to place a new dynasty on the throne.' The King's ransom to the English had been fixed by Edward III. at the Treaty of Bretigny at 600,000 golden crowns, or three millions of crowns, equal to 1,500,000 English nobles, or half a million of our money, if, indeed, it must not be computed at a higher rate of exchange. To raise a portion of this enormous sum the King was compelled to sell his own daughter, the Princess Isabella of France, in marriage to John Galeas Visconti, the son of the Duke of Milan; and it was not till 1400 that the whole ransom was paid. Meanwhile the Black Death had swept over Europe and depopulated nations. Famine and war followed in its track. The Papacy was sunk in the debasing exile of Avignon; and the age which gave to the world the sublime genius of Dante, the grace and learning of Petrarch, and the humour of Boccaccio, was marked in history by the darkest brand of misfortune.

'All at once,' says M. Wolowski, 'amidst those glittering arms which crushed their warriors, and when all the prowess of the chivalry of France had sunk in a shameful defeat, appeared a figure, slight and puny of stature, with a hand unequal to draw a sword and a body incapable of the fatigues of war. But in that feeble

frame dwelt a manly soul and a clear judgment, as if God had set him there to manifest the sovereign power of thought in an age which had learned to look to force alone. Charles V., surnamed the Wise, soon reduced this chaos to the forms of constitutional government; prosperity and mutual confidence revived; the industry of the people recommenced as soon as the law protected their dealings and their persons. The armed bands which had laid waste the land became the instruments of victory. A strict economy of the public resources replenished the treasury. The army once more defended the dignity of France, whilst agriculture, trade, and industry opened the true sources of plenty and of wealth. Nothing was left to chance; everything was provided for; an active, enlightened, and persevering will had succeeded to the direction of affairs, with results which, in the judgment of that age, might well be deemed supernatural by those who saw the men of law, the men of science, the men of art, the philosophers, and the astrologers, who encompassed the king and promoted his designs.' (P. xiv.)

Amongst these sage advisers of the Crown Nicolas Oresme undoubtedly held an important place. Charles V. was the first King of France who seems to have discovered that the art of government does not consist in hard fighting, but in clear thinking—not in lavish display on favourites and arms, and hawks and hounds, but in an enlightened regard for the public welfare. Nothing can at this distance of time more effectually demonstrate the wisdom of his government, than the existence of the treatise before us, and the fact that its author was confidentially consulted and employed by the King. For the worthy Bishop was not only a sound economist; he was also, as we shall presently see, a Whig in his politics; and he laid down with great distinctness those principles of limited monarchy and constitutional government which seem to have been better understood in France under Charles V. than they have been for five hundred years afterwards. The two main conditions exacted by the Commons in 1357, and acceded to by the Dauphin in the great Ordinance of Reform of that year, were, that the subsidies granted to the Crown should not be expended by the King's people, but by wise, loyal, and solvent men, to be ordered by the three estates, who should make oath that they would spend the money for the use of the army, and not otherwise; and, secondly, that no new coin was to be struck but according to the patterns deposited with the Provost of the Trades of Paris, and no change in the currency to be introduced without the consent of the States. These conditions were not inflexibly observed, but with reference to the second point especially, Charles V. did abandon the practices of his

predecessors, and for a time the currency of the kingdom was upheld at its true standard.

And here it may be observed that at the very outset of his *Treatise* Nicolas Oresme pointed out, no doubt from reason and experience, a truth which was not understood and accepted for centuries afterwards—a principle which is, indeed, commonly ascribed to Sir Thomas Gresham, and supposed to have been added by him to political science, namely, that the inevitable result of a depreciation of the currency is to drive good money out of the country. ‘*Homines enim conantur suam monetam portare ad loca, ubi eam credunt magis valere,*’ says the Bishop in his schoolman’s Latin, and that short proposition, simple as it is, includes the whole doctrine on the subject. In his time he observed that from the discord and dissimilarity of the reputed and real value of money, traders had more trouble in adjusting the value of the coin they were to receive than in fixing the price of the goods they were to sell. Whilst the tendency of this confusion is to send good money out of the kingdom to countries where it commands a higher price, and to bring debased money into the kingdom where it passes for good.*

When the growth of human industry and human wants had led men to exchange the commodities they respectively produced and required, it was soon found that in this permutation of natural wealth difficulties arose. Hence, says the Bishop, ‘*Subtilisati sunt homines usum invenire monetæ, quæ essent instrumentum permutandi ad invicem naturales divitias, quibus de per se subvenitur naturaliter humanæ necessitati. Nam ipsæ pecuniæ dicuntur artificiales divitiæ, quoniam per pecuniam non immediatè succurritur indigentia vitæ, sed est instrumentum artificialiter adinventum pro naturalibus divitiis levius permutandis.*’ There is a remarkable conformity even in form between these elementary propositions of Oresme and the celebrated 4th chapter of the ‘*Wealth of Nations,*’ on the origin and use of money. The distinctions here drawn between natural and artificial riches is virtually the same as the distinction drawn by modern economists between value in use and value in exchange.

Lord Macaulay relates an amusing story of a sermon

* Lord Macaulay remarks that Aristophanes was the first writer who noticed the fact that when good money and bad money are thrown together into circulation, the bad money drives out the good, and he quotes the passage in his *History* (vol. iv. p. 621). But Aristophanes noticed the effect without touching the cause.

preached at York Castle by George Halley to some clippers of coin who were to be hanged the next day. 'What,' said the divine to those impenitent culprits, 'what if the same questions were to be put in this age as of old, "Whose is this image "and superscription?" We could not answer the whole. We may guess at the image, but we cannot tell whose it is by the superscription, for that is all gone.' The fact is that the incident of the Tribute-money related in the New Testament, and the divine admonition, 'Render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's,' had been used for centuries by the Church to perplex men's minds with a false conception of the relation of money to the sovereign. The image and superscription were supposed to mark the coin as something belonging to the king. The piece of silver bearing Cæsar's head did in some measure appertain to Cæsar; and Cæsar was very apt to exercise rights of property over it. Nicolas Oresme was perhaps the first churchman who ever exposed so convenient a fallacy. 'It is not,' said he, 'the coin which is Cæsar's, but the tribute represented by the coin.' The tribute is his, and we are bound to pay it; but the coin is our's, and the image and superscription are not to be regarded as marks of property in it, but they are a stamp imposed by the Crown to attest the value of the article; and the honour of the Crown as well as the order of public dealings require that this stamp should be a mark of inviolable good faith and honesty.

As the purposes for which money is needed can only be attained by the use of portions or pieces of coin, of a fixed substance, unadulterated, and a determined weight, it was provided that a known and public stamp, denoting the quality of the metal and the exact weight and value of the pieces, should be impressed upon them. The right of affixing this stamp to the coin appertains to the sovereign, and it is a capital offence for any other man to coin money in the realm or to circulate counterfeit pieces; indeed, adds Oresme, the privilege is such that it cannot and ought not to be conceded to any vassal, and would be a good cause of war against such as may usurp it.

As the current coin of the realm belongs to the community and not to the king, so it ought to be minted and coined at the public charge (7th chapter); and in such wise that the cost of the coinage be paid out of it, but care must be had that this royalty be extremely small, lest it be prejudicial to the community at large. He then discusses the various mutations to which the coin of the realm may be subjected, premising, in the words of Aristotle, that 'certainly the thing which ought

‘most firmly to remain as it is should be money;’ and he sums up this part of the subject in the following terms:—

‘I am aware that the principal and final cause for which the sovereign claims the right of changing the coin is nothing else than to turn it to his own gain and emolument. Otherwise it would be of no avail that he should multiply these changes. I will then more plainly show, on this head, that such gain is unjust and wicked. For *first*, every mutation of money (save in those rare cases which I have previously discussed) contains in itself so much deception and falsehood, that the Prince can have no right to do it—for when a Prince usurps a right of acting unjustly, the profit he derives from it cannot be just or honest, since the nation suffers by it. “What-ever,” says Aristotle, “a Prince does to the prejudice or damage of “the community is injustice, tyranny, and not royal;” and if he were to say (for tyrants are wont to lie) that he would turn that gain to the public advantage, his word is not to be believed; for by the like reasoning he might strip me of my garment or of anything else for the public advantage. But, as the Apostle saith, it is not lawful to do evil that good may come.’ (P. xlvi. cap. 15.)

And in the same spirit he adds:—

‘The difference between the good government of the kingdom and a tyrannical rule is this, that the tyrant loves and seeks his own profit more than the common good of his subjects, and therefore aims to hold his people in serfdom and subjection. The good king and prince, on the contrary, places the common good before his private or personal ends; and beyond all things else, save only God and his own soul, he loves the welfare and public liberty of his people. “*Disciplina imperandi*,” says Cassiodorus, “*est amare quod multis expedit!*” But if the kingdom should turn to a tyrannical government, it cannot long be guarded and defended, but shall fall away into decline and perdition, especially in a land where men have the manners of a frank and free people, not of serfs, and who by long use are not accustomed to be arbitrarily governed; for as servitude would be to them inexpedient, involuntary, and oppressive, so it must be violent, and therefore not durable.

“Few things,” says Aristotle, “are to be left to the arbitrament “of the judge or of the Prince;” and he quotes that example of Theopompus, King of Lacedæmon, who, having come to the supreme power, abandoned and released to his subjects several of the imposts and exactions which his predecessors had laid upon them. Whereat his wife wept sore, and reproached him that it was a shameful and pusillanimous thing for a son to succeed to the kingdom of his father with less of emolument and profit than his father had derived from it. To whom the good King, in two words, replied, “*Trado diuturnius!*—I prolong its duration.” Oh! divine oracle! oh! weighty words, and worthy to be painted in kings’ chambers in letters of fine gold! “*Trado diuturnius!*”—in other words, I have increased my kingdom by the duration of time more

than I have diminished it by the moderation of authority.' (P. lxxxi.)

'Lastly, then, as I suppose it is now sufficiently proved, to seek or take the profit or wealth of the crown by mutations of the coin of the realm is an act of injustice and tyranny, not to be endured or continued in any kingdom which is not tyrannically governed. Great evils and inconveniences arise from these mutations, as has been said; but other evils must precede those which come after, since such frauds and robberies can only be committed by men already corrupt in thought and intent—men ready to abet all frauds and tyrannical perversities to which they may see the Prince bend and incline, as indeed we have ourselves recently witnessed. I say this, in fine, that whatever tends to the perdition of the kingdom is vile and injurious to the King, his heirs, and successors; and one of those things is to govern tyrannically and to take the substance of the lieges by mutations of money or otherwise. Therefore all such mutations and exactions are against the honour of the whole royal posterity, and highly injurious: which is herein proved.' (P. lxxxv.)

There is a freshness and vigour in the language and the sentiments of this old Prelate—a tone of freedom and a sense of justice which do him immortal honour; and when we read these things in the sturdy eloquence of the fourteenth century, we marvel at the centuries of arbitrary power and triumphant wrong, which have seemed, at times, to crush the love of justice and liberty out of the hearts of the French nation. Even now they may be reminded by these pages that 'Trado diuturnius' is not the motto of power violently assumed or arbitrarily used; and that the principles which ought to regulate the sound administration of finance cannot be transgressed in vain.

The treatise entitled 'Monetæ cudendæ ratio,' by Copernicus, which is also included in this volume, is not less remarkable than that of his French prototype. Indeed it is of a more practical character, for it enters with precision into the means to be taken to restore the debased currency of the province of Prussia to its true value. Copernicus was born in 1473, so that this essay may be fairly ascribed to the earlier years of the sixteenth century, and it establishes the claim of the Polish philosopher to be regarded as the precursor of Serra, Davanzati, and the other Italian economists, who are commonly described as the first correct authorities on the subject.*

* Some account of their writings will be found in Dr. Travers Twiss' 'View of the Progress of Political Economy in Europe,' delivered before the University of Oxford in 1846 and 1847.

On two points especially Copernicus deserves the credit of pointing out the principles which have been applied in far more recent times. He advocates the suppression of those numerous local mints which had powerfully contributed to confuse and perplex the monetary systems of Europe in the Middle Ages; and he recommends the limitation of the right of striking money to one establishment under the control of the royal authority.

In the second place, he proceeds to show that to strike good money is not enough to regulate the currency, unless the bad money be absolutely withdrawn from circulation. 'Melius semper erit veterem monetam in reparatione recentis penitus abolere. Oportebit enim tantillum damnum simul equanimiter pati, si modo damnum dici possit unde uberior fructus et utilitas magis constans nascitur ac respublica incrementum sumit' (p. 70). This was substantially the plan devised by Montague in 1695 to carry into effect the recommendations of Sir Dudley North, and of Locke, and to recoin the currency of England. The measure was a bold one even in that day, although the English Minister had contrived that the loss on the debased coin should be borne, not by the holders of it, but by the State. Copernicus appears to have thought, as may be inferred from the foregoing sentence, that the loss to private persons was more than compensated by the advantage to the generality.

It is curious to remark that although the evils of debased money were universally felt and acknowledged, and the remedy for these evils had been pointed out at so early a period, yet centuries elapsed before these remedies were applied. The reason is that corrupt and absolute governments conceived themselves to have an interest in maintaining their imaginary control over the value of money, and they therefore kept alive those delusions which obscured the true theory of the science. How often, and how long, have similar delusions retarded the application of the most obvious principles of political economy! and how slow has been the progress of mankind in the comprehension of laws immediately affecting their nearest interests!

- ART. V.—1. *Sur la Formation des Troupes pour le Combat.* Par le Général JOMINI. Brussels: 1856.
2. *Modern Armies.* Translated from the French of Marshal MARMONT by Captain LENDY. London: 1865.
3. *Études Tactiques.* Par le Général Baron AMBERT. 1re Série (Zorndorf et Austerlitz). Paris: 1865.
4. *Tactics of the Three Arms.* By Colonel LIPPITT. New York: 1865.
5. *Modern Warfare and Modern Artillery.* By Colonel MACDOUGALL. London: 1865.
6. *The Manœuvres of Cavalry and Horse Artillery.* By General M. SMITH, C.B. London: 1865.
7. *Professional Papers of the Royal Engineers.* New Series. Vol. XIV. London: 1865.
8. *Military Operations Explained and Illustrated.* By Colonel HAMLEY, R.A. London: 1866.

IN tracing the main currents of thought which influence our time, and their effects upon public policy, a strange disagreement is at first apparent between the desire for peace professed on all sides by publicists and statesmen, and the activity of every great Power in the improvement of the means of war. Very different are these days, it would seem, from those of the preceding generation, when a millennium of trade, unbroken by the clang of arms, was held by many earnest politicians to be the future condition of the civilised world,—when even in the military profession men of high education and intelligence were not slow to declare that Europe would never again hear the tread of great armies in the field, and that the British soldier need henceforth prepare to meet no more disciplined enemy than the Maori or the Sikh. Then all was stagnation within our fleet and army, as all was neglect without. India was looked on as the only field where military ability could be the stepping stone to fame. Reduction and retrenchment were the order of the day; and faithfully reflecting the national feeling in the national service, the officer regarded the few among his fellows who gave their spare hours to the study of their profession as mere eccentrics, led by some strange aberration of intellect into a pursuit tedious in itself and tending to no practical result.

Great is now the change in all these respects. Instead of a government commending itself to the country's approval on

the score of a blind undistinguishing economy, we have heard a statesman, the most experienced and renowned of our age in foreign and domestic policy, not only avowing that the enlightened attention of the Ministry he directed had been systematically given to the care of our national armaments, but claiming their improvement and development as special grounds of public confidence. 'The present time,' said Lord Palmerston in his last manifesto to the Tiverton electors, 'is remarkable for the progressive application of the results of science to the operations of war, both by sea and by land; and this country has not in such matters lagged behind the other great Powers of the world.' Even his opponents gave the late Premier credit for knowing accurately how the national pulse beats, and for being well acquainted with what our neighbours are doing. And his assertions are borne out to the full by our increased expenditure for defences and by the formation of our self-created Volunteer army, as well as by the large share allotted to topics of military interest in the journals of the day, and by the attention paid to the progress of science in this particular direction by thoughtful men, both in and out of the service.

The art of war—to use the recognised term—is one of those sciences which time has seen by turns improve, stand still, retrograde, and again take a sudden advance side by side with the general civilisation to which its condition seems bound. The most recent events in the history of the world give us no hope of the speedy realisation of that Utopia, not long since dreamed of, where its use shall be unknown. And if it be acknowledged as a necessity of the existing state of things, its progress must follow closely that of other great branches of knowledge which affect the general good. For, viewed in its highest aspect, it is but the application of a nation's strength to the protection of the commerce, freedom, and order of its citizens; and the abuse of warlike power for the mere purpose of aggression is but a proof that to be independent it is necessary to avoid that decay of military resources which may invite attack. Happily, such pages of our history as the Indian Mutiny show that the advance of British wealth and science has by no means diminished that spirit of personal sacrifice, without which the warrior, though engaged in the fairest cause, would find but little honour paid to his profession. Steam, rifled arms, and railroads have not slain knighthood, nor taught us to undervalue the true soldier and his deeds.

But courage and patriotism are but of little avail when ill-directed and untrained, or destitute of the needful appliances

from which they should receive support. The case of Denmark has shown too painfully how brave men are sometimes sacrificed for lack of warlike material and of the strategy which might supply its place. The successes of the Federal generals, in the West especially, have drawn attention to the advantage in war of a ready use of every improvement in mechanical art. And more striking still as an example, the brief campaign of 1859 showed the astonished world the practical results of the diligent improvement by France of her Algerian and Crimean experience. Austria found her utmost efforts unequal to those of her better prepared foe, and succumbed in the struggle, before unready Prussia dared resolve to throw her half-drilled forces into the scale for German honour*, or the Bund could gather its unwieldy legions on the Rhine.

Such lessons as these should not wholly be neglected by any nation possessing a permanent land force—least of all by one which holds a vast and distant empire mainly by the power of the sword. It is our purpose, therefore, to review the existing state of military science as a whole, with special reference to the modifications which the modern conditions of warfare in the field have lately undergone. An article in these pages † was lately devoted to the special question of rifled guns, and drew attention to the striking difference of the principles on which our own artillerists and those of our great neighbour have been at work. But the tactics of different nations have diverged more widely still. Nor is the contrast more startling between the Armstrong gun in broadside and the 450-pounder smooth-bore in its turret, to which our American rivals pin their faith, than between the agile scramble of the Zouaves up the Alma heights and the long-drawn movements of the army of the Potomac through the woods before Richmond. And great as is the difference between these operations of the same period, still wider differences may be traced between the tactics of modern armies at different eras. A brave man is now, indeed, according to the lament of Bayard, ‘exposed to die by a miserable pop-gun, from the effect of which he cannot defend himself;’ yet the levelling of all engaged in action

* Those who were present at the assembling of the Prussian and Bavarian *corps d'armée* on the Rhine in June 1859, and at their disbandment on the astounding news of the Villafranca treaty, saw that the regiments of the landwehr were not in any fit state to take the field, being scarcely more mobile than our battalions of county militia.

† Edinburgh Review, April 1864.

to one common risk has not only tended to exalt true valour, but has exercised ingenuity in a hundred ways in the endeavour to spare the lives of combatants, and to meet increasing peril by increased lightness and dexterity. In these efforts for economising the numbers employed until the supreme moment of conflict be reached, lies the key to most of the past and coming changes of modern tactics.

Although the grand principles of strategical combination are, as we are constantly told by military writers, the same in all ages; although now, as in the days of Cæsar, it is of the first importance for a general to keep his forces united or ready to unite; to leave as few points vulnerable as possible; to maintain free lines of supply for his own army, and to harass or break those of the enemy; above all, to bring an overwhelming mass to the striking-point when the attack is made: yet the means for doing these things are so greatly enlarged by the improved communications prepared in time of peace and by the superior wealth of town and country, giving facilities, hitherto unknown, for the feeding and moving of great hosts, that in Europe, at all events, there is an inevitable tendency to accelerate events in time of war. Such campaigns as those of Marlborough and Saxe in the Low Countries can no more be repeated on the same soil than the battles of Chancellorsville and the Wilderness could have been fought as they were, had the wooded swamps of Virginia been changed beforehand into well-drained fields. The single invention of railroads would have modified, it is not to be doubted, the strategy of Napoleon himself. It is very possible that its general application would have greatly lessened the superiority of quickness in combination which he enjoyed even to the moment of that last essay of invasion which ended at Waterloo. But, on the other hand, had his tremendous assault on the Russian Empire been aided by the resources of supply which even one well-guarded railroad would have offered, it is certain that the enterprise would not have broken down from the cause which was immediately fatal to it. And the great modern conqueror was the last person in the world, his whole life assures us, to have slighted the aid offered to his designs by the progress of mechanical art.

Since the conditions of warfare are thus liable to change with the changes of time, it is surprising, at first sight, to meet with such periods of stagnation in military science as mark certain epochs of history. This stagnation has especially been felt in England, a country where the soldier's profession is often unpopular, and the expense of a standing army distasteful to the

people. The wondrous successes gained by Marlborough's great genius for war for a time overbore this national prejudice, and lent a charm to the history of our campaigns in Flanders, which we see reflected in the pictures of Corporal Trim and Uncle Toby, honoured relics of an illustrious time. But after the Peace of Utrecht our continental operations had little to flatter the popular fancy. Blundering King George just saved from ruinous disgrace by the hard fighting of his troops at Dettingen; his soldier son leading our troops in the true spirit of military pedantry to certain defeat at Fontenoy, and in later days, with strategy no better than his tactics, yielding Hanover, almost without a blow, to be plundered by Richelieu's greedy army; the noble charge which shattered the French centre at Minden*, forgotten in the shameful immobility of Sackville's cavalry: these were not pleasant memories of our chief campaigns: and with these in view, redeemed only by the one ever-glorious leap of Wolfe to Abraham's Heights, our military reputation waned and sank into oblivion.

Then came the American war, with its sad tissue of blunders by land and sea, in council and in field; the hired troops; the divided commands; the reckless disregard of all strategical rule; the incompetent commanders—men who might well make even the overbold Minister tremble who allowed them to go forth in the name of England. The failure of our attempts to reconquer our colonies matched well with the policy which had made them our enemies, and left upon the public mind at home a deep-rooted dislike to those enterprises of our troops which had served but to lower our prestige and to enlarge our debt. To the navy, as the arm to which belonged chiefly such credit as was won in these wars of the last century, flowed the tide of popular confidence, and the sister service came to be regarded merely as a necessary evil, part of the trappings of the king rather than of the protection of the subject. Nor were matters better managed across the Channel, where the once formidable army of Turenne and Saxe had become a mere booty for the crowd of spendthrift noblesse; where, as in the other armies of the Continent, all discipline and training had sunk into a mere dull imitation of the stiff precision of Frederick's later days, and Potsdam, rather than Rosbach or Leuthen, had become the one model after which the marshal's baton and corporal's stick drove and trained the rigid lines.

* In the monument erected on the field in 1859, the centenary of this great battle, the Germans have omitted all notice of the contingent of six battalions of British infantry, whose valour decided the day.

From the thralldom of such a system as this the Great Revolution came to deliver first the land where so many other abuses were to be swept away. France rushed under arms to defend her new-won liberties against the pipe-clayed soldiers of Germany, and the stagnation which had oppressed all military thought—offspring of a misdirected worship of one great military reputation—vanished at the shock of a truly national soldiery. For such were eminently the volunteers of 1792 and 1793. Condemn the Convention and its decrees. Execrate with just severity the tyrannous rule of the bad men who seized the reins of power amid the terror of the community, yet the fact remains, that the original movement which successfully opposed activity to discipline, and the bold dash of courage to the long training of the serf, was as genuine and patriotic as it was fervent and sudden.

Then sprang to light a new method of war, the foundation of a long series of victories. The enthusiasm of the volunteer—the swift road opened to the soldier's chief prize, military rank—the intelligence of a high class of recruit (of such Moreau was an instance), embracing arms under the pressure of a time ruinous to other professions—these, and supplies of men ever pouring from the crowded *depôts*, atoned for defaults of drill and lack of *matériel*. Scarce enough were cavalry and artillery in these early armies of the Revolution, for the Convention found it easier to call for than to create the necessary horses to equip them. But a swifter impulse given to the masses of foot than any army had hitherto known, supplied every need. These half-drilled volunteers, in their columns, moved as much more rapidly than the German lines, as those dull copies of the battalions of Frederick outran the unwieldy order of battle which his tactics superseded. In vain did their printed instructions (quoted in the recent treatise of the veteran writer Jomini) provide that 'the deployed order should be the only one used in battle, columns being reserved for partial combats, such as the attack of isolated posts, villages, &c.'; the Republican generals soon found that their troops, little practised on parade, could only be moved to assault by a general use of the system of columns. And since the latter were too conspicuous as marks to be thrust unaided within the enemy's reach, the addition of numerous skirmishers thrown out along the front to force back the hostile lines by a biting fire from every available cover was made at the same time, being in fact a direct copy, as far as circumstances allowed, of that harassing system of the American riflemen which their best officers had seen employed with such success

in the campaigns of Washington and Lafayette. Thus were born the new Tactics, soon brought to perfection by wars carried on upon the broken ground which forms much of the frontier of France, and found upon trial to be everywhere the most formidable means of attack. Add to them the high average intelligence of the French soldier, and the instrument was prepared wherewith Napoleon was destined to overthrow successive combinations of the most formidable armies of Europe.

Let those who have watched the care and training which are required in order to perfect the deployed movements of a single regiment, to enable it whilst thus extended to take a new position, or even to change its front, conceive such manœuvring applied to forty or fifty battalions at a time. Not under the most favourable circumstances could the machine move otherwise than with laborious slowness; and to attempt the outflanking of an enemy, or the occupation of a new position by surprise, must have been a task beyond the powers of any but a Frederick matched against Frederick's slow opponents. Yet this was the system by which the Republican armies were to be vanquished and the Republic subdued! Against it dashed the new audacious tacticians, moving their forces in a somewhat disjointed manner indeed, but with a rapidity hitherto wholly unknown; turning, dividing, distracting their enemies, and appearing at such wholly unexpected points, to renew their often baffled assaults, that their repulse appeared but as a feint to the slow defenders of the position they attacked. In perfectly open and level ground the enemy's infantry would have been their match and his cavalry their destruction; but such parade warfare seldom occurs even in Europe, and the allied generals felt their own manœuvring (which assumed the foe to be always exactly in their front) to be quite inadequate to the new occasions which arose.

Not that the Republican levies met with much striking success in their earliest campaigns. On the contrary, their ill-discipline exposed them to some very severe checks. In the face of cavalry, especially, these improvised soldiers behaved at first with such disorder as has been only repeated since in the defeats of the Federal volunteers at the commencement of the late American war. The teachings of necessity and a certain natural quickness soon overcame this defect, by instructing them in the art of using the advantages of cover more than had ever been done before. Placed behind ravines, hedges, or the long rows of trees which so often take the place of enclosures in continental countries, they soon found themselves more than a match for the well-trained squadrons led against

them; whilst their first panics gave them a strange advantage by inducing a carelessness* on the part of the enemy's horse which often did away with his original superiority. The commanders of the allied infantry were, in general, even less fortunate. Envious of the increased rapidity shown by their foe, they introduced a system of movement by detached columns—not masses like those of the French, but mere fractions of their old battle order, marching at open distance as though ready to deploy at the word, and disconnected with one another. This innovation broke up the solidity of the old German line without giving any compensation for its loss. The battles of the early years of the Revolution were fought in a fragmentary way, the contending forces being thrown over an extent of ground totally disproportioned to that they were competent to hold; and every action was reduced to a series of partial combats carried on without regard to unity or general plan, with results beyond the control or even the immediate knowledge of the commander-in-chief. Of this we have a very striking instance in the victory of the French in the year 1794 at Fleurus, where the Allies retired on the news of the fall of Charleroi. Vainly for three days they had approached the place with straggling columns directed on so many different points of a vast semicircular front, as to make no general progress in spite of partial successes at each extremity. The change wrought by the improved tactics which were to be hereafter learnt by the Germans in bitter lessons, was finely illustrated on this very ground twenty years later, when Blucher drew up on a front of three miles, for his battle at Ligny, a force scarcely less than that which Coburg had dispersed over thirteen!

Then came a new era in warfare. The world was to be made acquainted with such a change in Strategy, the art which rules the greater combinations of war, as should for a time throw altogether into the shade the study of mere tactics. The genius of the young prince Charles, improved by observation in the field, and by a year's devotion to study in retirement†, wrought in Germany in 1796 wonders such as were

* The Archduke Charles, in his *History of the Campaign of 1796*, complains bitterly of the error of the Austrian cavalry in repeatedly following the enemy's skirmishers into broken ground, thus throwing away all the advantages of speed; and he attributes this vice to their former easy successes.

† During the year 1795 the Archduke was kept from the armies by illness contracted in the field; and it is recorded that he gave

only eclipsed by the still greater exploits of Napoleon, who at that very time began his career of conquest by overrunning the fair plains of Italy. Neither the discipline nor the spirit of the Austrian troops can claim the merit due to the Archduke's campaign in the former theatre, for they failed to hold the ground for an hour against his brilliant rival on the other side of the Alps. Yet was Charles's triumph over the then famous generals of the Directory, Moreau and Jourdan, hardly less remarkable than that of Bonaparte over the feeble veterans whom he overthrew in Lombardy and Venetia. The servile manner in which our military historians follow those of the Imperial school makes the story of Bonaparte's victories of 1796 familiar enough. Yet had it not been for the sudden inspiration of the French army of Italy, caught from their new chief, the year would have been gloomy enough in the annals of the Republic, whose best-equipped and greatest armies were successively outmanœuvred and driven from Germany by the mere youth who, for a brief space untrammelled, wielded with a giant's strength the slow resources of the old Austrian *régime*. Let us inquire what was this sudden development of the soldier's art which changed on either side the whole features of a hitherto tedious and uncertain warfare. Was it something that Gustavus, Marlborough, and Frederick had missed; or the mere revival of a part of military science known to these great men but disused in an age of dull mediocrity?

'Strategy,' says Marshal Marmont (whose *chef d'œuvre*, *L'Esprit des Institutions Militaires*, Captain Lendy has rendered good service by translating), 'has a twofold purpose:—

'1st. To reunite all our troops, or the greatest possible number, on the spot where the battle is to be fought, when the enemy can only muster a portion of his; in other words, to secure a numerical superiority of numbers for the day of battle.

'2nd. To cover and secure our own communications, while we threaten those of the enemy.'

Definitions similar to these in substance may be found in the works of other writers mentioned at the head of this article; but none has pointed out so plainly as the Marshal the vast differences between warfare in its modern aspect and as known to the ancients. And even he, though taking much pains in his Introduction to show how wide these differences are, and how the changed mechanism of warfare has transformed the art

his leisure solely to the study of theory. The early age (eighteen) at which he had taken up arms had hitherto deprived him of the opportunity.

once practised by Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar, yet does not give himself sufficient space in any part of his handbook to trace the gradual development of the highest of its branches, that of the combination of the general movements. Though not always a blind admirer of his imperial master, he follows in his brief chapter on Strategy the general view of those worshippers of Napoleon, who ascribe to the example of his peculiar genius whatever other modern strategists have done successfully in the way of concentrating great armies for decisive operations. But this theory, so flattering to French pride, and so generally (as we fear) accepted, falls to the ground at once when we peruse the account by the Archduke Charles of his own actions in 1796 — much recommended by Marmont as a study, and as, in his own phrase, ‘a picture of high military art’—and discover that his combinations were as far-reaching as those of Napoleon, whose lessons the world had yet to learn. Without going into particulars, it may just be stated that the theatre of operations in Germany was more extensive than that of Northern Italy, the marches in it as severe, and the success of the Archduke (excluding the advantages gained by Bonaparte’s bold diplomacy) not inferior to that of his rival. The year 1796 was, as before said, a true era in war; and something more than the genius of a single man must be found to account fully for the change.

The fact is that the application to actual warfare of those principles which in the Marshal’s words above cited appear so simple—a difficult practical problem at any time—has been vastly complicated by the increased civilisation of the age. Certain elements to be considered—as the moral power of the general, the discipline of the troops, the knowledge of the enemy’s weak points—affect its solution now as much as in the days of Cæsar. But when these are fully grasped, the movements of the strategist for the double purpose of fighting to advantage, or of securing in any event the superiority of communications, depend upon his choice of the lines of operation, and of the value he may attach to certain decisive points to be gained and held; whilst the variety of these, with the innumerable combinations which are presented in a highly civilised country, is so great, that neither closet study nor practice in the field can alone suffice to ensure a successful end. The wider the extent of territory in the operations to be embraced, and the more varied the means of transit, the greater the difficulty of selecting that course which is the best for the ends in view.

Given a country of semi-barbarous nature, where the hand of man feeds him but from day to day and does nothing

for laying open the resources which the eye of the cultivator cannot reach, strategy would have little to take into consideration but the natural features of the ground. The course of the rivers, with the character of the hills or mountains which determine their flow, and the extent of forest and marsh, would fix the decisive points to be won, few comparatively in number. But traffic, with its needful communications, multiplies these infinitely, and with them the doubts and the opportunities of the defender or invader. Genius here displays itself by its full and certain grasp of the obstacles or facilities which a large tract of such country contains, by its power to overcome the one and to use the other for those rapid concentrations which are alone possible where supplies are abundant and communications good. And so great are the impediments to the full execution of any such plan on a grand scale, that no thought or care can supply the place of that gift in which lies the sublimer part of the science of war. Over-confidence in his own powers hurries a second-rate general to ruin—witness the fatal advance of Hood into Tennessee: the self-doubt, more common to such commanders, brings hesitation, leading no less to disaster—witness the vacillation of Giulay at the opening of the war in 1859. Nay, he who is successful to the full on a moderate *terrain*, as Grant at Vicksburg, may be unequal to a combined operation on a larger, as was the same general in Virginia last year. Supreme genius itself may fail to solve every problem, as Napoleon's unsuccessful strategy in 1812 and 1813 plainly shows to the unprejudiced observer. In short, it may be held as certain, that with advancing civilisation, increased wealth, more rapid and certain communication, strategy will enlarge its sphere and become bolder and more decisive, as it will also make larger demands upon the intellect of the chief. Steam, railroads, and commerce increase the advantage which superiority of conception always claimed; just as the growth of Europe in agricultural wealth and the improvement of her highways enabled Napoleon and his contemporaries to use a strategy which to Frederick and Marlborough seemed too bold, or was only applied by them in countries perfectly friendly, open, and well tilled beyond the custom of their time.

Nor let us doubt that mankind will greatly be the gainers by the change. Whatever increases the rapidity with which the great machines called armies are worked, and causes the fate of a war sooner to be declared, will diminish the suffering caused by the struggle to the population. The more perfect the system of supply and conveyance, the more striking the

strategy, by so much the less will it be worth the while of generals to prolong their operations for the purpose of subsistence, and of governments to hold out for unreasonable terms in the hope of wearying out the foe. Schleswig might have been as many months a field for contending forces as she was days, had not their railroad system enabled the Germans to concentrate an irresistible force before the Dannewerk at the very outbreak of the war, and to terminate a delusive contest by driving the Danes at once to their intrenchments, limiting the campaign thenceforth to the dimensions of a siege. The South would not have been enduring the misery which at present overwhelms her had the Federals been in readiness to bring to the defence of the Union the gigantic odds which we now know them to have commanded. From the prolonged horrors of a Thirty Years', even of a Seven Years' War, the world is delivered by the changes which have made it possible to decide the fate of nations, as in the campaigns of Hohenlinden, Jena, Waterloo, Novara, in the first few days of conflict. He who visited in the autumn of 1859 the highly cultivated plain of Northern Italy, on which the fate of the Peninsula had so recently been decided by two great battles, could not but be amazed at the slight and transitory vestiges of so great a conflict. The tendency of strategy being evidently in this direction, as may be seen from the preceding considerations, and its theory unchanging, while in practice it becomes bolder with increased means, it remains to trace the development of the tactical part of warfare under the most modern conditions—in other words, to see what improvements have been made during the past sixty years in the use of the various arms in face of the enemy.

If it be true, as we believe all history shows, that the power of strategical combination, and of mastering thoroughly the proportionate difficulties of each part of a large theatre of war, are the gift of a far-seeing genius alone, it is no less certain that a high order of ability is requisite for what some writers have not scrupled to treat as a merely mechanical part of warfare, the successful handling of a large body of troops in actual conflict. But between these two accomplishments there appears to be one essential difference. Practice can form or improve vastly a tactician, whilst it can do but little to supply the natural want of strategical power. Assuming from the general verdict of military writers that in Napoleon is to be found the highest example of this latter gift, we have only to compare carefully his campaigns, the objects achieved, and the resources with which he set out, to discover that no part of his career is

so brilliant as that early one already referred to, when he entered Italy an almost unknown general of the Directory. Not only did he fail to improve in his later years, but (in the words of Marmont) at the period of the Russian invasion 'he had commenced to exhibit a marked preference for direct attacks, for the employment of sheer strength, and a certain contempt for the assistance of art and combinations requiring mental effort. He gained the victory, but at the cost of immense losses and with insignificant advantage.' In the following year (1813), his operations in Germany have been criticised with just severity by other writers, as well as by his ex-Marshal—notably by Sir G. Cathcart in his invaluable Commentary: whilst the brilliant display of resistance to the invasion of France in 1814, a period much gilded by the efforts of the Imperialist school of historians, was marked by three bloody defeats and one indecisive engagement, of which actions Marmont, with cooler judgment than many of his countrymen can bring to the subject, says, 'These battles (of Brienne, Craonne, Laon, and Arcis) could not be of any advantage, in consequence either of the concentration of the forces, or of the direction of the attacks.' In short, we may read in the story of the greatest modern conqueror, that practice on the grandest scale never enabled him to improve on the prodigies of his youth, when the activity of his soldiers, and the means afforded by a rich and highly populous country, were so fully understood and so instantly applied to the right ends, that his first opportunity became the swift high road to fame, fortune, and power. Had he died when the treaty of Campo Formio closed his first campaign, he would yet have left behind him an unsurpassed reputation as a strategist; for with an army notorious for its unfurnished commissariat and irregular discipline, he overthrew, by pure generalship, a succession of hosts equal or superior to his own in all material respects, the one secret of his success being (as it has been happily summarised) to turn every position, and beat the enemy in detail, before they were able to unite their forces.

But all this was done before he had had time to attempt, in any way, to improve the tactics of his troops, which, though quick as compared to those of the Germans, were of a rough uncertain sort; and, as we have seen, the French armies in Germany, at this very epoch, were meeting at the Archduke Charles's hands continued disaster and defeat. The course of events then hurried him to Egypt; and when he next stepped as First Consul upon the theatre of European conflict, to redeem the flag of France from the repeated dis-

graces it had suffered in his absence, his means were still small, and his troops ill-trained and half-equipped. But his task was immensely aided by the folly of the Austrian General Mélas, who, confident in the superior numbers and *morale* of his troops, flushed with their recent successes, dispersed them over the whole of North Italy from Mantua to Tuscany and Nice. Napoleon solved the problem before him, and illustrated once more the surprising resources which strategy gives to an active commander, by throwing his army so suddenly over the Swiss Alps through Milan to the Po as to sever his enemies at once from their base and from two important divisions of their command, whilst retaining for himself free communication with France. The Austrians turned with their main body, and fought fiercely at Marengo, where a happy charge of Kellerman's and the personal judgment and activity of Desaix saved the First Consul from the defeat which he—as he admitted in his Memoirs—had invited by rashly detaching two-thirds of his force, and left him that superiority of position which enabled him, the battle once gained, to dictate terms to the foe. The more striking victory won soon after by Moreau at Hohenlinden gave a triumphant peace to France, and allowed her ruler to apply himself to the double task of ridding his path of domestic opponents, and of preparing the force of the Empire for such a career of foreign aggression as the modern world had not yet dreamed of.

We have been thus particular in tracing the rise of Napoleon, because in its successes may be plainly traced the distinctive character of the two branches of the military art which are here to be considered. Strategy had suddenly—partly, but as has been shown, not entirely, owing to the genius of the great Corsican—advanced by so rapid a stride as to assume its proper prominence as the first gift of a general, and to place it in harmony with the increased powers of the age; nor do we trace the slightest further change in the application of its principles for the fifty years which followed the march to Marengo. The same use of them which gave Napoleon his triumph in this and in his not less memorable campaigns of Ulm and Jena, enabled the veteran Radetski—himself a learner in the bitter school of Austrian experience in the wars of the Empire—to crush the nascent hopes of young Italy in the three days' conflict of 1849. Those principles applied by the young French general with an army used to most imperfect tactics, which circumstances forbade his attempting to improve, had made him at one stroke the foremost commander of the age, and at the next seated him firmly on his consular chair; while

in the glow of his brilliant fame men lost sight of the deeds of his young Austrian rival, superseded altogether in 1799 for his expressions of independence as he had been left to languish in inaction after his victories of 1796.*

And now four years of continental peace ensued, giving ample time for a mind less active than that of the First Consul to modify and improve all that needed reform within the army of France, and to bring that great force up to the standard of perfection formed in the ideas of the ruler. Thus we find the campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz wrought with a complete machine, long prepared to strike home with deadly effect. It was the army carefully trained on the heights of Boulogne for the invasion of England, which suddenly turned with irresistible force in 1805 upon the German Powers. But no great practical improvement recognised by French or other authorities was introduced into the imperial armies in the ten succeeding years. On the contrary, Napoleon's own well-known declaration after his fall, 'that a general should change his tactics every ten years,' seems to admit that no striking alteration was made in his own after this first period of undisturbed possession of the war bureau of Paris. Our inquiry, therefore, is here brought into a narrow compass, for we have only to trace out the main features of the tactics developed in the wars of 1805-6, in order to see what were the advantages in organisation of the French generals over their immediate opponents, which gave them such constant superiority at that time—a superiority which slipped from them afterwards when the stern lessons of experience had taught their foes how to imitate or excel them.

The first grand object which Napoleon held in view was to impress upon an army of 100,000 or 150,000 men the same certainty and swiftness in strategic movement or in actual conflict, which his energetic personal control had hitherto ensured with 20,000 or 40,000. This problem could only be solved by greatly increasing the mobility of such a host from

* The Archduke Charles, as soon as he had driven Jourdan and Moreau successively over the Rhine, proposed to transfer his victorious army direct across the Alps into Napoleon's rear in Lombardy, leaving his beaten enemies to be watched by a mere cordon of posts. There has been no bolder device in strategy at any time, and its audacity probably caused its rejection at Vienna, for the Emperor had not yet been taught to be jealous of his brother's fame. But history might have had to write the events that followed with another pen had this design been carried out with as much spirit as the German campaign.

former precedent without destroying its unity, and to this end we find him directly applying himself to the perfecting of the new constitution of his *corps d'armée*. The distribution of a great force into these subdivisions, the main principle of the system being the completeness of each fraction in itself, so that, applied with its own staff, hospital, and commissariat, it might be treated as a separate army for the purposes of movement and supply, and at need united with the rest of the command for the shock of battle, is too often ascribed by popular writers entirely to Napoleon. In plain fact, however, he but borrowed it from Moreau, whose experience led him to enter into the spring campaign of 1800 with his army divided in this new fashion.* The new system was but a corollary of the improvement effected in the rapidity of the movements on the field of battle by the adoption of the revolutionary column for the old 'Order' formation. Suppose the field expanded into the whole theatre of war; the change of front became a change of the army's position for some hundreds of miles; the time extended from hours to weeks; the opposed forces equal in total, but the one moving as a huge mass, the other as an aggregate of handy units, each occupying but a moderate length on a single road, and using a dozen of the latter for the march to some converging point, how apparent is the superiority of the latter for the purpose of winning the great game by the cheap process of outmanœuvring the enemy! Just by this very superiority did Napoleon master the communications of the Austrians, Prussians, and Russians in his successive campaigns of 1805, 6, and 7, when the conceptions of his strategy were carried out by an army handled as easily as a division had hitherto been. And when the key was discovered and practically used against the conqueror himself by the Archduke Charles in Austria's gallant struggle of 1809, the French still retained a fatal advantage of quickness by reason of the peculiar mode of supply which their constant wars in the enemy's territory had led them to adopt.

Much has been said in a vague way by historians of the French 'system of requisitions.' Yet by none of the writers on modern warfare, whose works we have under notice, nor by any other with whom we are acquainted, is the subject prac-

* It may be alleged that Moreau was then a mere subordinate of the First Consul; but a comparison of Napoleon's own instructions (in the volume of his Correspondence for that year) and the distribution chosen by Moreau shows the perfect independence and originality with which the general of the Army of the Rhine acted.

tically treated, or the details made known by which masses of 20,000 to 30,000 subsisted on some of the most extraordinary marches on record. From pamphlets and memoirs of the time the following sketch of Napoleon's method is gleaned. The army being first divided into corps, each of these divisions was placed under a practical soldier, a marshal or general, promoted specially to the charge, known to be versed in the requirements of a great body of men employed in active service. The lieutenant whom Napoleon sought for such a post might be of indifferent character as to honesty, a poor correspondent, a man incapable of comprehending the larger details of the campaign; but he must be what his Emperor termed *un homme de guerre*—a phrase implying in Napoleon's mind not merely the courage necessary to lead others under fire, and the head which could direct rightly ten or twenty thousand men in the heat of action; but the power of knowing what his troops were capable of doing and enduring, of recognising their wants, and making the best provision for these which circumstances allowed. To live among the soldiery, and to show personal sympathy with their condition as it varied from day to day, with the circumstances of the bivouac or march, to communicate to his whole staff and each arm composing his command the singleness of action essential to the new system,—these were the first requisites for the ideal lieutenant whom their great chief selected for command. To Berthier's minute care was left the regulation of the orders and returns daily interchanged. Napoleon sought his information mostly by oral means, as we shall presently see; and but little credit was given to the completeness of documents, frequency in their transmission and intelligence in the bearers being held the more valuable conditions. Thus organised, the army, which, if attempting to keep to one main road and its branches, would have dragged out an unwieldy length of several days' march* from van to rear, might be pushed rapidly from its base to the required striking point by simultaneous movements over as many routes as converged in the neighbourhood of the latter, and the soldiers of a corps or two could subsist on the way, where the whole mass would have starved, or been stayed until supplies were brought up.

To gather these from the territory passed through, without absolutely maltreating or frightening away the population, was

* It has been shown by calculation that the army with which Napoleon advanced on Waterloo in 1815, 124,000 strong, would have occupied more than forty miles in column of march on a single *chaussée*!

the art in which Napoleon's lieutenants excelled all other generals. Their system, as improved from the blundering robbery of the ragged troops of the Convention and Directory, was nearly as follows. Each corps, when marching beyond the enemy's reach, was divided as far as the bye-roads allowed on the day's march to the designated point, and on the bivouac scattered about in as many villages as lay near its destination. Halted for the night and the guards told off, a party from each troop or company was detached to forage for the meals, and the remainder, excepting the camp guard, were employed in preparing rough shelter for their comrades, with the needful firewood. The foraging party went straight to their work, yet in a good-humoured way withal; and the invariable argument, 'Find us food to-day, that we may march on and leave you 'to-morrow,' usually saved the labour of search, and opened the stores concealed in anticipation of these dreaded visitors. Meat in some form must be found, and was found; for if the stall or fold refused to yield it, the hen-roosts of the peasant and baron were stripped. To this were generally added bread and wine, and the soldiers made the most of these, sparing for real exigency the small store of biscuit and brandy with which the foresight of Napoleon had usually furnished their havresacks on starting from the stores collected at the base of operations. The remains of the supper formed a breakfast, cooked and eaten deliberately before the next day's march began; and the evening saw the detachment some fifteen miles further on its way in a new bivouac, where the scene was to be repeated. Such a system answered the purpose of the modern Cæsar fully for a time; but that it should be worked without great loss and suffering implied several conditions as essential. A fertile, populous country, a patient race of peasants, constant movement of the troops, even fine weather, were things absolutely necessary. The least falling off from these favourable conditions and the hospitals had at once to be formed on the way-side, and were no sooner formed than filled. A halt, when anticipated, was provided for by the action of the Commissariat. Their duties were suspended whilst the corps was on its movement; but they hurried up to organise their magazines and fill them with supplies by the more regular process of levying fixed requisitions in kind, or (if cities were within reach) in money to be exchanged presently for the needful food and forage. But an unexpected detention could not thus be met, and by the want of subsistence—as was once the case when the army was stopped by heavy rain on the march against Ulm—Napoleon's great movements were liable

to be interrupted and his plans endangered. Nevertheless, this new method of war afforded the means of moving an army of 100,000 men under favourable conditions without magazines, and yet without positive exhaustion to the country it traverses. *Mobility*, one of the great requisites for Napoleon's strategic conceptions, was thus secured.

But *Mobility*, without *Unity*, would have led rather to ruin than success. Numerous invasions of her neighbours had already been attempted by France with co-operating armies, or with armies moving in separate columns, as wings and centre. In fact, the tendency of Carnot's later operations had been to extend by dividing the strategic front of the forces he controlled, so as to turn the enemy's flanks; and great disasters had followed the pursuance of this system in 1795-6 by the hitherto victorious hosts of the Republic. To 'spread to 'subsist' would, as none knew better than Napoleon's self, be but a dangerous maxim without its complement 'unite to 'fight.' To secure the necessary order the practice was therefore introduced of a daily detailed report from the commander of each corps stating his movements, their results, and the condition of his men. A duplicate was always to be sent, and in case of possible interception, a third and fourth copy. The orderly officer was to be sufficiently well informed to give by word of mouth all such additional information as it might concern Napoleon or his major-general to know; and, their questioning over, he awaited the return order, which prescribed with the utmost minuteness what the next day's proceedings were to be. Fully worked out, this method kept the whole army, however apparently scattered, obedient to the slightest impulse. Divested of the care of the internal details of organisation, which were entrusted to his chiefs of corps, Napoleon was able to turn the whole powers of his great intellect to the general plan of his campaign, and to direct the army, which knew no volition but that of this master will, swiftly and certainly to the decisive points of the whole theatre of war. Thus was introduced a system of combined strategy and tactics, which he himself, in words often quoted, has thus described in commenting on the great victory which crowned his first bold advance into Austria at the head of the army trained for conquest at Boulogne—a system in which the successful action was but the crowning-point of a series of long marches and able manœuvres:—'La bataille d'Austerlitz elle-même n'est que le résultat du plan de campagne de la Moravie. Dans un art aussi difficile que celui de la guerre, c'est souvent dans le système de campagne qu'on conçoit le système d'une bataille.'

With natural pride the conqueror himself regarded this as his greatest victory. With natural enthusiasm do French historians spend their best pains in recounting the stirring tale. With natural instinct has Baron Ambert, the newest, but by no means the least important of the military writers of his nation, devoted the greater part of the first section of his work to the examination and illustration of its details. Where, if not in this the first, and yet confessedly the masterpiece of Napoleon's battles under the new organisation, shall we find the key to the train of successes which followed? 'Here,' declares the Baron in his preface, 'the tactics were perfect;' and he gives himself to their exposition with all the ardour and completeness to be expected from a trained soldier and skilled writer selected by the Minister of War for the work, aided in it by all the resources of government, and devoted to the dynasty whose empire is based on the memories of the great victory of the 2nd December.

It has been commonly asserted that from his early use of two great secrets, *the use of artillery in masses* and *the increased employment of reserves*, Napoleon's successes in battle followed as matter of course. Baron Ambert is of a very different opinion, and holds that much was due to the special tactical instruction imparted by him and his immediate subordinates to those below them down to the grade of colonel. And this thesis forms part of the groundwork of his treatment of the subject of Austerlitz, when the new mode of fighting was destined to come into open trial against the old. The victory there won was so remarkable that it may well demand an explanation more complete than that afforded by a loose statement of Napoleon's usual mode of fighting. And without following Baron Ambert in his minute elaboration of the details, or agreeing with him in all his deductions, we would give full credit to the consummate care with which his labour has been performed. A better account of a great battle, considered as a military study, cannot possibly be expected; and to such students as would fully comprehend the essential differences between the improved tactics and those derived from the school of Frederick, this book may be thoroughly commended.

The army of France, under the new imperial system, proved itself as fit for combined and ready action in the shock of battle as for the rapid march and quick concentration which had already placed Napoleon's enemies at such disadvantage in the general campaign. Henceforth the tactics of the soldiers of Austerlitz became the chief model after which all

great armies for more than half a century strove. Differences there were in detail according to national custom and habit. The Prussians refused to abandon the method which had first given their nation renown, until the system of Frederick met its final end on the heights of Jena and Auerstadt in the following year. The Russian generals have ever seemed to incline to a closer formation of their divisions than any other nation has adopted. The genius of Wellington developed an order of defensive battle (according to his own admission to Jomini) suited especially for the mixed armies he led, and founded on that marvellous solidity of the English battalions forgotten by Europe till their ancient fame revived at his touch. But an organisation by corps—columns moving independently with connecting detachments between them, changed where convenient into lines, and covered with skirmishers to shake the enemy's order and keep him out of range—cavalry less exposed than of old, yet partly used to connect the movements of the infantry divisions and guard their flanks—reserves increased to a large proportion of the whole force, and strengthened by a powerful artillery—the latter arm greatly augmented, and placed more in mass—a careful occupation of natural obstacles in front by detachments, whilst the bulk of the divisions are sheltered where possible from the enemy's guns—such are the normal rules on which orders of battle were formed down to the time of the Third Napoleon.

Yet the influence of rifled small arms in the Crimean war must not be forgotten. Their murderous effect, as shown at Alma and Inkerman, caused the veteran writer Jomini to re-open the tactical questions which from the era of Austerlitz and Wagram had lain unvexed. His pamphlet appearing soon after the siege of Sebastopol, is prefaced with a theory on that great conflict, since strangely contradicted by American experience:—

'Cette lutte gigantesque entre deux vastes camps retranchés, occupés par des armées entières, et munis de deux mille pièces de canon du plus gros calibre, restera un événement sans précédent dans les siècles passés, comme sans égal aussi dans les siècles à venir, car les circonstances qui l'ont produit ne sauraient plus se représenter.' (These italics are ours.)

The striking similitude of late events before Richmond to those which he described as 'never to be repeated' does not affect the truth of his subsequent assertion that such contests of 'cannon against ramparts' have no analogy to battles fought in regular order in the heart of a continent. Indeed a fair appeal to officers who have served in open field, as well as in

these weary leaguers with their changeless months of skirmish and never-ending trenchwork, would bring strong evidence to show that soldiers long employed in such sieges lose much of the quality of courage which makes them formidable in battle.

Having thus laid down his opinion that such warfare as that of the Crimea should not be looked upon as the rule, Jomini (himself, be it remembered, a soldier of vast practical experience) proceeds to put the question, so vital to the infantry soldier—'Will a whole army henceforward be dispersed as skirmishers?' Doubtless he had here in mind the prophecy of Bülow, whose erratic yet far-seeing genius declared at the very beginning of this century, that the introduction of riflemen in large numbers into the line of battle would cause the latter to be broken up into a mass of *tirailleurs* and change the whole form of tactics. But Bülow had been a looker-on at the War of Independence in America. He had seen the fatal effect on highly disciplined troops of the fire of rifles from behind cover; and probably making but little allowance for the differences inevitable between conflicts in the tangled woods beyond the Atlantic, and battles on open or highly cultivated plains, sprang hastily to a too general conclusion in his remarkable previsions. Jomini, with fifty years' later information, and a long life devoted to the subject, delivers his conclusions thus (we omit some superfluous remarks):—

1st. 'Que le perfectionnement des armes à feu ne saurait produire un changement notable dans la manière de mener les troupes au combat, mais qu'il serait utile d'avoir de bons et nombreux *tirailleurs*, et de bien exercer les troupes au tir.'

2nd. 'Que, malgré le perfectionnement des armes à feu, deux armées se recontraient et voulant se livrer bataille ne sauraient se fusiller de loin toute une journée; il faudra toujours que l'une des deux se porte en avant pour attaquer l'autre.'

3rd. 'Que dès lors le succès dépendra comme jadis, de la manœuvre la plus habile, selon les principes de la grande tactique, qui consistent à savoir lancer la masse de ses troupes, au moment opportun, sur le point du champ de bataille qui peut décider de la victoire en y faisant concourir les trois armes simultanément.'

These convictions were given to the world long before the late American war. It is surprising to see how closely they are borne out by those of Colonel Lippitt, whose little work is understood to convey the pith of the lessons gained by the experience of the Union armies in three years' constant service. So far from countenancing the idea that the superior accuracy and range of the rifle will destroy the value of Napoleon's repeated advice to his marshals, 'Carry your troops well on,

‘and attack the enemy vigorously,’ this new authority declares (p. 7) —

‘One cause of the *indecisiveness of the results* obtained in many of the battles of the late war, as compared with the great loss of life on both sides, has been, that the opposing battalions were too often kept firing at each other at a distance, both sustaining nearly equal loss, until the ranks were so weakened as to disable either party from making a vigorous and decisive charge.’

And again at p. 12 :—

‘The recent improvements in fire-arms must render the fire on a close column of infantry, both by artillery and sharpshooters, still more destructive than it was before. But this sacrifice of life can be prevented to a great extent, by using the columns at a proper time and in a proper manner.’

Finally, in a section on bayonet charges, he commences with the two propositions following :—

(1.) ‘When made resolutely, and *without slackening the gait*, bayonet charges have succeeded in nine cases out of ten.

(2.) ‘The bayonet is usually more effective than *grape, canister, or bullets* ;’

and adduces four distinct instances from American experience to confirm their truth.

It is not, therefore, it appears, to America that we are to look for battle decided wholly by skirmishers. Although the ill-drilled lines of her volunteer battalions were often so broken from want of cohesion as almost to lose the semblance of their proper formation*, although her forests were, as shown before, the birthplace of that *tirailleur* practice now grafted on to all systems of tactics—yet the attempt to act entirely in this loose order, without regular supports, resulted only in vast and bloody skirmishes, such as the well-known commander, General Rosecrans, termed ‘bushwacking on a great scale.’ Certain transatlantic writers are indeed advocates of the introduction

* To show this to be no vague assertion, the following paragraph is quoted from a recent number of the principal military periodical of the United States, the ‘Army and Navy Journal’ :—

‘An officer of experience, who was in the face of the enemy from the commencement of McClellan’s Peninsular Campaign—or Peninsular failure—to the end of the operations before Petersburg—or our final success—remarks that, in actual conflict, unless our lines formed behind a barricade or protective work of some kind, they very soon resembled, as to relative formation, a “Virginia rail-fence,” or a skirmish-line where squads or fours, distinct and irregularly placed, kept up relatively the direction or emplacement of a line.’

into the national militia of some method of training in loose order; but this is on the ground of the peculiarity of their *terrain*. They admit—to use the words of one of these reformers—that ‘Europe cannot do this, because the face of the old world, cleared and often unimpeded, demands the retention of old forms, consistent with its features.’

It is to Europe, therefore—to the war which in 1859 gave birth to a new Italy—that we must turn to seek for the highest development which the modern principle of advancing in skirmish order has received. We approach this part of our subject with caution, knowing that upon the use by Louis Napoleon in his campaign of the rifle, of long-range guns, of railroads, of guerilla auxiliaries, theories have been built by sanguine or partially-informed writers such as the facts by no means sustain. Two of the three chief engagements which occurred in 1859 may be, for our purpose, at once put out of sight. For at Magenta the tangled nature of the ground which the Austrians held, the uncertainty as to their position, and the division of the French columns in their passage of the Ticino, prevented any combined attack by Napoleon, and reduced his chief force for great part of the day to a simple defensive; whilst at Montebello, Forey was compelled to act largely on that principle, being very much outnumbered. It is Solferino, therefore, that, regarded in this special view, alone claims attention.

No fairer field could have been offered to the nephew of Napoleon the Great for measuring the strength of the army so long trained in Algeria, than that which the sudden onset of the Austrians here afforded on the very ground made famous by the victories of '96. All round the base of the hill on which stands the historic tower, the Spy of Italy—with its distant views of Castiglione, Lonato, Rivoli, stirring names to a Bonaparte—the slopes, though open, are rough and broken by grassy hillocks. Partly their southward face sinks—almost out of fire—into the famous cavalry parade ground of Medola; partly it is lost in the small field-orchards—Italy's regular cultivation—which stud the fertile plain, stretching far away to Mantua and its lakes. As the heat of the day wore on and the efforts of the defenders of the hill grew slack, it is well known that the skirmishers of Bazaine's division and of Macmahon's whole corps pressed forward in a sweeping semi-circle round the southern slopes; took dexterous advantage of every object that could cover a stooping figure; poured in the biting fire of trained marksmen at every defender exposed above terrace or slope; and being steadily fed from their reserves be-

hind wherever any gap appeared, gradually crowned the crest, leapt over the low stone walls which were their mark, and turned the retreat of the Austrian artillerymen into panic flight by shooting down the horses of their batteries. That this movement co-operated powerfully with the more direct attack on the cemetery, and the consequent seizure of the key to the enemy's position, is not to be denied. And it certainly seems fitting that the nation who first had the dexterity to seize from America the idea of the skirmisher, should likewise be the first to bring his use to such perfection.

The capture of the hill of Solferino was the fruit of long light infantry training, improved by experience in rough Algerian skirmish, and stimulated to the utmost quickness consistent with order by the example of the dashing Zouave—the pattern of such soldiers—and by the natural intelligence of the French recruit. A debt of gratitude is due to Colonel Macdougall for that portion of his work (chap. xiii.) in which he so strongly urges that a greater rapidity of movement should be imparted to the infantry of our army, and that their drill should be modified to bring it into general harmony with that extended order which must be more and more used as fire-arms grow deadlier in their effect. That continued firing can take the place of the bayonet we have shown to be very contrary to the belief of those who have seen the latest use of both weapons in America. We may add that Baron Ambert (in the latter and theoretical part of his work) is quite as emphatic on this subject as our transatlantic authorities, or as Jomini himself. More individuality, more of tirailleur fire, more manœuvring, and that of a quicker sort, he does recommend; but he adds, that one consequence of the necessity of remaining the least possible time under the enemy's fire, and of rapid manœuvring, will be to force the two opposing parties to have recourse within a very short time to the use of the bayonet. In short, the training of infantry, it may be safely asserted, must be conformed to a lighter and quicker system of drill, though the general principles in action will remain unaltered.

Colonel Macdougall has devoted a part of his thirteenth chapter to some practical considerations connected with the proposed improvement. The subject was often in the mind of Sir William Napier, himself a distinguished leader of light infantry; and it is a fitting one for the pen of his son-in-law, who dwells much on the practice of his beloved authority in the Peninsula, and the instructions for our volunteers, which may be termed, in a public sense, the last words of the great historian. This portion of Colonel Macdougall's book may be

well commended to all who desire to study the subject, and especially to those who would learn how our new legions of self-made riflemen may best be trained for service. Much there is also of value in other portions of the work, but its general design, which is to furnish a complete supplement to the author's well-known 'Theory of War,' lies beyond the scope of our inquiry. His profession, already indebted to Colonel Macdougall for his contributions to military literature, is the more so for this new series of essays, in which may be found an able defence of those military reforms which are admitted to have raised the general character of the service, though the details raise criticism from opposing interests. It is to be regretted that the work has not escaped the defect so common in its class of literature, of following too closely the authorities of the French school of M. Thiers. Exception must also be made to it as regards the promise of its title; for to the subject of Modern Artillery Colonel Macdougall has devoted but very few pages indeed of a substantial octavo. Yet the effect of rifled guns in the field is at this time a matter of as great interest to the soldier as any that can be considered within the range of his professional study.

With regard to new infantry weapons Magenta is admitted to have been no test, though the winning of Solferino has been claimed for the improved arm; and so is it with the rifled gun, which, as is well known, made its first appearance in the field as part of the artillery equipment of the Italian campaign. True it is that, although in the thick orchards round Magenta the new guns proved of small avail, and the trifling losses* reported among the French gunners showed that the French Emperor owed his first victory to other means; yet in Solferino's open ground the rifled cannon answered their projector's expectation. It is distinctly recorded that the Austrian horse-artillery had two batteries dismounted successively in a very brief space by the fire of the new pieces at a range (over 1,600 yards) hitherto quite unused in battle, and so great as to preclude a smooth-bore's reply. It is also certain that the shells which flew over the heights about Solferino and San Cassiano reached reserves of the enemy at distances hitherto deemed safe, and shook their confidence before they could come into action. But it is no less so that the cemetery wall was not battered down, but carried by direct infantry attacks, without even using the heavier guns in reserve. And even were this not so certain,

* Only twenty-two artillerymen were killed and wounded in the Imperial Guard, the infantry of which had much fighting.

the winning of the battle by this particular arm would yet have to be proved.

The question, in fact, is not whether the rifle skirmisher, and the long-range gun did good service at Solferino. It is this rather. Did either of these new inventions change or decidedly influence the fortunes of the day? And if this were to be answered by the verdict of the vanquished, it will be found that no intelligent Austrian officer—though admitting the value of these improved weapons—will allow any such deduction. In plain truth, the army of Francis Joseph was so miserably organised, so chance-led as to its general plan, that defeat was inevitable as soon as the battle was well joined with the enemy whom it purposed to surprise. The young Emperor, as is well known, assumed personal control, collected his huge staff to a certain point to give them orders, and then came not to meet them. It is also generally believed, and with truth, that the original disposition of his force into two armies under Schlick and Wimpffen was vicious in itself and directly conducive to disaster. But in Austria there are other strange details to be gathered. It is there stated openly, that in the Emperor's absence, his chief of staff, Hess, took upon himself to attempt a general control, and issued orders in contradiction to those of the two subordinate commanders. Finally—to make confusion worse confounded—the good old Marshal Nugent, present as a volunteer only, forgot in his excitement his true position, and commenced also to give instructions (hardly from his standing and reputation to be disregarded) to the generals of corps. These unhappy men were therefore subjected to command from no less than five different individuals; and every ill that vacillation and doubt could produce followed as of course. The divisions moved with uncertainty, or stood irresolute till too late for their services to avail; whilst the enemy, propelled with the unity of a single will, gathered on and carried the centre of their line. Had the Austrians been armed with the Minié, had their guns been all or partly rifled, had Lauingen not carried his squadrons from the field, the result could have been no other than it was. Napoleon had concentrated three fresh brigades of the Imperial Guard opposite to Solferino at the time that it fell, for whose services he had no need to call, so completely were the defenders of the hill already over-matched. From this battle there is little to be drawn which can support the vision some writers have entertained of an army converted into a vast group of artillery, with a few supports of the other arms to guard their waggons. The authority of Baron Ambert—as we shall presently see—decisively con-

demns any such conclusion from the experience of the French. And so disappointing has been the experience of rifled guns in the closer fields of America, that General Grant, in very recently laying down the future organisation of the United States artillery, has directed one half of his batteries to retain the simple smooth-bore howitzer known as the Napoleon gun!

In the concluding part of his work, Baron Ambert has very thoroughly laid to rest this vision of an army of artillerymen. He has brought together the opinions of some of the best of Napoleon's generals, to show that the exceeding weight attached to artillery in the last campaigns of the great Conqueror was a sign of decadence rather than improvement—a poor substitute for the juster proportion of arms which he had no time to create anew after the disasters of Russia. Until guns can be served without the accompanying impediments of carriages, limbers, and ammunition waggons,—until a battery can be advanced or withdrawn over uncertain ground as easily as the company of foot or troop of horse,—artillery, though now raised to the rank of one of the principal arms, can never supersede the others; more especially as it has been shown by trial on such fairly level ground as the plain of Chalons, that the most moderate inequalities are sufficient to shelter infantry from the improved pieces at their distant range.

To post cannon to advantage, with due regard to their defence and the means of withdrawing them, is perhaps the most anxious part of a general's duty in occupying or attacking a position. Its difficulty is ill understood save by artillery officers, or those well trained in tactics. Hence a very frequent source of error as to the strength of positions, and one especially made as regards our late example—Solferino. The hill round the tower has been described as of great strength. It was not really so, since its crest was too narrow for the proper use of the Austrian guns, and the access to it through steep lanes so bad as to make officers unwilling to commit themselves to a defence which they feared would end (as it partly did in fact), in their finding their retreat intercepted.

Yet the change introduced by the Great Napoleon of massing guns for attack is acknowledged by all to be in the right direction. A concentrated fire is proved not only to do more proportionate damage to the enemy, but to have the effect of protecting the batteries themselves. Colonel Fremantle has taken pains to show that a similar process to the French Emperor's was forced by experience on the artilleryists of Lee in the Virginian campaigns. The improved lightness of modern car-

riages gives marked facilities for such combination, as the superior range now attained permits the front of the army to be swept effectually, and the enemy's columns to be taken in flank—the most formidable direction which can be used—without that subdivision of the batteries heretofore in vogue. This tendency to mass guns for a decisive stroke in battle, with the increased means of transport now available, is a sufficient guarantee that the proportion of artillery in great armies will be fully maintained, though it is not probable that late improvements will cause it to be increased.

It is more difficult to say how far the value of cavalry, as a special arm of the service, may fall as artillery and infantry become more deadly in their action. As of old, so now, the moral influence of a charge of cavalry, fairly made, is very great, on raw troops especially. But both American experience, and that gained at Solferino, point decidedly to the conclusion that the opportunities for such action as this will be very rare in the wars of the future. A body of horse presents an object so much more prominent than the like number of foot, that it must suffer, if exposed, in a largely increased ratio; whilst there is no great advance in speed to be expected, beyond that attained in the early part of this century, to compensate for this fatal defect. Hence it may be asserted that this noble and attractive service must be hereafter modified in its action, remaining more carefully screened from fire than any other part of the force engaged, and acting, on the whole, more specially as a reserve. Ney's fatal error at Waterloo proved for all time the utter uselessness of attempting to crush any part of the line of battle of a firm enemy with cavalry alone. It is not likely that his mistake will be repeated, now that the fire of a square of infantry has become vastly more effective, whilst the charge of the horsemen is in no degree more formidable. The Duke of Cambridge—no mean authority on such a point—has of late expressed publicly the opinion that heavy cavalry may, at no distant date, be found useless in the field. We trust that efforts will not be spared to form our own regiments into a more practically equipped body fit rather for real service than maintained for show. Such measures as these are really needful in the case of the most expensive force a country maintains.

It is a hopeful sign of the activity pervading the whole army that the present time sees published such a work as that of General Smith on the special subject of the use of cavalry and horse artillery. The book itself is so technical in its construction as to forbid its being noticed here at length. Yet its

suggestions appear well weighed, and fully worth the consideration of all students belonging to these arms: albeit the most prominent of these, the practical abolition of the second rank, is one of old date, and liable to serious objections. General Smith is naturally anxious to combat the opinions which throw discredit on the future value of our horse; and he does so ably. Let him and other officers who share this feeling take comfort from the last words of Colonel Lippitt's work, which expressly repeat the old maxim that cavalry is necessary 'to complete the victory and secure its fruits.' Whilst a horseman can go faster than a dismounted fugitive, whilst vedette and escort service can be better conducted by light cavalry than any other form of human agency, an army, to be complete, must have its share of this peculiar arm. Deprived of it even for a time, the best general may run blindly on to defeat, as Lee proved to his cost when, all ignorant of his adversary's strength, he drew near the fatal hills of Gettysburg. But General Smith and other distinguished sabreurs should use their personal efforts for the practical reform of our dragoons in equipment and drill. Let them especially get rid of such mistakes as the sham charges on a square—a folly long since condemned by that great practical tactician Marmont, and (without sufficient acknowledgement, we fear) by Macdougall and other writers who adopt the view of the Marshal.

We are brought here naturally to consider the use of one great addition to modern tactics, springing from the American war—the only special creation, as it seems, which American generals have added or rather restored to our stock, viz. bodies of mounted infantry. This arm, the original 'dragoon' of the wars of the 16th and 17th centuries, was designed originally for the purpose of rapidly marching to occupy and defend distant positions, or of outmanœuvring the enemy by moving swiftly to his flank a part of the troops apparently engaged on his front. In such a mode did Johnston, Bragg, and Sherman chiefly employ their horse. By it also Sheridan (on his final junction with Grant in the spring) bringing up and dismounting suddenly 9,000 additional men on the extreme right of the Petersburg defences, outnumbered the besieged by the free use of this reinforcement, turned the detached work at first stoutly held by the troops of Anderson, won the battle of Five Forks, and finished the siege at a blow.

The restoration of the dragoon proper—a creature long extinct in Europe—is a fitting subject for military administrators to weigh. The practical difficulties which beset the attempt to create and maintain in its integrity such a force, are

fully set forth by Marmont, and a perusal of his pithy remarks will at once show why it is so much harder a task among the standing armies of Europe, than with the rough farmer-troopers of Wisconsin and Illinois.

'There is (says the Marshal) a fourth kind of mounted troops, whose institution is of very ancient date, and which has, in some unaccountable manner, undergone a complete perversion: I refer to dragoons. Originally they were nothing but mounted infantry; they ought always to have retained that character. As such, dragoons might render immense service in thousands of circumstances; in detachments, for surprises; in retrograde movements, and especially in pursuits. But in accordance with the object of their institution they should be mounted on horses too small for a formation in line, otherwise the intrigues and pretensions of their colonels will soon convert them into cavalry, and they will become bad infantry and bad cavalry.

'There is, I repeat, no more useful institution than that of dragoons, but then they must not be diverted from their right use. Their horses should be small, as I have already stated; their harness and the equipment of both men and horses should be solely calculated for the easy and rapid service of real infantry, armed with good muskets and bayonets, and well provided with ammunition. Dragoons, in fact, should be clothed and shod so as to be able to march with facility.'

The increased use of fieldworks visible in the American campaigns is now admitted to be as much the consequence of the peculiarities of the *terrain* and troops engaged on it, as of the increased range of firearms. Nevertheless, the subject should not be omitted in even a summary view of the progress of tactics. A late article in this journal * has explained how the woods of Virginia were utilised by the Union and Confederate armies. Yet this knowledge of the value of breastworks was wanting to Grant himself in his early days, as we see by his surprise at Shiloh, which a few hours' labour with the axe would have prevented. European generals can have but little experience of forest warfare. Yet the mere account of it, now familiar by report, would have sufficed to save even the slow leaders of Austria from their surprise and disgrace among the pine woods of Hohenlinden.

How easily these ready protections of an army can be improved by modern appliances and engineering skill so as to take the character of fortresses, has been remarkably illustrated by the successive sieges of Sebastopol, Düppel, and Petersburg.

* Edinburgh Review, January 1865.

The Professional Papers of the Royal Engineers contain the first detailed notice of the works of the latter place that has been anywhere published. This monograph, by Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh, deserves our notice for its valuable account of that system of rifle-pits, which is destined henceforward to play an important part not only in regular sieges, but wherever an intrenched position is taken up. Judging by its contents, it would seem that the younger members of the scientific corps do not intend to let its old reputation decay, or their observation lag behind the age.

In passing from the consideration of tactics and the changes that art is undergoing, it seems necessary to refute but one more popular error which has been countenanced by names lent to it with perhaps injudicious haste. It has been said that the rapid multiplying of railways and their depôts must tend to modify the conditions under which troops are brought into action. In so far as this relates to their actual collision, this is plainly an error. Cuttings, embankments, crossings, bridges, are none of them new creations. The defence of a railroad station is that merely of a building of certain size, and involves no new principles. Had the increasing wealth of civilised countries not spent itself in this way, it would have found—as it still finds—other outlets in forms of planting, building, draining, which would change particular fields of combat, but in no way affect a certain system already adapted for seizing or for maintaining a given position, or show that it could be, as a whole, altered for the better. The idea, baseless when viewed in this light, has been supported by the alleged winning of the battle of Montebello by the French as a consequence of their actual use of a railway to bring up reinforcements; and the employment of trains during a single action has been mixed up with the general notion of the value of railroads for battle purposes. Space does not allow us to follow out the details of the affair where Forey won his reputation. It is enough to say that Rüstow (an able writer and, as between Emperor and Kaiser, thoroughly impartial) denies in his work this pretended cause of the defeat of the Austrians, and ascribes it simply to the well-known want of resource and self-possession which has for the last eighty years constantly marked their general officers when detached. It may be added that the long annals of the American war give no reason to believe that we are near the day when commanders will arrange their order of battle with a view to bring their troops under fire by train.

Far otherwise is it as regards the greater combinations of

war. The wondrous facilities which steam conveyance and the electric telegraph afford for transporting and collecting troops and supplies seem to promise almost as great a revolution in strategy, as gunpowder is admitted to have made in tactics. If (as has been shown in the earlier portion of this paper) it was mainly the change for the better in land-carriage and cultivation which enabled two minds of a different order of genius to reap suddenly, in 1796, the full advantages which a century's progress had wrought—if it was indeed the result of increasing civilisation that Napoleon's strategy ranks so far above that of Frederick, and the Archduke Charles's above that of Charles of Lorraine—what may be expected when the full powers lately developed in the growth of wealth, the freedom of communication, the rapid transmission of intelligence, are wielded by high ability in the interests of war? What, in short, may be read in the history of the close of the American struggle—in the utter crushing of the splendid resistance offered by the South—more striking than the lesson that the advantage of superiority in population, in manufacturing power, and material wealth is increased beyond all former belief by the new resources of the railroad and steam fleet? See, for an example, how the well-maintained lines of the Federals turned the whole tide of the western campaigns by the reinforcements brought up after the defeat of Chickamauga. On the other hand, view the impotent state of the Confederate armies for any joint operation—as for the relief of Vicksburg—when the waste of war and the strict blockade caused their roads to fall bit by bit out of repair.

The least observation of these phases of that gigantic contest, added to what we have lately seen in Italy and Denmark, is sufficient to show a great change to come in future European wars. Old lines of defence must vanish, bases formerly distant be brought near, concentration of great masses be the rule rather than the exception, months of preparation and of movement be contracted into days. As regards the strategy of purely inland campaigns, railroads and telegraphs, it may be freely assumed, will be soon so multiplied that their effect will be felt in this way wherever civilisation extends. This will be generally admitted. But it is not so apparent at first that a similar change may be expected wherever the theatre of war is open to approach by navigation. In spite of Crimean experience, and of the marvels worked by Grant when he had once felt his way to the true use of his steam transports, few are aware how immensely the naval Powers of the world have augmented the striking force of their armies by the improve-

ments in their fleets. France has been long the most formidable of neighbours: but it is not too much to say that her present policy of amity with England, and the undisputed rank of her navy as the second in Europe, has doubled at the very least her warlike means against all the other Continental Powers.

Attractive as the subject of strategy is to many intellects, it is to be regretted that its study has been so limited among ourselves that its first principles have to be forced upon the public at every separate occasion. Partly this has been due to the very strict attention of the best of our officers to the details of their own branches of the service—branches from which they rarely, in the scientific corps never, are removed. In the old United States army this was better managed: officers were trained more completely for the different arms; and the highest parts of a soldier's profession were not altogether overlooked at Westpoint as they still are at Woolwich. And as cabinets, however able, must generally, when entering on war, be dependent for their greater combinations on the private or official opinion of professional soldiers, it is not surprising that the views which have guided our own on certain recent emergencies have too often seemed narrow and ill-chosen. Federal generals failed at the first from want of proper material wherewith to execute their designs. Yet the early reports of McClellan, Halleck, and Sherman were as broad and luminous as the proceedings of the British Government at the opening of the Crimean war were meagre and uncertain.

In our own errors we may be in some sort comforted by observing how utterly unable certain other Powers are to understand the present realities of war. The existing occupation of the Quadrilateral by Austria is simply as monstrous an error—if it really be a defensive measure—as was ever perpetrated by Mack or Weyrother. With the Adriatic open behind to a French fleet, with the neutrality of England secured, the value of the once potent line of Mantua and Verona is gone. The garrisons which would be turned by an army thrown by steam into Venetia would only be lost to the Austrian Empire. *As a base for the offensive against Italy*, the Quadrilateral is, on the other hand (as Radetski proved), simply invaluable. This is the menace against which Italy maintains her monstrous army: for this all Europe is kept in uneasiness and suspense. But the true line of defence for Austria Proper is now that of her mountains. In keeping it advanced to the Po she either has secretly in view an aggressive and dan-

gerous policy, or she is still the most shortsighted and blundering strategist of the age.

The complaint often made by English officers of the want of a comprehensive and accessible guide to the study of the higher branches of their profession has hitherto been just. The elaborate works of Napoleon, the Archduke Charles, Clausewitz, and Jomini on strategy, of Bülow, Hardegg, Decker, De Ternay, and Lallemand on tactics, would fill a library; so copious are their contents, and so laden with historical and critical dissertations. To condense their spirit and modify their precepts to suit the requirements of a progressive age, has been nowhere attempted in our language, if we except Macdougall's 'Theory of War,' a work too slight, incomplete, and unfinished—as we judge by his new publication—to satisfy the author, and yet too abstract in its method of treatment for the practical soldier. The want will be in great part supplied by the forthcoming 'Military Operations' of Colonel Hamley, who has used his rare opportunities well, if we may judge by that first portion of his book which we have been enabled to peruse. Though intended for the professional student, to whom its publication will be a real boon, this volume is so stripped of dry technicality, and made so luminous by the author's brilliancy of style, that all general readers who would raise their knowledge of modern warfare above that dead level implied by a trust in the gorgeous but inaccurate history of Alison would do well to see for themselves in its pages how armies are really subsisted, moved, and fought.

Englishmen, let us add in conclusion, need not be ashamed to interest themselves in the improvement of their military force. The existence of standing armies is a fact statesmen cannot afford to overlook; and our countrymen should take care that their own is neither petted into indolence, nor suffered to decay from neglect. The spirit of progress is thoroughly awakened in our soldiers. Let it be permitted to work out its bonest fruits without discouragement, that the nation, grown more liberal in their treatment, may find a due reward in troops excelling all others in skill and readiness as well as in courage and devotion. Let it be remembered that much lost ground had to be recovered in our army, due partly to a spirit of false economy, and partly to what we must hold to be the mistaken views of Wellington in his old age. During the latter years of his military rule, it is too apparent (despite of Mr. Gleig's able defence of his hero), that the dead weight of a mighty name opposed to all reform or change crushed out the active life of every portion of the service.

Even the mild and colourless régime of Lord Hardinge revived the military spirit in some degree. Then came our bitter lessons in the field, Varna's pestilential marshes, Balac-lava's freezing heights. The nation was fairly awakened to a sense of what was due to the military service; and the work of reform began. Whether under a succession of good but worn-out warriors of the Peninsula we should have been able to show the proofs of progress which every arm now bears, is a question we will not attempt to determine here. In looking back on the late history of our Horse Guards it is plain that too many of those honoured veterans came of a school in which reform was held in odium and improvement deemed impossible. While such men held office or advised Ministers, the army fell behind the rest of the nation, and the safety of England's future was allowed to rest on the glories of the past.

Such is not the spirit that at present rules the British Army. It is not our purpose to eulogise the Prince who holds the highest commission in the service, or to pretend that his administration is faultless. But, on the whole, it is progressive, just, and active; and its care is felt to extend from the education of the staff officer to the teaching of the soldier's child. Under it the service is advancing to its proper place in the State, improving in the day of rest, and preparing to answer the call for action without unreadiness or mistakes. Long may it so advance, that the soldier may find his profession honoured by his countrymen in time of peace, and that in war the national courage which bore the Six Hundred to their death at Balac-lava may be guided by the science from which their chiefs might have learnt how brave men's lives should be used!

ART. VI.—*Transylvania; its Products and its People*. By CHARLES BONER. London: 1865.

A DISTANT little commonwealth readily kindles the sympathy of the English public. Its historical traditions, its struggles for independence against foreign invaders, and for civil liberty against its own sovereigns, ensure it a place in the hearts of free nations. But this, which is true of most countries in the position of Transylvania, is peculiarly true of Transylvania itself. This petty state, now an outlying principality of the Austrian Empire, has been rarely visited and is very imperfectly known. Most travellers fancy it merely a continuation of Hungary; and they think they have seen

enough of Christian Europe in the East when they have gone from Vienna to Pesth. Transylvania has been shut out from the rest of Europe by nature, as well as by adventitious circumstances. It lies almost as much isolated from Hungary as Hungary is said to be isolated from the rest of Europe. Shut in on nearly all sides by the Carpathians, flanked by Wallachia on the south and by Moldavia on the east, it might be supposed to be nearly out of reach of the influences of Western civilisation. In point of fact, however, it has contributed many events to universal history : it has shared in resisting Turkish domination and invasion, and has aided in the decision of several contests between Austria and Hungary. These Transylvanians, a community of little more than two millions, consist of at least three distinct nationalities, of which the Wallachs or Roumains are the most numerous, while the Magyars and the Germans are foremost in position and intelligence. The sharp contrasts and jealousies that subsist between them do not prevent them from constituting a single people. The distinctions of race and manners continue, but the political unity remains indestructible.

Mr. Boner has written a work upon this country, which is entitled to attention as a laborious and apparently faithful description of it. He spares no pains to arrive at the truth. He does not profess to know everything that concerns his subject, and freely acknowledges where he is in doubt. He seems to have mingled with all classes and with each nation, though more especially with the Saxons. He went to Transylvania chiefly for its sports ; but he does not seek to fill us with admiration for his exploits ; nor does he return to his own country laden in triumph with the skins of bears that others may have shot.

We commend, therefore, this book to the public on the ground that the author shows himself so singularly devoid of the ordinary characteristics of a traveller. But of the composition of the book itself it is impossible to speak in terms of praise. What is told to us might have been told in half the number of pages. The style is equally feeble and verbose ; observations and reflections are continually reproduced ; and there is a great want of method and arrangement throughout those chapters which treat of the condition of the people. But it is hard to quarrel with a chamois-hunter from the Bavarian Alps. Good writers are less scarce among our own countrymen than good Alpine hunters ; and Mr. Boner's work at any rate deserves notice for the information it contains.

At the present moment, Transylvania holds a prominent

place in the constitutional question that is impending over the Austrian Empire. Her Diet has just been consulted in reference to the hardest of all the problems of domestic statesmanship that are now before the world. A composite monarchy, formed of four cardinal varieties of race, with moral antipathies as sharp as the contrast of their physical origin, and with still more numerous distinctions of traditional government, has just begun anew the task of reconciling prescription with centralisation, local constitutions with a uniform representative system, and the separate rights of each nation and state with the superiority of the German element. Transylvania is to a certain extent a microcosm of the Austrian Empire. It has been seen that she is nearly as much divided in point of race and antipathy as Austria herself; and yet there is no question of a political dissolution in Transylvania, but only a question of further amalgamation with Hungary. Her example is at this moment instructive; and it affords perhaps an encouraging precedent to the advocates of some kind of parliamentary union for the whole Empire. It may be useful, therefore, to study Transylvania.*

* The most valuable essay we have seen on this subject, which is the key to Austrian politics, is entitled 'Die Nationalität 'Frage,' by Baron Joseph Eötvös—the most cultivated and judicious member of the patriotic party in Hungary. The doctrine of nationalities—by which we understand, the right of a majority of persons belonging to a peculiar race and language to be governed by themselves only, and not by any extraneous authority—leads not only to the dissolution of so composite a fabric as the Austrian Empire, but to the dissolution of each separate kingdom in that Empire into separate districts, and of each district into separate villages, so various are the races of men in those regions held together solely by the imperial authority. This extravagant doctrine has found partisans in Hungary; but no argument can be used by the Magyars to justify their severance from the other dominions of the Empire, which may not be urged with equal force by the Wallachs, Slavons, Szeklers, Saxons, and Croatsians against Magyar ascendancy in Hungary and the adjacent principalities. Baron Eötvös has discussed this problem in a rational and comprehensive spirit, and although we have no desire to plunge our readers in the depths of Hungarian constitutional law, we can very confidently recommend those who are interested in the subject to read his pamphlet. At the moment we consign these lines to the press we cordially rejoice to learn that the Emperor-King has once more been received at Pesth with the enthusiastic loyalty of a gallant people, and we trust that he is about to enter upon that system of true constitutional government which can alone permanently attach these provinces to his crown.

Mr. Boner thus states, on the authority of Bielz, the population of this little country. The whole number is 2,062,000. Of these, 1,227,000, or a majority of the whole, are Roumains. There are 536,000 Magyars and Szeklers; 192,000 Germans; 78,000 Gipsies; 15,000 Jews; and a few thousand Armenians and Slaves. It appears that the Roumains or Wallachs, in spite of their numbers, possess less influence in government than either of the two other civilised nationalities; and that the Germans hold nearly an equal share of authority with the Hungarians, though little more than a third of their number. Meanwhile, they are content to carry on a political co-existence. The parallel between Transylvania and the Austrian Empire may in one sense be more specious than real; for the mutual resentments of the Transylvanians spring from an older date; and time has done much to wear them away. But nevertheless the example of Transylvania ought to save Austrian statesmen from despair.

Mr. Boner fills several of his chapters with a historical view of the migrations which have led to the present collocation of races in the 'land beyond the forest.' It may be worth while to follow him very briefly, in order to show how the present Transylvania has come to exist. He finds the Dacians, the first historical inhabitants, attracting the notice of the Romans by impolitic forays, and at length subdued and converted into a Roman province by the victories of Trajan. A hundred and fifty years of imperial rule, after which the province was flung away, fused this people with the Latins in point of race, language, and institutions. With these Dacians, or Daco-Romans, Slaves and Germans mingled and intermarried in the ninth and tenth centuries. The present Wallachs of Transylvania appear to represent these successive fusions; and as descendants of the Dacians are to be held representatives of the original inhabitants. The successive invasions of the Goths and the Tartars seem to have left no stamp on the population. But the Huns, who entered in the fourth century, and the Magyars, in the ninth, still remain in the country. The former are apparently the ancestors of the present Szeklers, and the latter retain their name unchanged. Neither race has mixed with the other, nor with the Wallachs; but the Szeklers resemble the Magyars in spirit and character, and combine with them in public affairs, closely enough to be pardonably confused together.

The settlement of Transylvania, in much of its present form of government, dates from the year 1000. A Vayvode, or viceroy, ruled it in the name of the Magyar kings of Hungary.

The Saxon immigration then followed. There was a large territory stated to be a desert. The Magyar kings invited foreigners to colonise a region which the Crusaders had made known to Saxon and Flemish adventurers. While Conrad III. and Barbarossa wore the imperial purple, successive bands of colonists came from Germany and the Low Countries. They took the rank of freemen, acquired an exemption from the rule of the Magyar Vayvode, and chose their own judges. Thus it probably arises that the descendants of these colonists of Transylvania still preserve the essential impress of the German character. The seven burghs built by their ancestors for protection, of which Hermannstadt is the chief, are still called the Sieben Bûrger. Mr. Boner here offers a singular evidence of the identity of the race, after seven centuries of isolation. He finds in their vocabulary many German words, now generally obsolete, which are elsewhere in use only among the peasantry on the Lower Rhine. Hence he assumes that the immigrants largely came from that part of Germany. Had he given us a few examples of the coincidence, it would have been more interesting. Parallels, however, to this instance of lingering identity of language are not wanting in the migrations of other races.

One of the best and clearest chapters of this work is that in which the author traces the gradual reconciliation of the three races that thus divided Transylvania between them in the Middle Ages. He describes the Magyars as the nobles, the chief landowners, and the principal rulers of the country. They, though not the original inhabitants, were the Eupatridæ. The Saxons were divided between yeomen in the country, and burghers in the towns of their own building. The former were animated by feelings of contempt and ambition; the latter by hatred and mistrust. The Wallachs, on the other hand, before they subsided into the recognised relation of serfs to the Magyar and Szekler landowners, were chiefly mountain bandits, living by forays on the lands of the other races.

‘In the mountainous district of the Alt (says Mr. Boner), dwelt Wallach hordes, who, when peace reigned, roved down into the vales, settled there, and became serfs on the lands of the Hungarian nobles. They were a wild, uncultivated people, without a sense even of law or property. They drove their herds on the pastures of the Saxons; they pillaged, burnt, and murdered. The Saxons killed them where they could, as they would slay a wolf near a fold. This could not last, and peace was agreed on—the Wallachs promising no longer to commit their depredations, not to carry bow or arrow save in case of necessity, and to harbour no murderer, incendiary, or robber. He who did so was to be burnt with the culprit.

... Such severity was the only means of obtaining security ; and even now may be seen gallows along the roadside, and all along the hilly banks of the Maros from Toplitza downwards, erected quite recently, on which to hang incendiaries whom lynch-law had condemned.' (P. 100.)

Mr. Boner describes the Wallachs as retaining their idiosyncrasy in this generation:—

'A Wallach peasant of to-day will take all the fruit in your garden or orchard—he having none, and being too indolent to cultivate any ; and on remonstrating with him, he will not allow it as a theft ; “for what God makes grow must belong to him as much as to you.” By the same mode of reasoning he steals now—as he did three hundred years ago—the trees from his neighbour's forest, and drives his herds on their carefully-kept meadow.' (P. 101.)

But while the Wallachs thus gradually became peaceable serfs, and the Magyars remained without progress, though with their former national superiority, the Saxons grew in wealth and freedom. Their rights were formally defined by charter from Andrew II., King of Hungary and Transylvania, in 1224. So considerable was their opulence, that they made public loans, paid large war contributions, and built the cities of Transylvania. Mr. Boner, however, finds trade far less flourishing now than in the Middle Ages, and he ascribes this decline in the prosperity of the Saxons in great measure to the change in the route to the East. That change, no doubt, completed their political and commercial isolation.

These being the relations of the Saxons with the Wallachs, it does not appear that the former were much more friendly with the Magyars, although the civilisation of either race rendered actual hostility only an exceptional condition:—

'We have seen with what determination Hermannstadt opposed the admission of the Hungarians to settle within its walls. At first, this jealousy may seem illiberal, and at the present day it would be so ; but in their then position the precaution was a wise one, as the fall of Klausenburg showed. The town was Saxon ; but gradually other settlers came, and were admitted. At first being there merely on sufferance, they lived together apart from the rest, as the name Ungar Gasse (Hungarian Street) still shows. But it soon grew otherwise. . . . At a later period, a great part of the remaining Saxon population voluntarily emigrated when Unitarianism began to spread. The doctrine was so hateful to the Lutherans that they fled before it as they would from a pestilence. This abandonment of their old dwelling-place was the complement ; and Klausenburg, from a Saxon, became a Hungarian town.' (P. 106.)

The distinctive character of Transylvania, as a country of

itself, appears to date from the battle of Mohacs. Transylvania was then exempted from the fate of Hungary: its government began to assume an independence: and the three nations formed a compact to stand by each other in the face of a general danger. Notwithstanding foreign wars and domestic tyrannies, the fact of a common nationality appears from that time never to have been lost by the three races.

We turn to a lighter theme. Mr. Boner tells us little of the Wallachs, and less of the Magyars. His heart seems to have been among the Saxon peasantry. His panegyric is somewhat magnanimous too; for although he received ready hospitality from the clergy, he was more than once taken for a spy by the farmers. Even one or two of the Lutheran clergy smiled over the simplicity of his assertion that he came to Transylvania merely to shoot their bears and wolves, and to write a book. The contrast in the turn of mind of the Saxon and the Magyar is here pretty clearly defined. The Saxon, he says, is commonly suspicious. He wonders what you are, and doubts whether it is prudent to be very open with you. The Magyar, on the contrary, even among the class of peasants, carries his confidence and hospitality to an extreme that would surprise more civilised nations. In this primitive country the usage of the whole community is to entertain a stranger; and it is accounted a slur upon all if he goes to an inn. The joint-stock hotel system would certainly not flourish in Transylvania. Mr. Boner, however, thus illustrates the different degrees of hospitality between the two races. The Saxon, reasonably enough, will receive you only when it is convenient to him. But the Magyar peasant, who meets a stranger in his village as he is going to his work with the key of his cottage in his pocket, gives him his key, bids him make the cottage his own while he is away, and promises to return to his unknown guest as soon as his work is done. Mr. Boner seems to have himself accepted with admirable adaptation this embarrassing hospitality. Surely this must be a land on earth where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves neither break through nor steal.

In point of manners a corresponding distinction seems to prevail between the two peoples. The Magyar, even in the humbler classes of life, has much of the easy bearing of a gentleman; while the Saxon peasant is a hospitable boor, and the Saxon burgher a man of plain but not polished manners. Those who know the Magyars of Hungary—and travellers in that country are more numerous than in Transylvania—can readily believe the former assertion. The explanation is pro-

ably similar to that which is commonly given of what may be termed the national deportment of the Turk. The sense of superiority is habitual; the fact of it is traditional. The Magyar bears arms by profession; he is noble by origin; and though Turkish law nominally excludes distinctions of rank, the very essence of the Turkish system rests in a national and military nobility, into which, however, it is ready to include the peasants of Christian races. The Turk, indeed, is grave, while the Magyar is often gay; but these two Asiatic races, while they have done less for civilization and humanity than any European nation, seem among almost all classes to derive a distinguishing manner from a conscious superiority.

Leaving the Magyars with incidental remarks, Mr. Boner turns to the Saxon peasantry and their customs. He fills a curious chapter with an account of the laxity of their marriage-laws. The Lutheran Church is well known to be less strict on this head than either the Roman Catholic or our own. The usages existing in Transylvania, however, far exceed the license permissible in Prussia. Marriage among the Transylvanian Saxons amounts to little more than a consensual contract. Rapid separations are a matter of course; and divorces are afterwards granted on the slightest pretence. There is a ready explanation, however, of this discord in married life. Love-marriages are almost unknown. In spite of the apparent simplicity of the Saxon character, greed is the predominant motive in the choice of a husband. Saxon girls are married almost as early as Circassian victims used to be deported to the seraglio on the Bosphorus. To marry her well and be rid of her is a Saxon peasant's supreme notion of his duty to his daughter. Mr. Boner tells the following story:—

‘Of the system pursued by the Saxon peasantry in the marriage of their children, I was enabled to judge during a stay in one of their more considerable villages. One evening, on going into the room in which the family were assembled, I found the daughter, a girl of fourteen years and a half, crying bitterly. On enquiry, the father related that she that day had had an offer of marriage, and refused to accept it. He was in a great fury, and told the girl that, if in two days she did not change her mind, he would give her a good thrashing. . . . The wooer, he said, was the very best match in the village—a young fellow, active, and good-looking. Who could know if Margaret would ever get such an offer again?’ (P. 480.)

This incomparable suitor had shortly before married another girl of sixteen, ‘as mild, meek, and gentle as she was pretty;’ he

had been separated from her just after the honeymoon, and had gained a divorce on the simple ground of the *varium et mutabile*, which does not seem in Transylvania to form any special characteristic of ladies. 'He had known nothing of the girl previously,' says Mr. Boner; 'but among the Saxons this is of no importance.'

'This is an average specimen (he continues) of Saxon wife-choosing and betrothal among the peasantry. The father himself told me, first, that the marriage would hardly prove a happy one, and that he would in such case soon have a separation. A wife or a husband is a thing which, should circumstances incline that way, may for convenience' sake be put aside or changed at pleasure.

'It often astonished me to find those persons with whom I spoke about the frequency of divorce treat the subject as one of far less importance than assuredly it really is. Divorce is a thing of such every-day occurrence, is decided on so lightly, and allowed so easily, that it has become a marked feature—indeed, a component part—of rural Saxon life. A separation of husband and wife after three, four, or six weeks' marriage, is nothing strange; and the woman divorced will frequently want six or eight months of being sixteen.' (P. 483.)

Mr. Boner mentions another village in which the same practice appeared to have become a system. Here there were sixteen marriages in the course of the year; but at the end of it only six couples were living together. In a third village eleven weddings were fixed for celebration at the same time; and the clergyman, who seems to have taken a misanthropical, though apparently not ill-founded view of Transylvanian humanity, predicted as many separations and divorces in a very short time afterwards. Mr. Layard somewhere tells a story of a Sheikh who lived in a perpetual honeymoon by marrying a fresh wife every fortnight, and throwing off the discarded lady on a courtier. But what in Mesopotamia was merely the luxury of a chief, appears in Transylvania to be a sort of domestic right brought home to every clodhopper's door.

Mr. Boner's chapter on the practice of Transylvanian divorce is as curious as his story of the misadventures of marriage. He says that the one thing is so certain an incident of the other, that divorce is calmly discussed by the young lady's family before the marriage takes place. Instead of being a terrible contingency that every mind on the occasion of a wedding refuses to contemplate, the probability—we should say the moral certainty—of the event is plainly put forward as dissipating all objections to the prudence of the marriage contract. 'Try to like him,' says the father to his daughter of

only fourteen, in answer to her objections; 'and if later you find you can't do so, well, I'll have you separated.' It appears that on the basis of this cheerful compromise many repugnances are surmounted. But a short experience is enough. The lady pleads 'insuperable dislike.' In our own country a plea of this sort is held sufficient to break off a courtship; but of this antecedent sentimentality nothing is known in Transylvania; and what is a ground of rupture for a courtship here becomes a ground of separation there. The separation, too, appears to be nearly always followed by a formal divorce, as a logical sequence. Either party then immediately marries again.

The preliminary, however, is a separation; and it is arrived at by any of the following vague and easy pretexts:—

'I have before me a list of separations that took place in twenty villages of one district in 1860, 1861, and 1862; and the cause assigned in each case. The number in each case was 30, 35, and 35 respectively. "Antipathy" is the reason most frequently given. "Compulsion to marry" comes next [this, however, is illusory]; then "drunkenness;" "insuperable disgust;" "ill-treatment;" "staying out at night;" and "groundless complaining" (!) fill up the list of matrimonial grievances. One reason is a very droll one—it is "Augenverdrehen," which means that the party, he or she, rolled about his eyes. Another is "the wife's stubborn ways;" one, "the drunkenness of the father-in-law," which was certainly rather hard on the young couple.'

The observation of Mr. Boner's clerical informant serves to afford a tolerably significant explanation of the use that is made of some of these pretexts. 'A clergyman told me he had observed that the mutual complaints were most frequent after 'the vintage, when there was wine in the cellar.' The discovery may diminish our surprise for 'the rolling eyes' of these hypocritical Transylvanian couples, although it may not account for the clearness of vision on either side that detected the vinous influence on the other.

Graver or more rational grounds of separation are rarely met with. Infidelity appears to be seldom alleged against the husband in rural districts, and never against the wife. Indeed, when we consider the ordinary duration of the marriage contract, it would be monstrous if this were otherwise. But in the towns the same six months' virtue, according to Mr. Boner, does not appear to prevail; and the most practical reason for its observance in country villages appears to be, that there is no help for it. There is, however, one commendable trait to be found among the conjugal relations of the Saxons of

Transylvania; and it deserves to be noted in their favour. Having divorced in haste, they occasionally repent at leisure. Failing to find other eyes that do not roll, the divorced parties are now and then married again to each other.

The law which permits of these vagaries would seem inconceivable in any Christian commonwealth. Mr. Boner unfortunately does not state it with any precision. Under the patent of 1786, however, the pastor appears to possess singly the right of decreeing judicial separation. The court of divorce, on the other hand, is composed of a certain number of neighbouring clergymen; and it appears to be armed with widely discretionary powers. For instance, it may make a decree for the restitution of conjugal rights, and put under arrest the recalcitrant husband who refuses to return to his wife. Mr. Boner does not state in what cases the court or the pastor puts such a decree into force; but if 'rolling eyes' are a good ground for a divorce, he leaves us rather at a loss to conceive the triviality of the pretext which is to be rejected. Again, the ecclesiastical court will intervene to prevent the remarriage of a 'husband who is of depraved character,' for several years. But, taken as a whole, the patent of 1786 may be regarded as a fair instance of the expedients by which Joseph II. endeavoured to satisfy, by means of social freedoms, the populations whom he deprived of their hereditary rights in government.

The author is by no means disposed to spare the political weaknesses of the Magyars or Hungarians:—

'With the Hungarian (he observes), every question becomes crystallised into one of nationality: this warps his judgment; for he thus regards even those which are most diverging from one sole special point of view. Argument is then at an end, and a rabid state begins.' (P. 551.)

Elsewhere Mr. Boner remarks:—

'The bitter feeling existing among the Hungarians towards the German population is so intense, that, in all concerning the latter, it utterly blinds and deprives them of the capacity to form a reasonable judgment.

'I know nothing like it, except the fanatical antipathy of the Protestants against Catholics, as it existed in England some years ago, which distorted every circumstance relating to the other creed. [He might have added that the antipathy was reciprocal.] For all the Saxons do, the Hungarians see the worst and most inimical motives: indeed, you will never by any chance hear a Hungarian speak well—he always speaks villanously ill of any political opponent. On every other point he is sensible; but though he decries

inconsistency and anything like injustice in others, he is in politics the most unjust and unreasonable being you can find.' (P. 545.)

The Saxons, on the other hand, according to Mr. Boner, evince some generosity in their appreciation of the great qualities of their rivals. Nor is this, after all, very surprising. Where political matters are in question, the social and intellectual superiority of the Hungarian acquires its full play. The Saxon is to the Hungarian very much what the tradesman who enters Parliament in middle life is to the trained party debater. The confession, however, which the Saxon makes of his political inferiority seems to be without any feeling of jealousy. 'The Hungarians,' say the Saxons in Mr. Boner's words, 'are greatly superior to ourselves in political education, they are quicker to perceive the bearing of a great question, and far more dexterous in handling it. As public speakers there is no comparison between them and us. The Hungarian is eloquent, and by his fire and ardour carries his hearers irresistibly along with him.'

This portraiture of the public qualities of the Magyar will be recognised as discerning and just. Had he the suppleness which is requisite in such circumstances to utilise them, the Magyar would be the uncontested leader of the whole community, both in Hungary and Transylvania. The real principle of English Whiggism, in its palmier days at least, that a powerful and intelligent minority should govern, at once in the name of the people and in opposition to the throne, is precisely that which ought to have been grasped by the leading men of a leading nationality. There have been a few leaders, no doubt, simultaneously with our own reforming period, of that type—men such as Szechényi and Wesselényi. The great majority, however, were unyielding oligarchs; and the most liberal of their leaders, Kossuth, must, by the way, have been of Slavonic race, to judge from the tolerably clear evidence of the Slavonic etymology of his name.*

The Magyar of Transylvania, however, is not content, it seems, with holding aloof from the Saxon—he hates him into the bargain. Mr. Boner affords the following instance of the haughty reclusiveness of his turn of mind. The Magyar dislikes the Saxon of Hermannstadt much more than the Saxon of Klausenburg or other Transylvanian towns. The reason

* 'Kos,' 'basket,' 'suth,' 'maker,' in Slavonic—hence 'Kos-suth,' 'basketmaker.' Basketmaking, in former times, was a distinct calling of the Slavonians; and the Magyar held it a degrading occupation, only fit for a serf.

assigned for these differential hatreds appears to be, that the former in past times accounted himself a patrician, and the Magyar of the present day still resents the assumption. We are slow to believe all this; and Mr. Boner himself is obliged to make some apology for the statement.

The author next quotes the railway question in Transylvania as an evidence of the indisposition of the two races to fuse themselves for political purposes into a single people. Next to union with Hungary, this question seems to represent the *haute politique* of the country. The Magyar insists that the designed railway shall enter Transylvania by way of Klausenburg; the Saxon that it shall take the route of Hermannstadt, each apparently for the sake of his own city. A very little experience of railway committees of the House of Commons would, however, have convinced the writer that this kind of rivalry is not necessarily born of distinct races. The world wants no national antipathies to sharpen its sense of personal convenience and pecuniary advantage. A glance at the map will show that either proposal has its own arguments in its favour. The route by Klausenburg would afford the more useful line of communication in Transylvania itself; that by Hermannstadt would promote the connexion between Vienna and Kustendji. It is melancholy to think that this mighty question in Transylvanian politics will probably rest, after all, with some mercenary contractor. He will have to decide whether domestic traffic, or that of a 'through-route,' will afford the safer conditions of a remunerative undertaking.

Mr. Boner's chapter on 'Ferae' shows that he has that subject at heart. Game of all kinds is abundant in Transylvania; but it appears to be very wild and difficult to get at. On the slopes of the Carpathians the sport is not very dissimilar from what many of us are not unfamiliar with in the Pyrenees and the Bavarian Alps. Of the larger head of game, the brown bear of course keeps to the high ground, the wolf is among the coverts in the low land, and the chamois also abounds in the mountains. A *chasse au loup*, which is so inspiring in the South of France, appears to be rather hopeless work in Transylvania. Probably there is no such thing known as preserving a covert; and the Wallachs are such ardent sportsmen that the ground in the neighbourhood of their habitations is pretty well beaten. A Wallach, standing behind his master, with a second gun, while the beaters are going through the wood, will shoot whatever comes by, across his master's shoulder. The following account of the chances of wolf-hunting, or shooting, is not very encouraging:—

'In the neighbourhood of Temesvar, in the Banat, the wolf-battues generally afford very good sport. There are just the coverts they like, low scrubby bushes and underwood affording good shelter. . . . They are timid brutes, and travel so quickly that it is difficult to get at them. To-night they ravage a flock; but by the morning they are in a thicket miles away; so that when the district, up in arms, proceeds to scour the country in pursuit, not a wolf is to be found. Unless a very extensive tract of country be surrounded at once, there is little chance of meeting them. They are very cautious, too; their sense of smell is admirable; and if the least thing gives rise to suspicion, they skulk away, evading the sportsman, and refusing to touch the bait. . . . There is nothing that attracts a wolf so irresistibly as the squeaking of a pig: one, therefore, is sometimes put into a sack, and dragged over the smooth snow behind a sledge, through a forest. Should the game lie there, or in the neighbourhood, it soon makes its appearance to look out for the expected booty.' (P. 142.)

Many animals and birds also, of which there is a tradition, and probably written accounts in the country also, appear to have become extinct there. The lynx is rarely if ever met with. Red deer are seldom found. The bison, or ure-ox, which is now to be seen only in the forests of Lithuania, where it is preserved, is gone also; and the ibex, or steinbock, has likewise disappeared. The bustard, though common enough in Transylvania, and rising in flocks, is more difficult to approach than any other bird.

'Not far from Hermannstadt, I have seen large troops of bustards, walking like soldiers on the plain bordering the river; and in the neighbourhood of Thorda, I was out after them day after day, as they stalked over the rape-fields, in vain endeavouring to get a shot.

The caution of this bird is not to be surpassed, and hardly to be circumvented. On large plains only, where there is no wall or mound which could serve as covert to an enemy, will the bustard alight. As he stands on his long legs, with his head in the air, surveying the ground, the slightest motion or any inequality is at once perceived. They always seem to be on the look-out; and so great is their vigilance, that, worm yourself flat along the ground as you may, they are sure to perceive it. To approach them is more difficult than to get at a chamois.' (P. 145.)

The white spoonbill, the green ibis, and the crane, are occasionally met with; vultures and eagles abound, and capercaillie and blackcock are also to be had. But Mr. Boner's chief interest appears to have been in bear-hunting. He finds the bear as wild as the wolf; but his account of its extreme timidity seems to place it in a different category from the bears of many other parts of Europe.

Mr. Boner recommends us all to try Transylvanian wine.

As an evidence that it is little known, he observes that the *Drei Mohren*, at Augsburg, has none in its cellars. We shall readily think none the worse of it for that. We have often been inclined to believe that 'all the wines of the world,' which this hotel professes to have, were concocted on the premises, out of Bavarian grapes, and a few other adventitious concomitants.

Hungarian wine is so good that as much may be believed of Transylvanian. Mr. Boner remarks that the rivers in the latter country run chiefly east and west; and, as a consequence there is generally a southern slope for the cultivation of the vine. At this rate, the obliging rivers would seem to have been carved out by nature for the sake of wine; somewhat as Raphael is profanely made by Dryden to point out to Adam, in the 'Fall of Man,' the grape as designed for the pleasurable purpose of intoxication. But however excellent the wine itself may be, these vinegrowers have not made themselves acquainted with the art of bottling. The jury of the Exhibition at Munich, who gave their large gold medal to some of this wine, found that it was sent to them from Transylvania in medicine bottles and ink bottles.

'No better example (says Mr. Boner) can be given of the state of things in Transylvania than the following incident. A stranger had, like myself, tasted Mediascher (Transylvanian) wine, and was so pleased with it that he sent to order so many dozen bottles. "Bottles!" said the wine-grower, "where am I to get bottles? I've got no bottles; besides, they are so dear. And then corks! What a trouble to get such things!"' (P. 168.)

Between this want and that of railways, it is hard to expect at present any European celebrity for Transylvanian wine. There is, perhaps, too great a disposition among connoisseurs to run on in the old ruts. Wine is a thing about which there is not quite so much independence of judgment as there should be. M. Laffitte and Madame Clicquot continue their reign without any apprehension that the old faith will be shaken by the preaching of these new Transylvanian heresies. There is little belief in wine that does not come from an old source, any more than in old pictures that do not come from an old gallery. Public judgment, however, in these matters is but a new application of the argument of St. Augustin, 'Ego vero 'Evangelio non crederem, nisi me Ecclesiæ Catholicæ com-moveret auctoritas'!

Mr. Boner concludes his work with a deplorable picture of the misgovernment by the Austrian officials. The Transylvanians appear to be taxed to death. The taxation not only

cripples the resources of the public for its own development, but in a large proportion of cases the revenue cannot be collected. In 1862, four million florins were levied in direct taxation. Of this, less than three millions could at last be collected; in spite of executions levied against 350,000 inhabitants, and of a distraint of goods against 28,000.

Beet-root sugar factories were some time ago in active operation. But the Government, in its need, suddenly imposed an overwhelming tax upon them. The result is that the factories are now shut up; the tax was so oppressive as to change the factory from a profitable to a losing undertaking. The people in general speak of being ground down by taxation. 'We must bear it as long as we can,' say the Saxon peasantry, who are indisposed to resist authority; 'but it will break us down entirely in course of time.' The Magyar, who is inspired with 'the ignorant impatience of taxation' that Castlereagh denounced in so unfortunate a manner, reaps considerable benefit from his opposition; and there appears to be a differential charge that is uniformly in his favour. Before the revolution of 1848, these oppressive charges did not exist. Both Hungary and Transylvania are now bureaucratic; and the swarms of official locusts which for the last sixteen years have been sent from Vienna, have served for a double cause of disloyalty to Austria. Their presence itself was bad enough without their extortions. Mr. Boner shows himself generally inclined to be an apologist of the Imperial Government; and we may assume his statements to be not overcharged.

There are, however, the elements of a prosperous future in Transylvania. All that it needs is to be better governed. The soil is fertile. Transylvanian corn weighs heavier than Hungarian, and is as full in the ear as any in Europe. The Danube, with the help of tributary railways yet to be made, ought to do nearly as much for its export trade as for that of Roumania. The question of a union with Hungary, which is made the salient interest of the hour, has much less concern with the national prosperity than a revision of the present method of government and taxation; nor does it seem that the two questions are very closely connected. Between the union of Transylvania with Hungary, and the reunion of Hungary with Croatia and Sclavonia, there is a very wide difference. But whether or not Transylvania lose her present political character by sharing in a great scheme of centralisation, she will retain her identity for travellers and sportsmen as the Land-beyond-the-Forest.

- ART. VII.—1. *Shakespeare*. Par A. F. RIO. Paris: 1864.
 2. *The Rambler*. London: 1854–1858.
 3. *On Shakspeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible*. By CHARLES WORDSWORTH, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrews. London: 1864.
 4. *Every Good Gift from Above. A Sermon preached at Stratford-on-Avon*. By R. C. TRENCH, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. April 24, 1864.

‘GOOD Christians, and therefore very vindictive.’ Such was the utterance of a cynic as he watched the war of words and the strife of tongues to which religious differences have always and everywhere given rise. Although the sarcasm be pointed with a bitter sting, the controversies we daily see around us might well warrant yet sharper reproof. The sanguine or the simple would suppose that a literature which calls itself *polite* would enjoy a wholesome immunity from the vices of a clique and the passions of a mob. But it will not be long before they find that in this most righteous expectation they are cruelly deceived. If once a question of conflicting faith is launched upon the quiet land-locked bay of literature, the whole aspect of the scene is changed. The pleasure-boats which idly floated on its surface give place to menacing privateers, bristling with a whole artillery of prejudice, and filled with angry crews hoisting the flags of their respective creeds. And if to these elements of discord be added the antagonism of national feeling, it would be difficult to fix any limits beyond which malignity of thought and intemperance of language will not force their way.

These reflections have been suggested to us by the appearance of a book which, in a superlative degree, is full of the bad passions that pass current under the name of religious zeal. The book is entitled ‘Shakespeare,’ and its object is to show that Shakspeare was a Roman Catholic. Its author is M. A. F. Rio, whose name is well and deservedly known as a distinguished writer on Christian Art. It is divided into five chapters, with the following headings:—I. Education de Shakespeare; II. Shakespeare à Londres; III. Shakespeare dans sa Gloire; IV. Le Drame de Henri VIII.; V. L’Astre à son couchant. Our intention in the present article is to follow him closely through as many of these chapters as the patience of our readers and our own space will allow. It is possible that in the course of our argument we may feel called upon to use

occasionally a hard word or two. In doing so we beg to disclaim any intention of speaking with disrespect of M. Rio personally. We look upon him as a by no means uncommon example of a man who has allowed himself to be carried beyond the bounds of truth and soberness in his ardent and honourable desire to add the name of Shakspeare to the long roll of illustrious worthies who have adorned and still adorn the Church of Rome. Some anonymous papers which have appeared in the 'Rambler' on the same subject are attributed by M. Rio to a Mr. Simpson, and as they are written in the same spirit as the volume of the French critic, we shall include them in the following remarks.

The question—what were the religious tenets held by our greatest poet?—is no doubt a question of interest; but it is above all a question of *evidence* and of *fact*—of evidence not easily accessible, of fact most carefully to be weighed—a question in which the outward and public history of England and of Europe has to be estimated in its bearings on the inward and private history of that man of men—a question on which it would be hard to say whether it would be more rash or more silly to dogmatise, because, on the one hand, it is a question not easy to solve, and on the other hand, the solution, be it what it may, is a matter of extremely small importance, apart from the literary curiosity involved in it.

To those difficulties which are of the very essence of an inquiry into the religious opinions of any man, others supervene which are incidental to the times and circumstances in which Shakspeare lived. The Church of England was then the only Church in England. If not a member of *that*, of what church could he be a member; to what church was it given to him to conform? In the present day, the Church of England is, for all *practical* purposes, but one sect among many. Thousands upon thousands neglect its rites and reject its discipline; and this they can do without let or hindrance. But it was not so then—not so at the time when Shakspeare formed his opinions, if indeed he gave them form at all. Out of 9,400 parochial clergy, a small fraction—less than 200—had refused to give in their allegiance to the supremacy of the Queen. To the parochial clergy all, without exception, had resort. By them the various rites which consecrate the leading epochs of life and soothe the bitterness of bereavement, were everywhere and in all cases administered. The strictest Roman Catholic families accepted—could not choose but accept—the baptismal service of the Church of England; nearly a century elapsed before they held it to be

invalid and acted accordingly. The Reformation in England had not as yet lost the character it originally bore in the eyes of the laity, *as a protest on the part of the sovereign of England against the sovereign far more than against the doctrines of Rome.* Old things had not as yet passed away; all things had not as yet become new. Perhaps there is no book which better than the statute-book gives an idea of the real status of the Church in the time of Shakspeare. No statutes in the reign of Elizabeth recognise the existence of Roman Catholics as bodies of worshippers in England setting up rival altars alongside those of the Church of England. The object of all these statutes, without exception, was to transfer the Church, as it were wholesale, clergy and laity, from the supremacy of the sovereign of Rome to the supremacy of the sovereign of England, and to establish a general uniformity of public worship. A fraction, indeed, of the population held aloof; but these were sheep without shepherds and without a fold—the machinery, the organisation, the place, and the celebrants of divine worship were all of them wanting. Mr. Froude, in his ‘History of England’ (vol. vii. p. 472) gives a curious illustration of the truth of what we are saying on the authority of the Simancas manuscripts. De Quadra, in the year 1562, wrote to the Spanish Minister at Rome, ‘begging him to ask the Pope, in the name of the English Catholics, whether they might be present without sin “at the common prayers.” “The case,” De Quadra said, “was a new and not an easy one, for the Prayer Book contained neither impiety nor false doctrine. The prayers themselves were those of the Catholic Church, altered only so far as to omit the merits and the intercession of the saints; so that, except for the concealment and the injury which might arise from the example, there would be nothing in the compliance itself positively unlawful.”’ The suggestion was probably made with a view to lull into security Elizabeth’s just dread of Papal pretensions by an apparent acquiescence in the established state of things; but that it should have been made at all is a curious corroboration of what we are endeavouring to establish—viz., that the question, ‘Are you a member of the Church of England?’ assumes a totally different aspect as we conceive it to be put now, or to be put in the days of Shakspeare. To these considerations, however, we shall hereafter have occasion to revert.

We now proceed to a closer examination of M. Rio’s book and of Mr. Simpson’s articles in the ‘Rambler.’ We remark with pleasure that, so far as we know, the bigotry shown in the dis-

cussion of this question has been all on their side, so far at least as this country is concerned. Protestantism is not ordinarily chary of fanaticism, but it so happens that in this case nothing has been written to establish the converse of what M. Rio and Mr. Simpson endeavour to prove. With the exception of Mr. Birch's deservedly obscure book on the 'Religion of Shakspeare'—a book which ought to be in no gentleman's library—we know of none on the Protestant side which discusses in set terms Shakspeare's religious, or, as Mr. Birch would say, irreligious tenets. Last year, indeed, Dr. Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, published a very interesting book, in which he made out beyond all dispute that Shakspeare was thoroughly conversant with that version of the Scriptures which was in use in his time in the English Church*—a point of some importance in the matter at issue between M. Rio and ourselves. But even here the author's main design is not to establish Shakspeare's Anglican views.

It will not be irrelevant if we take note as we go along of the blunders, to use no harsher term, which M. Rio makes even on points which have no direct bearing on the question immediately before us—the Religion of Shakspeare: such blunders gauge the man, and show that for reckless assertion he cannot easily be matched.

We shall not have to follow him far in order to trip him up by the heels on the dry prosaic road of fact. M. Rio's object is to affect the imagination and arouse the sympathies of his readers by drawing a harrowing picture of the sufferings to which Shakspeare's father was subjected in consequence of the intolerance of a Popery-hating government. How must not the iron have entered into the soul of Shakspeare the boy, he seems to say, at witnessing the martyrdoms of his family—'blessée à la fois dans ses intérêts matériels et spirituels.' It is with the latter of these we are more particularly concerned, but it may be well to glance at the former. Some of them are stated in the following words:—

' Il fallut *subir l'humiliation de demander* une remise de moitié sur sa quote-part d'un impôt extraordinaire pour mettre des troupes sur pied; il fallut aussi se faire exempter de la taxe hebdomadaire des pauvres bien qu'elle ne s'élevât pour lui qu'à la somme très-modique de 4 pence. . . . Aussi fut-on réduit à prendre à crédit les aliments de première nécessité, même le pain, et il vint *un moment terrible* (1580) où le boulanger Sadler dont les

* More than 400 instances of this parallelism between Shakspeare and the Bible are enumerated by Dr. Wordsworth.

fournitures ne s'élevaient pas à moins de 5 livres sterling, *ménaça de les discontinuer*, si on ne le lui donnait pas une caution sûre, qui garantirait le recouvrement de sa créance.' (P. 6.)

The whole evidence for these strange statements rests on the following documents.* First, as regards the 'quote-part,' we read in the Council Book of Stratford on Avon under the date 29th January, 1578:—

'At this hall yt ys agreed that every alderman, except suche underwrytten excepted, shall paye towards the furniture of thre pikemen, ij. billmen, and one archer, vjs. viijd. and every burgesse, except such underwrytten excepted, shall pay iijs. iiijd.'

Then follow the names of 'Mr. Plumley' and of 'Mr. 'Shaxpeare,' aldermen, who pay respectively five shillings and three shillings and fourpence for their quota. Not a word do we read about John Shakspeare begging to be let off, &c. In fact, it is expressly stated that he was not present on the occasion. To the name of one of the 'excepted' burgesses, Robert Bratt, is added the note 'nothings in this place,' as if some previous payment had been reckoned in exemption. If so, why might not Shakspeare's quota have in like manner undergone diminution? So again with regard to the tax for the 'relief of the poore, John Shaxpeare and Robert Bratt,' it is said, 'shall not be taxed to pay anything'—not a word more is stated—and here, too, Shakspeare was absent. The cock-and-bull story about the baker can only be matched in pathos by the 'chops and Tomato sauce' of the author of 'Pickwick.' *It has absolutely nothing whatever to rest on* but the following entry in Sadler's will (which is dated 14th November 1578, and which was proved 17th January 1578-9, so that the '*moment terrible*' is mis-dated), among a list of debts due to him:— 'Item of Edmund Lambert and Cornishe for the debt of Mr. 'John Shacksper 5l.' There is not one tittle of evidence to show, first, that Sadler supplied Shakspeare's father with bread; secondly, that he threatened to stop the supplies; thirdly, that the 5l. was for bread delivered; fourthly, that the John Shakspeare mentioned in this will was not the *other* John Shakspeare the shoemaker. Not one of the points raised by M. Rio is of the smallest importance to his argument, but the passage gives

* The extracts which follow are taken from Mr. Halliwell's folio volume on the Council Books of the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon. We may take this opportunity of expressing generally our obligations to him and to other editors and commentators of Shakspeare's plays for the materials we have made use of in the course of this article.

a fair specimen of his critical power, and of what we cannot refrain from calling his prodigious audacity of assertion.

Where M. Rio does not openly assert he quietly assumes: he assumes, for example, that John Shakspeare was a recusant in the sense of his clinging to the old faith. This is a point which bears more directly, though not very materially, on the question at issue, and must therefore be sifted somewhat closely. Was, then, the poet's father a Roman Catholic? On *à priori* grounds, it is unlikely that any given person was a recusant at that period. But so far as the poet himself is concerned, we should not think it at all material to the point at issue whether his father was a Roman Catholic or not. The difficulties already insisted on in answering the same inquiry in the case of William Shakspeare are of course tenfold greater in the case of a yet earlier generation of the family. However, we have not got to do with notions but with evidence, and we think it will be found (but our readers shall judge for themselves) that the evidence seems to point the other way.*

In a document at the State Paper Office we have a return made by Sir Thomas Lucy and other commissioners appointed to inquire into the 'jesuits, seminary priests, fugitives, or recusants' in Warwickshire. This return gives the 'names of all sutch Recusantes as have been hearetofore presented for not comminge monethlie to the church according to hir Majesties lawes, and yet are thoughte to forbear the church for debtt and for feare of processe, or for some other worse faultes, or for age, sicknes, and impotencye of bodie.' The words 'and yet' seem to us important: it is as if the commissioners had intended to say: It is true these people do not come monthly to church, yet still we are not disposed to tax them on that account with Popish proclivities. The reason of their absenting themselves is more probably debt and fear of process, &c. Now in the names so classed, and, as it would seem, excepted by the commissioners, we have that of 'Mr. John Shackespeare,' one of nine who are thus bracketed in the

* We decline to dignify with the name of evidence the very absurd 'Confession of Faith' which is known as the will of John Shakspeare, and which is stated to have been found on April 29th, 1757, by Joseph Mosley, a bricklayer, under the tiling of the house at Stratford where John Shakspeare is believed to have lived. It is printed in Drake's 'Shakspeare and his Times,' vol. i. p. 8. We are surprised that Mr. Simpson had not the shrewdness to refrain from damaging his cause by resting it on a document so obviously supposititious. No trace of this document is now to be found.

return. 'It is sayd that these last nine come not to church
' for feare of processe for debte.' To our mind this return distinctly and by implication separates John Shakspeare and his eight companions from the general run of recusants of Popish tendencies. To this view two objections have been raised. Mr. Simpson says that the pretext of being afraid of process for debt was the common excuse set up by those who were taxed with recusancy. But to this we reply that here the statement does not appear to have been put forward as from them. It is the opinion of the commissioners—and in point of fact when we turn to the originals of the presentments of the churchwardens in the muniment room at Warwick Castle, on which these returns of the commissioners were founded, the following words are annexed to the same nine names:—' Wee suspecte these nyne persons next ensuinge absent themselves ' for feare of prosses.' Not, observe, 'they would have us ' think '—but—'we suspect.' Mr. Simpson may in some cases be right as to the putting forward of this plea in extenuation, but surely the case before us does not come under that head. Again, Mr. Collier says:—' We are to recollect that process ' of debt could not be served on Sunday, so that apprehension ' of that kind need not have kept him away from church on ' the Sabbath.'* But what can be more purblind than to make such a statement when you have an official document of the period before you which by implication says the direct contrary? If process could not be served on a Sunday, the churchwardens and the commissioners must be held to be arrant blockheads to send in such a return or to record such a plea. Mr. Collier says in a note that ' anterior to the statute 29 Car. ' II. c. 7, any person arresting another on the Sabbath-day was ' liable to attachment.' But if he will turn to Gibson's *Codex Jur. Eccl.* (Tit. x. Cap. i.), he will find that the liability was only incurred when the affidavit certified that the arrest might have been made on any other day. We contend, therefore, that the return of the commissioners may be held to prove that John Shakspeare's recusancy cannot be counted unto him for Popery; and if this be admitted, we may venture to assert that, while on the one hand what little evidence we have on

* This change of nomenclature from Sunday to Sabbath in the same sentence is somewhat embarrassing. We presume Mr. Collier does not mean the Saturday. Has Mr. Collier never heard of the clergyman who, in reply to an inquiry from his diocesan how the Sabbath was kept in his parish, replied 'that it was not kept at all, ' for there was not a Jew in the place'?

the subject goes to show that the poet's father was *not* a Roman Catholic, there is not a particle of it to justify the hypothesis that he was one.

After this survey of all the facts of the case, there is something excessively comical in the following *boutade* of M. Rio. A man who handles evidence in so extraordinary a manner can have no very clear idea of the limits which separate fact from fiction, and history from romance. We shall know in future what M. Rio is content to put up with by way of a *preuve* :—

‘Malheur au récusant qui avait à faire valoir contre eux une créance ou un titre de propriété contesté! car il était sûr de succomber dans cette lutte inégale, quelque clair que pût être son droit. C'était un échec de ce genre, joint aux amendes mensuelles pour cause de religion, qui avait réduit Jean Shakspeare et les siens à l'état de misère dont nous avons parlé. La preuve (!) de l'impression profonde que cette iniquité légale laissa dans l'âme de son fils, se trouve dans deux de ses pièces composées presque au début de sa carrière dramatique.’ (P. 16.)

M. Rio then quotes two passages; and from what plays? Why, from *Pericles*, Heaven save the mark, and from the *Second Part* of Henry the Sixth! The passages are quoted below*, and of either of them it is more than probable that Shakspeare did not write a word. But whether he did or not, *risum teneatis* when you find M. Rio speaking of the second of them as a passage ‘qui prouve (!) qu'après bien des années, ‘la blessure faite à son cœur filial n'était pas encore cicatrisée.’

The difficulty of finding any satisfactory evidence in Shakspeare's plays of his Roman Catholic views seems to induce Messrs. Rio and Simpson to linger as long as possible over the scraps and crumbs of the great dramatist's personal history. Mr. Simpson's performances in this way are something too extraordinary for belief. We have not time, space, or inclination to follow him through one of the most rambling of his sapient lucubrations. Most of our readers have read in history of the persecution of Somerville, Edward Arden's

* *Pericles*, II. i. ‘Here's a fish hangs in the net like a poor man's right in the law; it will hardly come out.’

Henry VI., II. ii. 4. ‘Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment, and that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man?’

Nearly the whole of *Pericles* and the greater part of *Henry VI.* were the work of other hands. In any case these passages only denote a repulsion which the most ardent Protestant might feel for the chicanery of the law.

son-in-law, for a plot to murder Queen Elizabeth. Edward Arden was a very distant connexion of John Shakspeare's wife.* Somerville appears to have been a crazy fanatic †, and in the present day he would doubtless have got off on the plea of insanity. But few readers have ever found in any history that Shakspeare was a page of Edward Arden's, and (if we do not misunderstand Mr. Simpson) that in this capacity he was the 'boy' who accompanied Somerville to London. Still less will they have learned that Somerville was the prototype of Hamlet. Mr. Simpson says that 'Somerville's 'madness is no argument of dulness'; but madness and dulness are not incompatible, as may be demonstrated from the productions before us.

Sir Thomas Lucy, as might be expected, comes in for his share of vituperation as one of the Protestant renegades and miscreants who appear to have made it the whole business of their lives to persecute Shakspeare and his family. Among the truculent emissaries of a depraved and heretical government, this Puritan Justice, we are told, held a chief place. We confess to an indefinite amount of scepticism as to the whole of the Lucy legend, as well in the milder form it wears in the general run of Shaksperian biographies, as when it is surrounded with all the adjuncts and embellishments given to it in the pages of Rio and Simpson. The *canting* heraldry of the Lucy family lent itself readily to a pun or an equivoque in the mouth of Slender and of Sir Hugh Evans, of which Shakspeare availed himself without scruple; but to call this an act of vengeance and retaliation for injuries received is an abuse of language. At any rate it was a retaliation which would certainly have been lost on the audience. So again with regard to Shallow's accusing Falstaff of killing his deer, we are far from believing that it is 'impossible to mistake' an allusion to Shakspeare's escapade at Charlcote—the rather as Malone has satisfactorily shown that at Charlcote there was at that time no park to break into and no deer to kill which would have been a punishable offence; a fact which remains, as we think, entirely uncontroverted by the statement that Sir Thomas Lucy's son and successor sent a buck to the Lord Keeper Egerton in 1602. As to the ballad

* Assuming the truth of the pedigree compiled by Malone, they had the same *great-great-grandfather*. Their grandfathers were cousins.

† Dodd himself admits that 'it was agreed he was a furious person, 'and scarce *compos mentis*.' (Vol. ii. p. 55.)

we wot of, no one can doubt that both in whole and in part it is a rank forgery, unworthy of a moment's serious consideration. But it will be said that apart from any deerstealing, a natural antipathy must have existed between Shakspeare the player and the Lucys the Puritans. But this alleged Puritanism of the Charlcote family is a point on which we have heard somewhat too much. We are indebted to Mr. John Bruce, F.S.A., one of the most learned, diligent, and elegant of our historical inquirers, for the knowledge of some documents in the State Paper Office which have an important bearing on this subject. The mayor and magistrates of the town of Banbury, Oxon, write to my Lords of the Privy Council, in May 1633, respecting some strolling players—or 'wandering rogues,' as they are styled—who appear to have tampered with the patent or license granted to them by the Master of the Revels, so as to give it extension of time—a January made into a June—and who on this ground had been taken into custody at Banbury. Their depositions were taken and sent up to the Privy Council; from these depositions it appeared they had been 'upp and downe the countrey playing of stage playes 'these two yeares last past,' and among the houses where they had performed during that period we find Sir Thomas Lucy's at Stratford. If Charlcote was a house which tolerated the 'playing of stage plays' it would scarcely have been a nest of fanaticism and bigotry, as we are taught to believe, and its master can scarcely have deserved the name of 'un des plus odieux dépositaires de certaines portions du pouvoir public.'

In order that our readers may form some idea of the latitude which M. Rio allows himself in his way of putting things, we quote a passage in which he professes to sum up the evidence respecting the events which happened to Shakspeare and his family:—

'On n'en finirait pas si on voulait passer en revue tous les genres d'angoisses qui serrèrent et broyèrent en quelque sorte les cœurs catholiques, à Stratford et ailleurs, pendant la période qui correspond à la jeunesse de Shakspeare. Il suffit pour l'objet que nous avons en vue d'avoir mis en doute que les familles convaincues du même crime que la sienne, connurent toutes les tortures morales que la féconde imagination de leurs persécuteurs put inventer. Dire que le jeune poëte n'en ressentit pas le contrecoup dans le développement de ses facultés, ce serait lui décerner le moins enviable des privilèges. Même avec une âme moins sensible, je dirais presque moins prédestinée que la sienne, il eût été difficile de traverser les dix années qui suivirent son enfance, sans que le cœur et le caractère en reçussent des empreintes ineffaçables. Ce n'est pas à l'âge qu'il avait alors qu'on peut faire l'apprentissage de la tolérance envers

l'infamie, et l'on n'a pas besoin de document biographique contemporain pour savoir avec exactitude de quel œil il voyait passer autour de lui les pénalités arbitraires, les tortures de l'âme encore pires que celles du corps, les trahisons méditées, ourdies, consommées, non pas toujours par des ennemis, mais quelquefois par des proches, comme cela était arrivé dans sa propre famille, où il s'était trouvé un Judas nommé Roger Shakspeare qui avait joué le rôle d'espion contre ses coreligionnaires.' (P. 25.)

If M. Rio had taken the trouble to look a little more closely at his authorities he might have ascertained that we have not a shadow of justification for connecting Roger Shakspeare with the family, the county, or the date of the poet! It is obvious that there is only one kind of history which M. Rio is qualified to write—the history of the future. It is the only department where he is sure to escape collision with any of those odious, tiresome things called contemporary documents and well-authenticated facts.

It will be seen that we are anxious to dispose of the external facts in the life of Shakspeare and his family, before we proceed to the plays. One or two of these yet remain to be dealt with. And here we shall allow the writer in the 'Rambler' to speak for himself:—

'Ben Jonson was brought up a Protestant, which in those days meant a libertine. In 1593 he killed Gabriel the actor in a brawl; was clapped up in prison and was near the rope; his fears, and the conversation of some priest who was his fellow-prisoner, induced him to become a Catholic. After finding means to be released from prison, he married a wife, a Catholic like himself, by whom he had two children, to one of whom Shakspeare is said to have been godfather. If this tradition be true, it is decisive about our poet's religion. The Catholic father and mother would not have chosen a Protestant sponsor for their child. The tradition rests on very early and very good authority. It is found in MS. Harl. 6395, a collection of anecdotes compiled by Sir N. Lestrangle during the civil wars. The story in question is given on the authority of Mr. Dun—perhaps Donne the poet:—

"Shakspeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in a deep study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and asked him why he was so melancholy. 'No, faith, Ben,' says he, 'not I; but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow on my god-child, and I have resolved at last.' 'I prithee, what?' says he. 'I' faith, Ben, I'll e'en give him a dozen good Latten spoons, and thou shalt translate them.'"

'Latten is a kind of metal like brass; Ben the scholar, deep in the mysteries of magic, was to translate or transmute it into gold. The joke is a good one anyhow; but it is much improved if we add

the Latin religion of the parties as the reason why the *Latin spoons* should be the fittest gifts Shakspeare could bestow.'

It will not be contested, after reading this passage, that the 'Rambler' was an entertaining periodical. But while we feel the great disadvantage under which we labour in venturing to differ from a writer whose proficiency in reckless assertion can only be equalled by his fine sense of wit, we are bound to tell our readers, that there are again some unpromising facts which persist in obtruding themselves on our notice, and which do not quite bear out the inferences drawn by Mr. Simpson and endorsed without further examination by M. Rio.

In the first place, we decline altogether to accept the statement that Roman Catholic fathers and mothers could not have chosen a Protestant sponsor. Such a practice is, to our own knowledge, by no means without examples in the present day—*à fortiori* must it have prevailed, and that largely, in the sixteenth century. But we have no desire to lay stress upon this, important though it certainly be: our case is strong enough without it. The encounter between Ben Jonson and Gabriel Spenser, which put the former into prison and the latter into his grave, took place, not in 1593 but in 1598, as we learn partly from a letter of Henslowe's to Alleyn, dated 26th September, 1598, published in Mr. Collier's 'Memoirs of Edward Alleyn,' p. 50, and partly from the Register of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, which records that in the year 1598 'Gabriell Spenser, being 'slayne, was buryed the xxiiijth of Septemb.' Accordingly, it was in 1598 that he underwent that imprisonment in the course of which he became, as the story goes, a Papist. Now we learn from 'Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond,' p. 20, that Ben Jonson's eldest son died of the plague in the year 1603, at the age of seven years. His birth must therefore have taken place in the year 1596, two years before the incident which led to his incarceration in fetters both of body and of mind. What becomes then of Mr. Simpson's inferences? His premises vanish at the touch of criticism. If any reliance at all can be placed on the story of the relations between Ben Jonson and Shakspeare—and it is quite probable that the story of the spoons was trumped up to bring together two eminent contemporaries—there are two decisive facts in evidence which Mr. Simpson has perverted. First, that Ben Jonson was married before he changed his religion. Secondly, that Shakspeare's godson was born two years before that change. Then, again, we might fairly ask where Mr. Simpson found that his wife was a Roman Catholic. Not even her

maiden name has come down to us. All that Drummond says of her is, that 'she was a shrew yet honest'—a character which we presume Mr. Simpson will not be forward to claim as distinctive of his co-religionists.

We pass from the sponsorship of Ben Jonson's children to that of Shakspeare's. Our readers are doubtless aware that Shakspeare had twins who bore the names of Judith and Hamnet respectively. M. Rio has a theory on these names which we find it difficult to discuss seriously. We let him speak for himself:—

'L'Eglise, par l'organe de ses théologiens, officiels venait de déclarer apocryphe le livre de Judith; et l'Etat par le ministère de ses bourreaux et sur la dénonciation de l'évêque de Londres, venait plus récemment de faire torturer puis éventrer un imprimeur nommé Carter, pour avoir mis ce nom séditieux dans un livre de controverse religieuse.' (P. 49.)

M. Rio wishes us to infer that Shakspeare selected the name of Judith in a spirit of defiance to the powers that reigned in Church and State. Now the errors—to use no harsher word—in the above passage are packed as close as sardines. Those who know the position taken up by the English Church respecting the Apocrypha, a position identical with that of St. Jerome, can but smile at the expression 'venait de déclarer,' which is singularly infelicitous, as the 'Bishop's Bible,' then current, placed the books of the Apocrypha under the same general classification as the books of the Hebrew Canon, and removed the wall of partition which in earlier editions had separated the Apocrypha from the Bible. With regard to the language of the VIth of the Thirty-nine Articles, it is almost identical with that used by Cardinal Ximenes in the 'Biblia Complutensia,' and perverted by Sixtus Senensis in the 'Bibliotheca Sancta.'* A reader of M. Rio would suppose that the Apocrypha—word and thing—was first heard of and invented in the reign of Elizabeth! The statement respecting Carter is equally inaccurate. This fellow had done everything he could to upset the throne and attack the Queen, and Strype attributes his having so long escaped execution to the 'mildness of the Government' ('Annals,' vol. ii. part ii. p. 272). The work 'De Schismate,' which ultimately cost him his life, was only printed, not written, by him, and contained an appeal to the women about the Court to deal with Elizabeth as Judith

* We state this on the authority of a careful and conscientious inquirer, which few will dispute. See Mr. Westcott's valuable little work on the 'Bible in the Church,' *passim*.

had dealt with Holofernes. We are then treated to some recondite speculations on the name of the other twin, Hamnet, in which is supposed to lurk a covert allusion to the fate of Somerville, Arden's son-in-law. But we have not the patience to linger any longer on the subject. There can be no reasonable doubt the twins got their names from Hamnet Sadler, a friend of Shakspeare's, and Judith his wife, who were both of them living at Stratford at the time. Hamnet Sadler is mentioned in the poet's will.

If we were disposed to argue in this strain there is an entry in the Stratford Chamberlain's accounts which might serve as a pretext for two or three glowing paragraphs. It runs as follows, and bears date 1614:—

'Item, for on quart of sack and on quart of clarett winne geven to a precher at New Place, *xxd.*'

Mr. Halliwell, indeed, indulges in some speculations on the occasion, and looks on the entry as 'a circumstance which shows 'at how early a period his family were turning their attention 'to serious subjects.' It is not perhaps surprising that he should have provoked Mr. Simpson into the retort—'A man 'does what he can towards making a preacher drunk in 1614; 'therefore he could not die a Catholic in 1616. Rational and 'convincing argument!!' We think both these gentlemen are in error. The meaning of the entry is not very clear, and probably depends on some local or municipal usage of which we are ignorant. One thing, however, it certainly does not mean, namely, that Shakspeare himself supplied the potations in question. It is the Corporation that pays for the sack and claret, and for some reason we cannot explain, Shakspeare's house was used as the scene of the entertainment. Mr. Simpson shows, we think satisfactorily, that the fact of a man being a Roman Catholic would not exempt him from showing hospitality to a minister of the Church of England, and with this admission we leave our readers to draw their own inferences.*

Equally at variance with each other are Mr. Halliwell and

* Another interpretation of this passage in the Stratford records has been suggested by Mr. Thomas Kenny, in an able volume on the 'Life and Genius of Shakspeare,' p. 61. 8vo. Longman. 1864. 'The New Place is supposed by the commentators to be Shakspeare's house, and that is, no doubt, the most obvious interpretation of the passage; but, at the same time, we think it possible that it relates to the Chapel of the Holy Cross which immediately adjoins the Guildhall, as well as the poet's place of residence. We should not be surprised if the open place in front of these buildings was known by the name of New Place.'

Mr. Simpson in dealing with the epitaph on Mrs. Hall in its alleged bearing on Shakspeare's religious profession. The epitaph is as follows:—

‘Witty above her sexe, but that’s not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistriss Hall;
Something of Shakspeare was in that, but this
Wholy of Him with whom she’s now in blisse.’

‘Which implies,’ says Mr. Halliwell, ‘that Shakspeare’s life had not been one of piety.’ Mr. Halliwell must forgive us for saying that we regard this as a most unwarrantable inference. Mr. Simpson, however, clutches with alacrity at the admission, and says: ‘It is evident that the Puritans denied Shakspeare to have been *wise to salvation*; they solemnly judged him to have died reprobate; therefore he died either an infidel or a Papist; and we have the express testimony of a clergyman of the neighbourhood that he died a Papist.’ We think our readers must allow that anything more absurd than these inferences from such slender data could not well be conceived. The epitaph, as we read it, is but a very commonplace homage to the truth that there is no other name under heaven by which Susanna Hall could hope for salvation but that of Jesus Christ. Not all the wit and wisdom of Shakspeare could avail her in that day when the world shall be judged. The case, however, is materially altered when we look at it from another side, for we then find that this Susanna Hall, whose religious views were admittedly of the Puritan type, was regarded by Shakspeare as his favourite daughter, if we may judge from the provisions of his will. Would a Roman Catholic or a man of any other religious persuasion have been disposed to single out for special benefaction a child whose views were so diametrically opposed to his own? Then again, if any suspicion had existed at Stratford of Shakspeare’s having died a Papist—and if he had so died, it is quite incredible the suspicions could have been suppressed*—will Mr. Simpson explain how it was that Shakspeare’s remains were interred in the chancel—the place of honour, as it were—of the great church at Stratford? This is a fact which he and M. Rio find it

* In the first volume of that useful publication, ‘Notes and Queries,’ is recorded a tradition of some lady who was present at a funeral sermon preached on the occasion of Shakspeare’s death, and who remembered the wish expressed by the preacher that Shakspeare ‘had been a divine.’

convenient not to mention; but which ought not to be overlooked as a *most important* item in the evidence. M. Rio, indeed, would have us believe that the poet's own epitaph, which is stated by Dowdall, as late as 1693, to have been written by Shakspeare himself 'a little before his death,' had been penned with a presentiment that the bones of a Papist would not remain undisturbed. The argument is in itself, if we may be permitted to say so, childish in the extreme; for the epitaph is but a trite imitation of classical forms of sepulchral inscriptions, and is not borne out by fact, for not long after his decease—certainly before 1623—to the honour of a grave in the chancel was added the erection of a monument in the north wall of the chancel. Against such testimony as this, written and graven in stone, what can avail the casual statement of a Gloucestershire clergyman of the name of Davies, who died as late as 1708*, and who, in his additions to the 'Fulman Collections' at Oxford, states that 'Shakspeare died a Papist,' without a word of comment or of reference to any authority? M. Rio, however, is prepared to affirm, with all the vehemence of what he will find is a slanderous insinuation, that not many years ago still more conclusive evidence was in existence, which has since been destroyed:—

'Dans les recherches que je faisais alors [i. e. before 1839] sur les poètes catholiques d'Angleterre depuis la Réforme, j'avais pour guide sûr et généreusement impartial le savant et consciencieux Payne Collier, connu même hors de son pays par ses *Annales du Théâtre Anglais*. Ce fut lui qui m'informa le premier du journal manuscrit de Ward conservé dans les archives de la Société Médicale de Londres et destiné, disait-il, à une très-prochaine publication. Il tenait ses renseignements du Dr. Severn, Secrétaire-archiviste, qui, en cette qualité, devait être chargé de cette publication, et d'après les conversations qu'il avait eues avec lui, il se croyait autorisé à m'annoncer comme une découverte très-importante pour ma thèse que Shakspeare était mort Catholique Romain.

'On comprend l'avidité avec laquelle j'ouvris le volume des *Mémoires* de Ward quand il fut imprimé; mais on comprendra mieux encore ce que me fit éprouver l'absence complète de tout renseignement sur la question si intéressante qui me préoccupait depuis si longtemps. Mon premier mouvement fut d'en exprimer ma surprise à mon correspondant, mais rien que ma surprise, de peur de blesser en lui une susceptibilité quelconque. Rien ne saurait être

* It was in 1688 that Fulman died. Richard Davies did not die till 1708. M. Rio merely gives the former date. The point is only important as showing how readily M. Rio adopts every sort of misrepresentation in support of his argument.

plus loyal ni plus net que sa réponse que j'ai conservée depuis très-précieusement. "Il vous serait impossible," me dit-il, "d'être plus désappointé que je ne le suis du contenu et du non contenu du journal de Ward, et je vous répète positivement que le Dr. Severn m'a déclaré *qu'il contenait un passage décisif pour confirmer le soupçon que Shakspeare était mort dans la religion catholique.*" Je donne ici le texte. "I am quite positive that Dr. Severn told me in answer to a question of mine that I should find matter in it *decidedly to confirm the suspicion* that Shakspeare died a Roman Catholic" (ces paroles sont soulignées par l'auteur lui-même). Tout ce que je puis ajouter après la lecture de ce document, c'est qu'il laisse le champs libre à toute espèce de conjectures.' (P. 334 et seq.)

The drift of this passage, which on many grounds we have thought it well to quote in its integrity, cannot be mistaken. We have no doubt that most of M. Rio's readers will conclude that a passage in Ward's manuscript has either been suppressed in Dr. Severn's edition, or has been effaced in the original MS. by some person unknown. As we write these lines, we have both the MS. and the printed volume before us, and we are therefore in a condition to affirm that both these hypotheses are entirely without foundation. Mr. Ward was appointed vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon in the year 1662, by King Charles II. His MSS. are comprised in fifteen closely-written duodecimo volumes, two of which are filled with notes, &c. of sermons, and the remaining thirteen with facetiæ and physic. For Mr. Ward's affections were divided between preaching and prescribing, his studies in earlier years having been largely devoted to the theory and the practice of medicine. These notulæ extend from the years 1648 to 1678, but the portions which refer to Shakspeare are contained in a volume which was written between February 1661 and April 1663. We have carefully gone through all these volumes, and have met with nothing which bears out the statement alleged to have been made to Mr. Collier by Dr. Severn. It seems somewhat curious that if Mr. Collier's surprise at the absence in Dr. Severn's printed book of anything to warrant what he had heard from Dr. Severn's lips had been as great as is represented in the passage quoted from Mr. Collier's letter, it should not have found some expression in his '*Life of Shakspeare,*' where he refers to Dr. Severn's volume, and quotes the extracts it contains with reference to Shakspeare. This, however, is a point which does not come within our present scope. We have only to remind our readers and to assure M. Rio, that while we should have attached, and do attach, the smallest possible importance to *any* statement respecting Shakspeare

which emanated from a man who, like the good vicar, naïvely admits that he has no acquaintance with his works, the particular statement insisted on by M. Rio has not, and never has had, any place in the pages of the MSS. which he somewhat more than insinuates have been dishonestly published and tampered with.

Mr. Ward states elsewhere that Milton was 'a frequenter of 'a clubb of Papists.' This will be amply sufficient ground for M. Rio on which to write another volume, on the religion of Milton.

We have thus far confined our observations to those facts or fictions respecting Shakspeare's personal and family history which appear to us to have a direct bearing upon the point at issue—was Shakspeare a Roman Catholic? *We are bold to say that in every case M. Rio has completely broken down.* We now pass on to Shakspeare the dramatist.

M. Rio's difficulties do not diminish as he approaches this portion of his subject. The elaborate exordium with which he ushers it in—an exordium more prodigal of abuse than of argument—seems designed to induce an unwary reader to look on the question through M. Rio's spectacles. To us, indeed, this exordium seems only to prove that M. Rio is capable of subjecting history to a travesty as ludicrous as he had already shown he could inflict on biography. The footlights are lowered, the audience is wrapt in gloom, doleful sounds emanate from the orchestra, every artifice is used to heighten the horror of the spectator as the curtain rises and displays to view the frightful picture of England under Elizabeth. Blood, it seems, flowed like water; the gibbet and the stake were perpetually doing their accursed work. M. Rio, indeed, seems rather at a loss whom to point out as dangling before our eyes in the gibbet's chains, for he has been obliged, *five* times over, to make Campian do duty as a victim. We are under a vague impression that the historiographer of an earlier reign would have had a larger selection of such victims at his disposal.* Meanwhile we cannot help

* It is not very easy to make out the exact number of those who were put to death under Elizabeth. Mr. Hallam, who is inclined to be very severe on that monarch for her severity, admits that 'there is good reason for doubting whether any one who was executed might not have saved his life by explicitly denying the Pope's power to depose the Queen.' (*Const. Hist. of England*, vol. i. p. 164.) He further allows that he is not aware that the assertion made by Lord Burghley and Walsingham respectively that 'no one

exclaiming, *Quorsum hæc omnia?* The execution of Campian and the mutilation of Stubbes, the consequences which the Armada and the intrigues of Mary Queen of Scots entailed upon the Roman Catholics—what, in the name of common sense, has all this to do with Shakspeare's opinions? M. Rio wishes us to draw from it the inference that a Queen who could tolerate such atrocities would be satiated with nothing less than the coarsest theatrical representations. To an ordinary reader the existence of Shakspeare's plays might seem a sufficient refutation of any such inference. But this suggestion would entirely spoil the effect of M. Rio's *coup de théâtre*. If Elizabeth wanted coarse theatricals, she had them to her hand. Her lusts were pampered and excited by a Lylly; her thirst for blood by the 'génie Satanique' of Christopher Marlowe; her low and debauched tastes of every kind by Marlowe's boon companions, a Peele, a Lodge, a Green, a Kyd, and a Whetstone; her hatred of the Pope, of the Roman Catholics, and of Spain, by all alike. Such are but a few of the details in this remarkably faithful picture of England under Queen Elizabeth. We shall presently see, even if our readers have not already guessed, to what all this is intended to be a foil; but we infer that M. Rio's acquaintance with the dramatists whom he so glibly denounces is extremely questionable. Ulrici has pointed out with his usual sagacity the importance of the part which Lylly played in the development of the drama in England, and in the moulding of stage diction to the higher purposes it was destined to serve in abler hands. But to see in the jejune efforts of the author of 'Euphues' the toying of a vile panderer with the depraved tastes of Elizabeth, is

'had been executed for his religion' under Elizabeth's reign, has ever been disproved. Elizabeth reigned forty-five years. The largest number of deaths, or of so-called 'Catholic martyrdoms,' laid to her door, is 204. Her sister Mary reigned only five years, and the lowest number given to the Protestant martyrs is 277. This, in round numbers, gives from 4 to 5 deaths during each year of Elizabeth's reign, and about 55 for each year of Mary's reign. It should also be borne in mind that the penal measures adopted by Elizabeth were intended, and in many cases we cannot doubt were absolutely essential, to promote the security of government; whereas Mary's victims were the fruit of vindictive bigotry. In the above remarks, and in the numbers given, we have taken the most unfavourable view of Elizabeth's proceedings which we find current in any respectable historian. It is only fair, however, to add that statements much more favourable are to be found in contemporary writers.

even more absurd than it is false. In those little pieces which were acted by the children of St. Paul's before the Queen, it would only excite incredulity and amazement if no flattery were to be found. With regard to Marlowe, 'le plus dépravé de tous comme le plus impie,' we are certainly not prepared to put lance in rest to defend his character or to extol his works, but we once more venture to submit that it might be well to read them before addressing such vehement denunciations to their author. That M. Rio has not found it inconvenient to dispense with this little preliminary we may fairly infer from two circumstances. First, he attributes to the author of 'Tamburlaine' a statement at the end of the First Part that 'still greater murders' will be forthcoming in the Second Part. This statement is a pure invention. Secondly, it is difficult to believe that any man could have had in his hands an edition of Marlowe's works without coming across the well-known 'Note' by Bame which Ritson threw with such gusto into Warton's teeth as a triumphant proof of the impious nature of Marlowe's opinions. Among these opinions M. Rio will find the following opinion ascribed to this 'impious, depraved, and Satanic' writer (see *Marlowe's Works*, Ed. Dyce, 1858, *Appendix II.* p. 389):—'That yf ther be any God or good religion, then it is in the Papistes, because the service of God is performed with more ceremonyes as elevation of the masse, organs, singinge men, shaven crownes, &c. That al Protestantes ar hipocriticall asses.' Mr. Dyce is probably right in considering that this paper is not entitled to much authority; but still the passage makes us hesitate to accept the following statement:—'Que Marlowe ait pour-suivi les Catholiques de sa haine et qu'il ait renforcé de sa voix le cri d'extermination que le fanatisme poussait alors contre eux, ce n'est qu'une conséquence naturelle de son impiété pour ainsi dire organique qui pourtant ne s'attaqua jamais à la religion officielle' (p. 65). We might add as further proof, if further proof were needed, of M. Rio's utter ignorance of Marlowe's works, that he calls Marlowe's play 'The Massacre at Paris,' 'Le Massacre de la Saint-Barthélemy,' as if that had been its actual title. We are here reminded of the fact that at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew Shakspeare was old enough to sympathise with the horror which this atrocity excited throughout England, and which more than any other single cause confirmed the whole nation in its hatred of Rome.

It would be easy, if space permitted, to point out errors equally flagrant which M. Rio has committed with regard to

the other dramatists we have named. But the samples we have given seem to us sufficient to show that there is *à priori* reason for suspecting that every statement which comes from his pen is not only destitute of evidence, but is in direct opposition to it. A writer who gives rise to such untoward surmises is, to say the least, unfortunate.

Our suspicions receive additional stimulus whenever M. Rio appeals to an 'authentic document.' In M. Rio's vocabulary this word would seem to imply a document all but universally recognised as supposititious. For example, at p. 83, after being told that at the outset of Shakspeare's dramatic career two theatres were summarily closed for having meddled with religious questions—which, by the way, is false, because it was not two theatres that were closed, but two companies (Lord Strange's and the Lord Admiral's) that were reprimanded—we are reminded, on the authority of an 'authentic document,' that the players at Blackfriars Theatre had sent up a memorial to the Privy Council showing how they always kept clear of matters of state and religion, and meant to continue as they had begun. Now, if there be one of the so-called Collier documents which more than any other is tainted with the suspicion of forgery, it is this very memorial. If M. Rio was not aware of the fact, he had no business to appear in print on the subject of Shakspeare. If he was aware of it, we can only say that he is guilty of something much worse than ignorance. Not but what M. Rio has a kind of serviceable shrewdness which enables him to put on one side and tacitly to ignore documents which come from the same source and which are tainted with the same suspicion, so long as they are somewhat inconvenient for his purpose. For example, there is another paper at Bridgewater House which goes to show that Shakspeare was a great favourite of that debauched, tyrannical, and every way detestable bigot, Queen Elizabeth: a statement which somewhat militates against M. Rio's theories. Of this document (and of others which might be named of like inconvenient purport) we hear nothing in M. Rio's pages.

The third chapter is entitled 'Shakspeare dans sa Gloire.' The remarks which we find at the commencement on 'Pericles' and 'Titus Andronicus' are too absurd to detain us or our readers for a moment. We pass on to 'Love's Labour's Lost.' In this play M. Rio discovers a great deal which we apprehend is known only to himself, and which we will not pause to discuss. There is one passage, however, on which we join issue with him. After enumerating sundry features and incidents

in the play which seem to countenance his views, he adds :—
 ‘ Puis il y a un regret enveloppé à dessein dans un vers concis
 ‘ et obscure, sur le malheur des temps témoins de la disjonc-
 ‘ tion du beau et du vrai attendu que la beauté dans les femmes
 ‘ y paraît souvent déparée par l’hérésie.’ The passage referred
 to by M. Rio is in Act iv. sc. i. and runs as follows—the only
 line which M. Rio quotes is that we have printed in italics.
 We think our readers will experience some embarrassment in
 adapting M. Rio’s comment to the text. The Princess and the
 Forester are the speakers, and they deliver themselves of the
 following conceits :—

‘ *For.* Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice ;
 A stand where you can make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty I am fair that shoot,
 And thereupon thou speak’st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what ! first praise me and again say no ?
 O short-lived pride ! Not fair ? alack for woe !

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now :
 Where fair is not praise cannot mend the brow.

Here good my glass take this for telling true :

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit !

O heresy in fair, fit for these days !

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.’

The whole passage is, no doubt, as full of conceits as it is empty of meaning ; but it becomes contemptible beyond all expression if we endeavour to foist into it the grand ideas about the Beautiful and the True of which M. Rio prates. Nor is this all. It is a passage which we had marked, before we proceeded to review M. Rio’s book, as bearing on our side of the subject. Admit with Mr. Collier’s ‘ Corrector ’ that the true reading in the italicised line is *faith*, not *fair*, and we have not only sense, which we somewhat desecrate in the line as it stands, but also a direct allusion, not of a favourable character, to the exaggerated estimate of Good Works generally attributed to the Church of Rome. Just as in another play (‘ Twelfth Night,’ III. ii. 74) we read of the ‘ Christian ‘ who means to be saved by believing rightly ’ without any implied disparagement.

At p. 134 we read as follows :—‘ Jusqu’alors la compagnie
 ‘ dramatique dont Shakespeare faisait partie, et qui s’appelait
 ‘ la compagnie du Lord Chambellan, n’avait pas été admise,
 ‘ malgré ce puissant patronage. à donner des représentations à

'la cour.' We are informed in a note that the registers of the Privy Council contain payments to other companies, but none to the Lord Chamberlain's—whereupon M. Rio remarks, 'A celà on repond que les régistres ont été perdus!'—and we are asked to infer that the cause of the exclusion was Shakspeare's reluctance to flatter the Queen.

To this we reply—1st. By asking M. Rio if he is prepared to assert that any of the companies of players had it in their power to refuse to play before the Court if called upon to do so? If he is not, what becomes of his absurd conjecture? If he is, we beg to refer him to the 'Commissio Specialis pro Edw. Tylney Ar. Magistro Revellorum,' issued by Elizabeth in 1581, which gave the Master of the Revels absolute control over 'all and every plaier or plaiers, with their play-makers, either belonging to any noblemen or otherwise,' for the purpose of Court entertainments. They were as much at his beck as the commonest workmen he employed. (*Shakesp. Soc. Papers*, vol. iii.) 2nd. It is not true that the Lord Chamberlain's servants had not been admitted to act before the Queen before 1594. Payments to them are recorded in the Council Registers at various dates between 7th January, 1575-6, to 19th February, 1581. The books are lost between June 1582 to February 1585, and again between 1593 and 1597. We confess we see nothing extraordinary in being unable to find an entry in books which have ceased to exist. Our readers may judge from the above how far M. Rio is justified in his conjecture that Shakspeare's religious convictions prevented him from acting before the Court.

Act, however, he did, we are told, in 1594, when 'Midsummer Night's Dream' was represented before the Queen. It may be so, but so far as we know there is not a particle of evidence in favour of the statement. In fact, we may take it as a rule that 'évidemment' in M. Rio's pages is invariably the prelude to a statement which is peculiarly destitute of demonstrative evidence. For the sake of argument, however, we will assume that the play was so acted before the Queen. We are then asked to believe that Shakspeare availed himself of this his first appearance by speaking of the Virgin Queen 'dans des termes singulièrement équivoques,' and by introducing an allusion, which M. Rio (following herein Warburton) scarcely considers covert, to the fate of Mary Queen of Scots! We fail to find anything singularly equivocal in the passage to which, as we presume, M. Rio alludes—II. i. 157-164 (Cambridge Ed.):—

‘Cupid all arm’d : a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal throned by the west,
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
 But I might see young Cupid’s fiery shaft
 Quench’d in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
 And the imperial votaress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.’

Anachronism apart, we are sure that Sir Walter Scott accurately described in the famous river-scene in ‘Kenilworth’ the impression which such a compliment, as unequivocal as it was delicate, must have made on the mind of the royal lady to whom it was addressed. With regard to her unfortunate rival, we had thought that Steevens, Ritson, Halpin, Gervinus, and others, had long ago disposed of the conjecture of Bishop Warburton. No one, we think, can doubt, on reading the famous passage referred to, viz. II. i. 148, *sqq.* :—‘Thou remember’st ‘since once I sat upon a promontory,’ that Shakspeare had before his mind the scene described by Gascoigne, Laneham, and Dugdale, and perhaps witnessed by himself, at the revels at Kenilworth in the summer of 1575. The point is not of much importance, but M. Rio’s total silence on the existence of another and more generally received interpretation serves to test his candour.

We pass over some minor absurdities, to hasten on to one of M. Rio’s grosser perversions of fact in the matter of Shakspeare’s play of ‘Richard II.’ :—

‘La plus importante de toutes, non seulement à cause des allusions hardies qu’elle contient mais aussi à cause de l’interprétation non équivoque que leur ont donnée les contemporains eux-mêmes. On peut dire que jamais composition dramatique ne joua un rôle si éclatant dans l’histoire politique d’aucun peuple, si l’on admet que le drame de Richard II., dont la représentation servait de prélude à l’insurrection d’Essex, était vraiment l’ouvrage de Shakspeare, et non pas une pièce plus ancienne qui lui avait fourni son cadre et peut-être quelques esquisses de caractères.’

We congratulate M. Rio on a discretion which he does not always show. He boldly asserts that Shakspeare’s play was the play which is stated to have been used as a stimulus to the rebellion of Essex, and to the deposition of Elizabeth, but he carefully abstains from giving his readers the slightest scent of the existence of any evidence on the subject. His ‘non équivoque’ in the passage quoted does duty for his ‘évidemment’ elsewhere. *A priori*, indeed, it would seem in the highest degree improbable that a play which stands alone in Shakspeare’s plays—we had almost said in English literature

—for its assertion of the Divine right of kings, and which excites in the reader and itself expresses the warmest sympathy and pity for a monarch, who, we are told, was a counterpart of the hated Elizabeth whose deposition was to be hailed with joy, should have been used to excite the citizens of London to feelings of animosity and acts of disloyalty against the Queen. But it is not with *à priori* evidence we can or need be content. We have abundant and irrefragable proof that Shakspeare was perfectly innocent of any of the intentions ascribed to him. We will endeavour to state this as succinctly as we can. In Mr. Spedding's 'Life of Bacon,' vol. ii. p. 289, we find the following passage in the 'arraignment' of Sir Gillie Merricke, who, it will be remembered, was deeply implicated in the Essex conspiracy:—

'That the afternoon before the Rebellion, Merricke, with a great company of others that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing King Richard II. Neither was it casual, but a play bespoken by Merricke. And not so only, but when it was told him by one of the players that the play was old and they should have loss in playing it because few would come to it, there were forty shillings extraordinary given to play it, and so thereupon played it was. So earnest he was to satisfy his eyes with the sight of that tragedy, which he thought soon after his Lord should bring from the stage to the state, but that God turned it upon their own heads.'

So that early in the year 1601 'a play of deposing King Richard II.' was called an 'old' play, and objected to by the players accordingly. Camden in his 'Annals,' 1615, p. 246, in speaking of the same accusation of Merricke, calls the play 'exoletam tragediam.' The evidence of 'Augustyne Phillyppes, 'servant unto the L. Chamberleyne,' is to the same effect, and bears out the statement in the arraignment of the play being 'so old.' A deposition of Merricke himself, which is also preserved in the State Paper Office (where it, like the former, was discovered by Mr. Collier) gives us some more exact particulars as to the title of the play. 'The playe was of King Henry the iijth and of the kylling of Kyng Richard the Second, played by the Lord Chamberlen's players.' This title of Henry IV. which is here implied agrees with what we read in the State Trials, i. 1445, 43 Eliz. 'They must needs have the play of Henry the Fourth.' It has been conjectured by Mr. Collier that a 'Richard II.' described by Dr. Simon Forman as having been seen by him at the Globe Theatre in 1611, and which assuredly from the description so given was not Shakspeare's play, might have been the play referred to in

the indictment of Sir G. Merricke. But, in the first place, we suspect that this last play bore the title of 'Henry IV.,' and in the second place we think it questionable whether a play, which in 1600 was demurred to as obsolete would, in 1611, have undergone a revival. The fact we take to be that there were countless plays which handled the reigns of English kings, and which have met with the entire oblivion they well deserved. It is sufficient for our purpose to have shown that there is not one tittle of evidence or of probability that the play which was acted on the 7th February, 1601, was Shakspeare's 'Richard II.'

But M. Rio's statements do not end here. He informs us that the fifth act of Shakspeare's 'Richard II.' was suppressed in the edition of 1597: that it reappeared again for a few hours as a prelude to the insurrection of Essex, and that afterwards a new *dénouement* was substituted for it by the author. Of the three statements here made we trust we have disproved the second, and we may add that the first and third are entirely false. If the reader will turn to the bibliographical notices which accompany each play in the Cambridge Edition, or in that of Mr. Collier, he will find that the fifth act is to be found in every edition, quarto and folio, of the play, and that the only addition made to the edition of 1507 was the lines which commence, 'Fetch hither Richard,' &c. (act IV. sc. i.) down to the end of the fourth act.

But greater marvels than these await us at M. Rio's hands. We will not pause to criticise the description of the play of 'Romeo and Juliet' as a 'réhabilitation de l'idéal ascétique' (!) or to denounce the implied laudation of priestly self-sacrifice foisted into a note about one of the characters, Friar John—'qui s'enferme avec les malades dans les hôpitaux'—whereas Shakspeare merely says that he was shut up by the 'searchers of the town,' we pass on at once to the play of 'King John,' which M. Rio regards as a grand assault against the bulwarks of Protestantism.

John Bale, a saturnine bigot—'Bilius Balæus' old Fuller calls him—the author of the famous 'Catalogue of British Writers,' was born in 1495, and died in 1563, a year before Shakspeare came into the world. He is the reputed author of a dramatic composition on King John, which so far as is known was not published before the year 1838, when Mr. Collier, on the strength of the writing, and of a notice in another work of Bale's, attributed a MS. of the Duke of Devonshire's, called 'Kynge Johan,' to the Bishop of Ossory, and published it among the works of the Camden Society.

Bale states that he wrote twenty-two dramatic works, 'idiomate materno.' If they were all of them such trash as the 'Kynge Johan,' their loss is not greatly to be deplored. Be this as it may, Shakspeare had a mission, and this mission was to demolish the 'apostate Bale:' to this mission we are indebted for the plays of 'King John' and of 'Henry VIII.' Unfortunately for this little theory, it is more than probable that Shakspeare had never so much as heard of Bale's play (which seems to have been written for the corporation of Ipswich), and almost certain that he had never read it; for, as we have seen, it was not published till 1838. Nor is this all. It is altogether certain that neither Shakspeare nor the author of 'The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England,' published in 1591, ever made the slightest use of Bale's play, even if we admit, for the sake of argument, that the opportunity was afforded them. From this 'Troublesome Raigne,' which M. Rio calls 'moins barbare mais non moins mensongère' than Bale's, Shakspeare has borrowed not inconsiderably—borrowed as men of his stamp are wont, by separating the gold from the dross, putting the one in vessels to be kept, and casting the other away. His kingly spirit looked down with more than ermined equity upon the rancorous squabbles and factious misrepresentations, and coarse slanders, whether of the Puritan or of the Papist, holding them to be as much at variance with good taste as with the weightier matters of the law. But because the pages of his 'King John' do not teem with virulent abuse of the profligacy of monks and with coarse details on the unchastity of nuns, are we to suppose for a moment, as M. Rio would have us suppose, that Shakspeare intended to fight the battle of the Pope against King John? Surely every candid reader of the play will be ready to endorse the language of Mr. Hunter, who very sensibly observes in his 'Illustrations of Shakspeare,' vol. ii. p. 14:—

'We have a passage in this play which must for ever decide the question whether the poet when he wrote it was a member of the Roman Church, or favourable for any scheme for its regaining its supremacy in England. The passage is this:—

"And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to a heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be called,
Canonized and worshipped as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life."

It is a speech of Pandulf. Shakspeare, it may be said, is only writing in the character of the speaker as a dramatist ought to do.

But if he had been a favourer of the system which many in his day would gladly have seen restored, he would not have put into the mouth of the representative of the Church a doctrine which the enemies of the Church attributed to its authorities, charged them with encouraging, while it is a doctrine which strikes at the root of all personal security, and is shocking to the common sense of right and wrong. If he had been at all solicitous for the honour of the Church he would have qualified and screened such a sentiment as this, or rather he would have suppressed it: and that he has done neither the one nor the other is a plain proof that he did not scruple to expose to the execration of the people the darkest parts of the system, and do his part to keep in mind that such extreme opinions might be cherished in the Church. If he himself secretly approved of them, which we cannot believe, he still would not have cared to expose them in all their native deformity. It should be remembered that something like encouragement was actually held out to take the life of Queen Elizabeth, or at least her ministers chose to have it thought so.'

Destitute of all other resources, either in fact or argument, M. Rio makes use of the weapon most familiar to him, and which we suppose we must call by no harsher term than misrepresentation. He boasts of Shakspeare having omitted in his play the plot between the abbot and the monk to poison King John, which is found in the 'Troublesome Raigne.' It is true that he does omit that vile scene. We cannot believe it possible that under any circumstances Shakspeare could have retained it. But what of that? If M. Rio thinks proper to forget, readers of Shakspeare will remember the lines at the close of the fifth act:—

Hub. The king I fear is poisoned by a monk.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you, a resolved villain.'

Then, again, he has the effrontery (no milder word occurs to us) to take in sober earnest the bitter irony of the famous monologue at the end of the second act, and to represent Shakspeare as wishing to disparage Faulconbridge in the two concluding lines, of which M. Rio quotes only the last:—

'Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, and I will worship thee.'

A conspicuous instance of M. Rio's misconception is to be seen in the next thrust he makes against the apostate Bishop of Ossory, whom he had only scotched, not killed, in the fray about King John. Bale had published in 1559 an account of the trial and condemnation of Sir John Oldcastle, under the title

of 'A brief Chronycle concernynge the examinacion and death of the blessed martyr of Christ Syr Johann Oldcastell.' M. Rio would have us believe that Shakspeare, in the First Part of 'Henry IV.,' in order to cast ridicule on the Lollard martyr, the glory of Protestantism, had introduced Oldcastle as the boon companion of Prince Henry, and had subsequently changed the name to that of Sir John Falstaff. The point is one on which opinions seem much divided. The evidence on the subject is so fully brought together in the 'Variorum Shakespeare' that we think it needless to go over the ground again, especially as it is a matter of infinitesimally small importance. For our own part, we do not think it is by any means established beyond doubt that Shakspeare ever made the substitution in question. But we will give M. Rio the benefit of the doubt, and assume as proved that the play, as it originally stood, had among its *dramatis personæ* the name of Sir John Oldcastle in lieu of Sir John Falstaff. Our charge against him is that he quietly suppresses the fact that if Shakspeare did take the name of Oldcastle, he only took what he found ready to his hand in 'The Famous Victories of King Henry the Fifth,' which was first published in 1598. Once upset the notion that Shakspeare had any *set purpose* in bringing Oldcastle on the stage, and the whole of M. Rio's fabric falls to the ground. If Shakspeare found that he had inadvertently given pain to some member of the family, we can easily believe that he would with alacrity have changed the name. What we require is a proof that he went out of his way to bring into disrepute a Protestant martyr as a studied insult to the enemies of the Church of Rome. Not only is the absence of such proof complete, but we have also evidence on the opposite side. In the Epilogue to the Second Part of 'Henry IV.' he actually retains the title of martyr as a designation of Sir John Oldcastle, a title which a fervent Roman Catholic, such as M. Rio imagines Shakspeare to have been, would have been loath to confer. The words of the Epilogue are:—'Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinion; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.' As if he had said (we are now arguing on the assumption that Falstaff was a later substitution):—'It is true that at first I made use of the name of Oldcastle, which I borrowed from "The Famous Victories," just as I borrowed from the same source the names of Ned and Gadshill, but as I have unconsciously given offence, I wish you to know that by the Falstaff here introduced I do not mean to cast any slur upon Oldcastle the martyr.' Regarded in this, which we believe to be the true

light, the whole affair assumes a very different complexion from that which M. Rio gives it.

We have not the patience to dwell minutely on the details of the remainder of this chapter, which contains a larger amount of nonsense than we have often seen put together in a limited compass. We must, however, glance at one or two of the grosser misrepresentations with which these pages abound. M. Rio expatiates, not without justice, on the character of Henry V., which is certainly one of Shakspeare's finest creations. But here, as everywhere, he deliberately puts forward as specimens of Shakspeare's religious fervour, incidents and expressions which are simply copied from older chronicles or plays. For example, he makes a great fuss about the King's injunction, 'Let there be sung "Non nobis" and "Te Deum"' at the end of Act iv., and adds other details which are not in the play at all, but which, together with those employed by Shakspeare, are to be found in Holinshed. In the next page he leads his readers to suppose that in Shakspeare's play is to be found the somewhat curious circumstance, also mentioned in the Chronicles, of the English soldiers before the battle of Agincourt kneeling down on the ground and biting a piece of earth—to which act Stowe * gives the gloss (not found in older chronicles) of a sacramental type, a gloss which M. Rio puts forward as if it had been found in Shakspeare; which might possibly have been the case, but, as it happens, is the reverse. Again, in connexion with the allusion to Essex in the well-known lines of the Chorus at the commencement of Act v., 'Were now the general of 'our gracious Empress,' &c., M. Rio actually wishes to make out that these lines were considered treasonable, and that to this we must attribute the fact of the play not being printed (except in a very imperfect form) during Shakspeare's lifetime. Shakspeare allowed this mutilated edition to circulate sooner than sanction a more complete edition *minus* the objectionable lines about Essex and Ireland! He makes a similar remark about the 'longue interdiction' of 'As you like it,' in which Jaques, it would seem, is intended to denote either Essex or Southampton, we cannot exactly make out which. Has M. Rio taken leave of his senses? Out of thirty-seven plays only fourteen were published during Shakspeare's lifetime. Does

* The passage in Stowe (p. 349, Ed. Howes) runs as follows:—
 'Every of them toke in his mouth a little piece of earth in remembrance that they were mortall and made of earth, *as also in remembrance of the Holy Communion.*'

M. Rio pretend to imply that the remainder laboured under a *longue interdiction*? And if not those twenty-one why these two? Such absurdities as these we really cannot condescend to discuss any further.

The whole of the fourth chapter is devoted to the play of 'Henry VIII.' It is ushered in by a long and scurrilous preamble on lying chroniclers and writers of plays who had handled that reign and whom, including Bishop Bale, Shakspeare was to demolish. Chettle, Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, Leland, Uvedale, Buchanan, Herbert of Cherbury, Fox, Speed, Baker, Heylin, Burnet, Carte, Echard—all these in various degrees come in for a lash at M. Rio's hands. Shakspeare scorned all the ordinary sources of information accessible in his day; 'official documents,' martyrologies, and chronicles were all of them shoved aside to make room for Erasmus and Cardinal Pole, for Saunders, for Campian; and for Cavendish. Shakspeare must certainly have enjoyed extraordinary facilities for consulting unpublished manuscripts. To say nothing of the letters of Cardinal Pole and of Erasmus, it is next to certain that Cavendish's 'Life of Wolsey' did not see the light till 1641. We shall not waste one line in further discussion on this subject. Shakspeare's knowledge and use of Cavendish's 'Life of Wolsey' was derived exclusively from 'that impudent liar' (as M. Rio calls him) Holinshed. The like holds with regard to Campian. We have never met with a tissue of more audacious misstatements than that which M. Rio has woven together in this preamble of twenty-eight pages.

There are three points to be considered respecting the play of 'Henry VIII.' When was it written? By whom was it written? And when was it acted? M. Rio considers it was written in 1602 (p. 228), but in the very next sentence he virtually contradicts himself. He there observes:—'le titre primitif était *All is true*, titre hardi et significatif, qui en faisait une œuvre à part et impliquait un démenti formel donné à ceux qui avaient l'histoire complice de leurs serviles mensonges.' Now, Sir Henry Wotton expressly says that the play called 'All is True,' which he saw acted at the *Globe Theatre* in 1613, and of which the description answers to Shakspeare's 'Henry VIII.,' was a *new piece*. But if, as M. Rio asserts, it was brought out in 1613 with a 'changement du titre primitif,' it was then called 'Henry VIII.' and not 'All is true.' We leave him to extricate himself from this dilemma as best he can. To our mind it does not seem to be proved or even to be probable that Shakspeare wrote the play

long before it was brought upon the stage in 1613. So much of the play as was Shakspeare's must have been in his latest manner. M. Rio has evidently an object in wishing to throw the composition further back. He seems to think it impossible that Shakspeare could have put into Cranmer's mouth a eulogy of Queen Elizabeth, at the time when Southampton was undergoing punishment for his share in the Essex conspiracy. With regard to the authorship, we hold it to be a fair ground for discussion whether the whole of the play was written by Shakspeare. Mr. James Spedding has gone fully into the subject in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1850, and his opinion is that Fletcher had a considerable hand in the composition of the play. It is superfluous to insist on the very great weight which is due to the opinion of a student of Shakspeare of such rare judgment and exquisite taste as are conspicuous in everything to which Mr. Spedding puts his hand. But apart from these *à priori* claims to consideration and respect, the arguments adduced by him are cogent in the extreme. This hypothesis, however, is very different from M. Rio's view that Ben Jonson in his triple character of assassin, apostate, and informer, piratically foisted in the whole of the fifth act, and so brought out the play in Shakspeare's absence and without his knowledge, under a new title! this new title, it will be observed, being the *titre primitif* on which M. Rio insists so strongly. A more monstrous absurdity could not possibly be conceived. To say nothing of the fact that Shakspeare was in London a short time before* the play was acted, it is preposterous to suppose that it could have been handled as M. Rio alleges without his knowledge and consent. On Mr. Spedding's hypothesis we should have no particular reason for not admitting that Cranmer's eulogy of Elizabeth may have been written by Fletcher. Grant that it was: still, we contend that it must have met with Shakspeare's full sanction before it was introduced into the play. Not a line could have been inserted by Fletcher, Ben Jonson, or any other collaborator, without Shakspeare's assent. And if we have carried our readers so far along with us, we would ask them to pause while they consider carefully the words of that eulogy, and ask themselves if a man who either wrote them or sanctioned their utterance could possibly have been other than

* It was in 1613 that Shakspeare executed, in London, the mortgage of the estate from Henry Walker. See Malone's 'Life of Shakspeare,' p. 501. Collier, 'Life of Shakspeare,' p. 204.

a warm adherent of the cause of Elizabeth, a warm opponent of the pretensions of the Romish See:—

‘This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
 Though in her cradle yet, now promises
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings
 Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be—
 But few now living can behold that goodness—
 A pattern to all princes living with her
 And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
 Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse her;
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
 She shall be loved and feared: her own shall bless her:
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her;
 In her days every man shall eat in safety,
 Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known: and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And by those claim their greatness not by blood.’
 &c. &c. &c. (Act v. v. 16.)

Besides, M. Rio seems to forget that the flattering allusions to Elizabeth are not confined to the fifth act; we find in the second act that she is spoken of prophetically as ‘a gem to lighten all this isle,’ and in the third act she is spoken of by anticipation as a ‘blessing to the land which shall in it be memoriz’d.’ Now, M. Rio admits—nay, contends—that all the play up to the fifth act is by Shakspeare. Here, then, is another dilemma in which we leave him to flounder. Some minor matters may be glanced at. M. Rio dwells with great unction on the manner in which the author of the first four acts has portrayed the character of Cardinal Wolsey. Without a moment questioning the exquisite beauty of the scene with Cromwell, is it quite in keeping with M. Rio’s theory to find the Cardinal accosted in the following words?—

‘I’ll startle you
 Worse than the sacring bell when the brown wench
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord Cardinal.’

What, too, of the character which Katharine gives of him in the fourth act? Once more: M. Rio asserts that if we except the fifth act, ‘on ne trouvera pas un seul vers à la louange de ‘Cranmer.’ This is not true: there are two lines in Act iv.

æ. i. In one he is spoken of as 'the virtuous Cranmer'; in the other it is said that Thomas Cromwell would be a close friend to him.

We had written thus far when it came to our knowledge that at a Shakspeare Congress which was to be held, or which was then sitting at Weimar, and at which the best Shaksperian scholars in Germany were to be present, this very question of Shakspeare's religious creed was one of the subjects to come under discussion. We immediately put ourselves in communication with Professor Ulrici, of Halle, and requested him to furnish us with any information he could supply on the purport of the discussion. With a courtesy and a promptitude which deserves our best acknowledgments, he informed us that M. Rio's book had been so thoroughly answered by Dr. Bernays in a paper which, as we gathered from Professor Ulrici's letter, was to appear in the transactions of the German Shakspeare Society, that it was felt there was nothing further left to discuss. We have not seen Dr. Bernays' review, but we rejoice to learn that M. Rio's book has been so thoroughly criticised by a writer who has arrived independently at the same conclusions as ourselves. Indeed, if we wanted any ægis under which to protect our attack, we could not do better than quote the words of an English Shakspeare scholar who has devoted to the study of our great poet an amount of time, of intelligence, and of labour of which few can boast, and to whom we are indebted for the following summary of his views on the subject before us:—

'In England from 1564 to 1616, among the middle and lower classes, not one in a hundred was a professed Roman Catholic; therefore in any given case the chances *à priori* against such a hypothesis are so great as to require strong positive evidence on the other side to outweigh the antecedent improbability.

'In Shakspeare's case the external evidence is of the weakest kind, and immensely outweighed by the silence of his contemporaries and immediate successors, and by the fact that his children, like himself, were baptised in the parish church, that he was never "presented" as a recusant, and that he was buried in the most honourable place in that church in front of the altar, and had a conspicuous monument erected to his memory. His daughter and his son-in-law were undoubtedly members of the English Church. The internal evidence for his supposed Romanist sympathies rests upon the most shadowy inferences, and is far more than counterbalanced by more positive and direct proof on the other side. In fact, we gather from his works that he was a loyal subject, an ardent patriot, and in both capacities sure to regard the Pope and his allies with detestation, and that, though anything but irreligious,

he was remarkably free from sectarian bias; so deeply impressed with the mysteries of life and death, of time and eternity, of moral good and moral evil, that he would regard the rivalry of formulas and rituals with indifference, and would not incur penalties or proscription for the sake of a thing he did not value.

'The question should be argued dispassionately, as becomes men whose sole object is truth. If it could be proved that Shakspeare had clung generously to a persecuted creed, it would rather raise than diminish our estimate of his moral worth; but I am convinced that the fact was otherwise, and that in religion, as in politics and morals, Shakspeare's thoughts and feelings were in unison with the thoughts and feelings of the nation of which he was the darling and the pride.'

We shall not attempt to follow M. Rio in detail through the concluding chapter of his work, which is so rambling and inconclusive that it would be a waste of time and of space to attempt to refute it. We are told that the play of 'Julius Cæsar' is a 'glorification audacieuse du complot dont Essex avait été le chef et la principale victime.' 'Measure for Measure' is a glorification of the 'ascetic ideal' and of 'cloistered virginity.' Coriolanus appears to be Essex, and Hamlet is Essex and the King is Leicester, and the Queen is Elizabeth and so is Othello; Desdemona, apparently, being Essex or Southampton, it is not quite clear which. With regard to Othello, M. Rio says, in the first place, that it was acted before the Queen in 1602, a statement which reposes on a notoriously forged document. In the second place, he wishes to make out that Othello is a devout Papist, 'au grand scandale des spectateurs protestants'—a Papist 'qui a foi dans tous les petits symboles matériels de la rédemption des péchés, et dans les petites pratiques de mortification comme la reclusion, le jeûne et la prière.' (P. 273.) In a note we find some lines from 'Othello' printed exactly as follows:—

'To all seals and symbols of redeemed sin

This hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty, fasting, and prayer,

Much castigation, exercise devout.' (Act III. sc. iv.)

An unwary reader would naturally suppose from the context and the note together that among the 'seals and symbols' were included by Othello this 'fasting and prayer,' &c. He will learn with surprise, not to say with indignation, that the first line, 'To all seals,' &c., is taken—and misquoted when taken—from another part of the play, where Iago, not Othello,

is the speaker, and where it is averred that this Papist is so passionately in love with Desdemona that at her bidding he would renounce his baptism and all seals and symbols of redeemed sin. We need not characterise proceedings as disingenuous as these.

We have hitherto allowed M. Rio to have it all his own way—that is, his book has designedly been made the text, and not the pretext of this article. To follow him over the ground inch by inch, and perpetually trip him up as he went from one misstatement to another, seemed to us the only way of effectually exposing the utter recklessness of assertion, the want of judgment and balance of mind, which makes him the most untrustworthy of guides. We must not, however, conclude without producing a few instances from Shakspeare's works, which help, as it seems to us, to corroborate the view we have been endeavouring to establish.

At the risk of being accused of setting a pyramid on its apex, we venture to assert that there is one passage in Shakspeare which alone would suffice to convince us that he was not, and could not, possibly have been a Roman Catholic. We refer to the words used by Juliet to Friar Laurence (iv. i. 37):—

‘ Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at *evening mass* ? ’

The same blunder has often been cast in the teeth of Sir Walter Scott by writers of the Romish communion, to whom it must, and certainly does, appear as absurd as to talk of evening breakfast. It seems to us morally impossible that any Roman Catholic could have made so absurd a mistake. And just in proportion as it would seem absurd in a Roman Catholic to speak of evening mass does it seem quite natural for Shakspeare as a member of the Reformed Church of England to talk as he does incidentally of ‘ priest and clerk ’* (Richard II. Act iv. i. 173, and again in ‘ Much Ado about Nothing,’

* We should attach less stress than we do to this passage if Shakspeare had used the plural ‘ clerks ’ instead of the singular: for then he might have referred to clerks in Holy Orders. In the Book of Common Prayer the first use we meet with of ‘ clerk ’ in the singular number, and in what we may call the modern sense, is in the Solemnization of Matrimony. The same use is continued in some of the special services—e. g. that for the 5th November, 30th January, &c. &c. But in all the rubrics anterior to these the word ‘ clerks ’ refers to the clergy in cathedral choirs and collegiate churches who accompanied and assisted the priest or celebrant.

II. i. 114, 'Taming of the Shrew,' IV. iv. 94). Mr. Simpson says that 'Shakspeare never makes an allusion or an observation in the least tending to depart from the respect due to the Catholic doctrines or sacraments, or to any other part of the Catholic system.' (*Rambler*, 1854, p. 24.) We find some difficulty in reconciling this statement with the allusion to 'twenty popish tricks and ceremonies' in 'Titus Andronicus' (v. i. 76); or with the vehement language of Laertes ('Hamlet,' v. i. 264), 'I tell thee, churlish priest,' &c. &c.; or with the close, and it would seem proverbial, affinity stated to exist ('All's Well that Ends Well,' II. ii. 28) between a 'nun's lip and a friar's mouth'—a passage which goes far, among others, to upset the statement made by Mr. Charles Butler that Shakspeare never says anything disparaging of religious orders. Can Mr. Simpson point out, on the other hand, any passage in which those doctrines and that system are treated with any special tokens of respect? Of course we refer to doctrines and sacraments peculiar to and distinctive of the Church of Rome, not to doctrines which are common to the Church of Christ wheresoever found. Mr. Simpson must pardon us for reminding him that communions other than that of Rome have held and hold that Jesus Christ was 'blessed Mary's son' (an expression he puts into italics as distinctively Catholic), and that His 'dear blood was shed for our grievous sins,' and 'His feet nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross.' In like manner, we may remark that it is scarcely consonant with Romish ideas of ritual to declare, as in 'Troilus and Cressida,' II. ii. 56:—

'Tis mad idolatry

To make the service greater than the God;'

though it is only what you would expect in a member of the Church of England to find him, as in the same play (III. i. 14), borrowing an expression from the 'Catechism,' 'You are in a state of grace,' or, as in another play ('Taming of the Shrew,' II. i. 66) from the Litany—'Good Lord deliver us,' or as in a third ('All's Well that Ends Well,' I. ii.), from the Collects of the English Church:—

'His plausive words

He scattered not *in ears*, but *grafted* them
To grow there and to bear;'

or as in a fourth play ('Much Ado about Nothing,' IV. i. 12), from the Marriage Service: 'If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it?'

That a considerable, nay, an entire sympathy with the doctrines was not wholly incompatible with a decided aversion to the hierarchy of the Church of Rome may, indeed, to a certain extent, be admitted. Still, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that any member of that Church as fervent as M. Rio represents Shakspeare to have been would have gone out of his way to paint the portrait of Cardinal Beaufort in 'Henry VI', or that of Cardinal Wolsey in 'Henry VIII.' If it be said—and experience teaches us that there is nothing too extraordinary for M. Rio to say—that Shakspeare found no opportunity in his plays for giving vent to his personal piety and his inmost convictions (though of both we are told his plays are full), the case is not improved when we turn to his 'Poems' and 'Sonnets.' The latter are the only part where the poet speaks in his own name, and not a word can we find in them which legitimately bears out the theory of their author's being a Roman Catholic. And not only so: deep-religious feeling of any kind is in the 'Sonnets' conspicuous by its absence. If we pass on to evidence of a less direct character, the strong feelings of patriotism which Shakspeare everywhere and under all circumstances displays, furnish a most cogent argument against his assumed sympathies with Rome. In the beautiful language of the Archbishop of Dublin—

'Shakspeare was the child of the England of the Reformation. He was born of its spirit; he could never have been what he was if he had not lived and moved in the atmosphere, intellectual and moral, which it had created. Nor was he merely its unconscious product. One who so loved England, "this demi-paradise," who dwelt with such affection on the annals of her past glory, who allows the beatings of his own patriot heart to be so clearly felt and seen as he tells the story of Agincourt, could not have been indifferent to the assertion of national independence which the Reformation involved. Indeed, all of us must have felt that we heard not another, but Shakspeare himself, speaking in those grand words with which he makes King John put back the pretensions of a foreign priest to "tithe and toll" in the dominions of an English king.' (*Sermon, &c.*, p. 11.)

If it should be objected that some of the words used by Shakspeare in the passage here quoted from 'King John' are taken from other and older sources, we reply that the two closing lines—

'All reverence set apart
To him and his usurped authority,'

are exclusively Shakspeare's own.

If we want to form some idea of the kind of evidence which ought to have been forthcoming in Shakspeare's plays if their author had been a Roman Catholic, we have only to turn to the plays of Massinger. Although the point has been contested by some critics, we are strongly of opinion that no reader can lay down the 'Virgin Martyr' and other of Massinger's plays without at least entertaining the question whether the writer may not have been a Roman Catholic. We hold it to be impossible, on the other hand, to name any one scene in any act in any of Shakspeare's plays which could for a moment suggest or warrant the notion that Shakspeare belonged to that communion. Certain it is that neither Pope, nor Dryden, nor William Davenant, ever gave the slightest indication of claiming him as one of their co-religionists.

Shakspeare, then, we maintain, and we trust have proved, was not, could not possibly have been, a Roman Catholic. Do we mean by this to assert that, on the other hand, he was an ardent member of the Reformed Church of England as by law established? No such thing. Ardent neither way was William Shakspeare. If, on the one hand, he had no sympathy with those 'who under hot ardent zeal would set whole 'realms on fire' ('Timon,' III. iii. 33), on the other hand, he sits not in the seat of the scornful, 'for the man doth fear 'God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests 'he will make' ('Much Ado about Nothing,' II. iii. 204). He well knew the perplexities of the age, and wisely elected to stand as far aloof from them as he could. As a Poet, indeed, he might have been expected, apart from the religious interests involved, to show tenderness rather than repulsion to the pomps and ceremonies of a splendid ritual, and to feel a lurking fondness for the hoarded traditions which in the lapse of ages had grown with the growth of the Church of Rome. On the other hand, as a man of true nobility of soul and breadth of feeling, coveting earnestly the best gifts, he could not choose but shrink with instinctive aversion from everything which fettered the intellect, crippled the will, and falsified the conscience. To take up a strong position on or against either side was not only incompatible with his temperament, which had nothing in common with that of the martyr, but was also fraught with danger and not demanded by duty. So he kept on the even tenour of his way, neither a Demas raging against the Church, nor a Gallio caring for none of these things; content to dwell with awe and admiration on the sublime doctrines of Christianity; content to recognise the mysteries of Life and Death.

the Now and the Hereafter, and so presenting in his works opinions which no system-monger can parcel out into a creed or squeeze into a formula; opinions so at one with all that is best and truest in Nature, with all that is highest and most precious in Revelation, that they have ever commended themselves to the judgment of the wise, and won the grateful homage of the good. While the vessel of the English Church was lurching now to the side of Geneva and now to the side of Rome, Shakspeare became impatient of the harbour to which he was moored by the accidents of birth, and set sail for the wider ocean of Humanity at large. And so it comes to pass that above the narrow janglings and bickerings of the age in which he lived, his 'easy numbers' rise to the full diapason of a more than earthly music, filling the heart with joy and gladness. Angry zealots like M. Rio and Mr. Simpson may rail and bluster as they will about the religion of Shakspeare, but we apprehend that those who study the subject with the greatest care and impartiality will ever be the foremost to acquiesce in the conviction that while no sectary can claim him as a partisan, no true Christian can disown him as a brother.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Journals of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*, from 1839 to 1865. 8vo. London.
2. *The Farm Homesteads of England*. Edited by J. BAILEY DENTON, M. Inst. C.E., F.G.S. 2nd Edition, 1 vol. imperial 4to. London: 1865.
3. *Reports of the Cattle-Plague Commissioners*. London: October 31, 1865.
4. *Orders in Council relating to the Cattle-Plague*, from July 1865 to December 1865 inclusive.

'AND they are the bane of agriculture'—these were, if we remember rightly, the concluding words of that memorable letter launched by Lord John Russell from Edinburgh in October 1845, which pledged the Whig party to the total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws, and clinched the resolution of Sir Robert Peel. No doubt, in the fierce contest which ensued between protectionists and free-traders, no article in the creed of commercial freedom was received with more scorn and incredulity than this assertion, that the laws expressly designed to foster and protect the interests of agriculture were

its bane. That truth, like many others, has only been brought home to the convictions of men by experience. But twenty years have now elapsed since the decision of this great controversy by the legislature. For twenty years the theory of free-trade in corn has been applied to the agriculture of England; and we are now able to point to the positive results of that great experiment, not only by the vast increase in our commercial and manufacturing industry, not only by the rapid growth of population and the ameliorated condition of all classes, but more especially by the improvement of British husbandry, by the enormous increase in the production of the soil, by the successful efforts of the British farmer to keep pace with the times, and by the general augmentation of the value of landed property. The sinister predictions of the Protectionist party have been falsified in every instance—farms are not abandoned, the land is not untilled, rents have not fallen, tenants are not ruined, landlords have not emigrated to Boulogne or Brussels—but, on the contrary, in no former period of the history of this island has the progress of agriculture been as great and rapid as in the last twenty years, or the result to all classes engaged in agricultural pursuits so satisfactory.

We are about to describe in the following pages the leading characteristics of this auspicious revolution—briefly indeed, for the subject is one on which innumerable volumes have been written, and we can allow but a few pages to the consideration of it. But it may be doubted whether the nation at large is aware of the extent of the progress which has been insensibly going on within it. To the disgrace of Parliament and of successive Governments, this country, almost alone in Europe and America, is entirely destitute of agricultural statistics. There are no records of agricultural industry and produce to which we can point with the certainty which the returns of the Bank of England give to the money market, or the returns of the Board of Trade give to our manufactures and our foreign commerce. It is only by particular observation and by general inferences that we can realise the advance we are really making: and the full sense of our progress only breaks upon us when we compare it with the agricultural condition of England, either half a century or a quarter of a century ago. We shall not go back to the earlier period, which would lead us too far from the immediate field of this inquiry; for although we hold that the repeal of the Corn Laws has greatly stimulated and accelerated the improvement of agriculture, we readily admit that the progress made between the termination of the war and

the year 1845 had been considerable. The Royal Agricultural Society came into being in 1838. About the same time other societies with similar objects were formed. The railway system, which was destined to produce most important effects on agriculture, as we shall presently see, was then beginning to come into extensive operation. We therefore take that year—1838—as our starting-point, and if we turn to the first volume of the ‘Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society,’ then just published, we shall find a paper entitled ‘The Present State of Agriculture in England,’ in which Mr. Pusey, a very competent authority, described the existing husbandry of the country, and expressed the views then entertained of its future prospects. From these pages we may conveniently borrow a passing sketch of the state of the question at the time we select for the outset of these remarks.

He commences by advocating the ridge or Northumberland system of turnip culture, in place of the broadcast system then prevalent; stating that the crop would be increased from 5 or 15—the general yield—to 25 or 30 tons per acre. The catalogue of farm implements then in use sounds meagre in our ears. Those mentioned are the plough, harrow, turnip-slicer, seed-drill, and threshing-machine. The slicer was only just introduced. Of the drill, which gave the farmer a mastery over those hosts of weeds that sucked away his profits, he remarks:—‘The use of another instrument, a more complicated one, by which the seed is laid in regular rows, has lately become frequent in southern as well as in northern England, though it has established itself so slowly that for a long time travelling machines of this kind have made yearly journeys from Suffolk as far as Oxfordshire.’ Horse threshing-machines were objected to by tenant farmers on the ground that they would be at a loss to find work in winter for their men were such machines used. Steam for threshing-machines is mentioned as a dream of the future—not very far off; in fact, already proposed for travelling threshing-machines in France. He deals with Smith of Deanston’s theory of drainage suspiciously, but contends that land should be drained to carry off the surface-water. The trenching and subsoiling of land he mentions as operations successfully performed in Holland. Bones he speaks of as applied for the first time in 1835, and in giving a list of artificial manures he mentions only lime, marl, peat-ashes, gypsum, nitre, and the refuse of certain trades. He alludes to improvements in breeding, to our cattle, sheep, and swine stocks as the sources to which other nations do look, and will look, for refined blood; and by way

of throwing out a lure, computes at a profit of 20 per cent. the advantages derivable from the early maturity of New Leicester sheep. Concerning the rotation of crops Mr. Pusey makes the following far-seeing remark, the truth of which has since been fully endorsed by all men of large experience :—

‘But though the Norfolk, or alternate, or four-course system of husbandry has conferred such great though silent benefits on the country, it may be doubted whether that system has not accomplished all that it is capable of, and must not pass into another.’

He closes with a strong hope that the meetings to be henceforth held may bring practical men and solitary experimentalists more together, and that the Agricultural Society may act as a common centre endowed with centripetal and centrifugal motion, to receive and disseminate the new life-blood that was to be poured into the rural system.

From these indications we gather that the Royal Agricultural Society was not as a thing out of time. It was almost the first application to agriculture of the truly English principle of association. There was a great work to be done, in which it was well fitted to take part. It has been stated that other societies came into being at about the same time. The Irish Society (in 1841), and the Yorkshire Society (in 1846); the Bath and West of England (1777), the Smithfield Club, and the Highland (1784) Societies were formed at an earlier period; indeed, the progress of agriculture in Scotland had been far more rapid than in Southern Britain. The unparalleled success of the Royal Agricultural Society appeared to infuse new life into the older societies, which now possess nearly as wide an influence as their younger rival. One of its most desirable effects was not to weaken, but to strengthen, all existing institutions. In this way the societies already mentioned waxed from pigmies to powers, and beneath them grew up 358 local associations, which by means of annual local shows, lectures, and the like, do their best to promote interchange of thought and spread of opinion. In 1839, the English Society numbered 1,338 subscribers: their avowed objects being to disseminate information by means of a journal, together with meetings for the exhibition of live-stock, vegetables, vegetable seeds, and machinery. Chemical, geological, and veterinary departments were established for the purpose of promoting research in these directions. According to a recent report*, the Society has during the last twenty-three

* Royal Agricultural Society's Journal, vol. xxv.

years received the steady personal support of 5,000 leading agriculturists, and its annual disbursements, in the shape of journal expenses, grants to scientific departments, prize-money, and expenses of county meetings, have reached 11,500*l.* Its affairs have been conducted with great spirit and liberality, and whenever its funds have been heavily taxed to stimulate a backward and thinly-peopled district*, a visit to some busy hive of industry has always sufficed to make up the leeway.

Although this Society began to exert an immediate influence for good, it would have been as powerless as the Board of Agriculture, and the societies that existed before it, had it not been for free trade, and the facilities of transport presented by railway enterprise. These twin forces excited it to action, and almost the first serious business before it was to determine by what means farmers were to be supported when the crutch of Protection was withdrawn.

The surprising increase of population had for some time given special prominence to the question, 'how are the people to be fed?' and that, as Sir Robert Peel has recorded in the history of his own conversion, was the difficulty which weighed upon the mind of every reflecting man, and satisfied even the advocates of Protection that a change was at hand for which it would be wise to prepare. The change in national policy indicated a change in the system of husbandry, and even before the advent of Free-trade intelligent landowners were urging their tenantry to think less of wheat-growing, and more of 'green crops,' which henceforth should be regarded as the mainstay of British agriculture. Probably this change would have resulted from other causes. His own instincts seem to have been leading the farmer in the same direction; for since the great arterial channels of communication by railway had been laid down, it had become evident that, year by year, the circle was widening within which dairy farming, the cultivation of vegetables for sale, the production of meat, together with a more garden-like management of the soil, were the most profitable points to which he could direct his labours.

* A Cumberland farmer recently exclaimed, 'Thanks to the Royal Agricultural Society's holding their meeting at Carlisle, I believe that meeting was instrumental in opening the eyes of many of our Cumberland mechanics. Previous to 1855 our county was wont to boast of her ploughmen, and when it came to the test at Carlisle we were well beaten upon our own soil; not that our ploughmen were deficient in skill, but they had not the implements to work with.'

Steam it was, upon the heaving billow and the iron way, that made possible what we know as 'high farming.' It brought remote parts of the country into the neighbourhood of consuming towns, and thus not only gave the farmer access to the large supplies of fertilisers or cattle-food either at home or abroad, but swiftly found a ready market for all perishable produce. In a word, it placed him nearer to the markets in which he had to buy and the markets in which he had to sell, and by reducing the impediments of time, space, and carriage, it placed a new element at his command.

Stock or high farming, which may be considered synonymous terms, depends upon the cordial co-operation of landlord and tenant. It involves a heavy expenditure on the part of the tenant, but a heavier on that of the landlord. But the initiative lies with the landlord; if he will not move, the tenant must remain where he is. As a rule the large and influential body of landowners were alive to their interests and their duty. They construed their feudal privileges in accordance with the spirit of the age, and, now that their fortunes were not required to defend the country, expended them in efforts to impart comfort and happiness to the people. The return, in the shape of increased rent, and in the augmentation of the price of land, has already more than rewarded their confidence. As might be expected, the first examples of high farming were found upon some of the great territorial estates. The Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Leicester, Lord Hatherton, and the Marquis of Londonderry, were a few only of those who early associated their names with the movement. In the following summary of a letter addressed to his tenants by the late Lord Londonderry, we have a good sample of the opinion which prevailed amongst men who sought not to dissever duties from rights in their relation to landed property.

After pointing out the inevitable consequences of an adherence to the common system of two crops and a fallow, he recommended a change, the main principle of which was to get rid of successive corn crops, and to substitute green crops for bare fallow. In order to accomplish this, he proposed—1st, to drain the land in the best manner, charging 5 per cent. on the outlay; 2nd, to improve the buildings and fold yards, so that the stock might be kept under cover, and their provender be economically consumed; 3rd, to make liquid manure tanks to receive the drainage of the houses and folds; 4th, to give his tenants gratis, from one to two cwt. of guano, or an equivalent of dissolved bones, to be applied, in addition to the manure made upon the farm, to green crops; 5th, to provide a supply

of bones and guano for sale to the tenants at cost price, and to erect a bone mill and apparatus for dissolving bones, the use of which was to be given to such of the tenants as chose to avail themselves of it.

To foster this germ of progress among farmers became the duty and care of the Agricultural Society. Its constitution and apparatus particularly fitted it for this mission, and, by the time that the abolition of the Corn Laws was finally achieved, it was found to have done good and effectual service in the land. Its journal, bearing the motto 'Practice with Science,' and issued half-yearly, made its way to the home of every considerable farmer, and did much to prepare them for the abandonment of Protection, and to soften the prejudices aroused by that act. Although the greatest alarm was expressed, on the part of a very large portion of the farming community, there existed a steady assurance in the hearts of not a few, that all would be right—that farmers would thrive even though the market price of wheat were 40s. a quarter.

High farming, a term concisely expressing the advantage taken of all lights thrown by science upon agriculture, bore very early fruit. When Mr. Caird as *Times Commissioner* made his agricultural tour in 1850-51, he found a great many men who seemed very much the better for being cast upon their own legs. In nearly every district however backward he could point to some farm where a liberal landlord and an enterprising tenant combined, like philosophers of the Taplean school, to work on with spirit and perseverance, though circumstances were adverse. We borrow from Mr. Caird the following examples of that period:—

The farm of Sir J. Conroy, 'a fair stock-land farm' near Reading, was one of the first that attracted the inquirer's attention. The entire plot of 320 acres had been laid dry with four feet drains. The wooded hedgerows had been removed. The land was well laid out and farmed on the four-course shift, all the then known appliances of science being adopted to insure speed, economy, and efficiency in the tillage operations. Great judgment was used in the selection of stock. The Southdown ewe, crossed with the Leicester, produced a half-bred lamb, which, having been well kept from birth, was ready for market by Good Friday, the mother following, forced on by high feeding, in an incredibly short space of time. The buildings are represented as ample and convenient. The cattle-sheds roomy and well ventilated, and the barn and food-preparing houses fitted with complete machinery driven by a steam-engine. Provision was made for the careful preservation

of manure, which, enriched by large quantities of oilcake and feeding stuffs of home and foreign growth, went to force the green crops, which resulted in the purchase of more quadruped consumers. Thus every department was stimulated—for the corn crops participated in the liberal culture—the landlord, the tenant, and the country being all benefited.

A year earlier the same writer published an instance in which kindred results to these were reduced to a money value.* Briefly stated the facts are these:—In 1836 a Mr. M'Culloch had entered upon an arable farm of 260 acres, in a fair average state of cultivation, about twelve miles distant from the little Scotch town of Stranraer. His first care was to secure the good offices of his landlord, who cordially furthered his views by doing such drainage, and erecting such buildings, as were wanted. This done, the tenant reduced the proportion of land devoted to grain from three-fourths to two-fifths, and appropriated nearly two-fifths to drilled corn crops. Instead of 5*l.* or 10*l.* an acre he brought a capital of 13*l.* 10*s.* an acre to the work, and by the judicious use of this he raised the annual produce from 642*l.* to 2,518*l.* in 1849. His predecessor had expended in rent 152*l.*, in labour 142*l.*, in manure and food nothing. He had paid in labour 417*l.*, in manure and food 526*l.*, and was thus enabled to pay an additional 110*l.* in rent, besides 48*l.* in interest upon outlay in drainage and building. The head of cattle was doubled, and the sheep were multiplied by seven, all being highly fed. The grain-growing powers of the soil increased under the fertilising process—wheat increased from 20 to 36 bushels per acre, and the other crops in like degree. In short, if the total expenditure of the former tenant returned him 83*l.* as profit, Mr. M'Culloch raised his remuneration to more than 900*l.*

Lord Leicester's estate was sure to furnish many notable instances of high or stock-farming. The aggregate results of the system were to the landlord pleasantly manifest in the rise of the rental of the estate itself from 5*s.* to 25*s.* per acre, within 50 years. 'Within this period,' says Mr. Caird, 'as much as 400,000*l.* is said to have been expended by Mr. Coke and his successor in permanent improvements,' and to this spirited conduct his tenantry responded by an expenditure 'for artificial food and manures, in the same time, of not less than 500,000*l.*, to their own great advantage, as well as that of the estate.' Mr. Hudson's farm at Castleacre has long been quoted as a model of successful management on a large scale. It will bear a

* 'High Farming,' by James Caird, of Baldoon : 1849.

further reference. This farm of 1,400 acres consisted of 1,200 acres cropped on the four-course system, and 200 acres in pasture. 'The principle here adopted is to manure for every crop.' To pursue such a plan an annual expenditure of 1,000*l.* was incurred for salt, superphosphate, and guano, while the home-made manure was increased and enriched by an expenditure for cattle food to the value of 2,000*l.* annually. 'Thirty-seven years ago, we are told, the stock annually kept on this farm was 400 sheep and 30 bullocks; it now averages 2,500 sheep and 150 bullocks. The wheat and barley crops then did not exceed 22½ bushels an acre; that average is now nearly doubled; every crop is drilled, and the land kept perfectly clean. The roads and fences are all maintained in the best order, and the beauty and regularity of all the crops now growing on the farm sufficiently attest the enterprise and skill of the farmer.'

Again:—Lord Hatherton's estate at Teddesley, in Staffordshire, thirty years ago, was in a most neglected state; great part of it a worthless waste, without roads, undrained, open, and exposed. It is now a rich, fertile domain, carrying luxuriant crops of wheat and barley, the upper parts ornamented with sheltering woods, the pastures folded over with flocks of Southdown sheep, the extensive farm buildings filled with cattle, while the lower slopes are covered with verdure produced by irrigation.

Such authenticated statements as these, demonstrating that the drain pipe, the dung cart, and the sheep's foot exerted a fairy influence over the productive powers of the soil, doubling it in periods of ten or twenty years, are by no means uncommon.

But the opponents of the Free-trade policy sought to raise political capital out of what they advanced as a fact respecting the wheat soils of the country. They affirmed that green crops and stock-farming were not applicable to the extensive and important class of clay lands, which could only be farmed to advantage on the old plan, two crops and a fallow. When the case, however, came to be looked into, instances were not wanting to show that capital ingeniously applied could extract thirty tons of turnips per acre from rank clay, and feed sheep on it too. In fact, thorough deep drainage was found so entirely to change the texture of clay as to render it amenable to the four or five course rotation. Of the farm of Mr. Atkinson near Seaham, Durham, Mr. Caird remarks:—

'The soil is so stiff and strong that it is managed with a bare fallow until drained, but as soon as drainage is effected fallows are

dispensed with, and the regular system of the farm carried out, as on more friable soils. On one field, drained last spring, there is now growing an excellent crop of swedes, estimated at 28 tons an acre. The remainder of the farm, ameliorated by drainage, was cropped in the following manner: clover, potatoes, wheat, turnips, potatoes, wheat sown out with seeds. The leading features of this management are that two-thirds of the land are in well-manured green-crops and one-third in white corn-crop. The successive green-crops keep the land clear and friable, and render the farm comparatively cheap, both in manual labour and horse-work; seven pairs of horses could not under other circumstances accomplish satisfactorily the work of a farm of this size. Then, not only are the green-crops heavily manured, but the intervening wheat-crops also. In five out of six years the soil receives an annual application of manure. The farmer is thus enabled to grow the most valuable crops—potatoes and wheat—for sale, and swedes and clover for consumption. He can sell two-thirds of the annual produce of his arable land without injuring the farm, because he restores to it a full equivalent in manure. Comparing the returns of this six-course with those of the “two-crop and fallow” system, there is a difference more than adequate to meet the increased charges of higher rent, labour, and manure, and, when all these are deducted, a handsome balance remains for interest and tenants’ profit, whereas the whole produce under the latter system cannot, at present prices, pay the expenses of cultivation, without leaving a farthing for rent or tenants’ profit.’

The obstacle to the adoption of this practice was, as a general rule, the weakness of the landlords. The drainage of stiff clays was a stiff matter. It wanted a landlord with a strong back, and, unfortunately, the great bulk of such soils were held by poor men, or men who took little interest in them. To a large extent they were mortgaged. The Minister then at the head of affairs, however, understood the difficulties of the case and prepared to meet it. He saw that a large class of men must suffer, for the clay lands under the prevailing system were declining in fertility, and those who farmed them would soon be unable to pay even the reduced rents to which landlords were compelled to submit. A remedy was devised in the shape of a loan of four millions sterling, repayable by instalments extending over twenty-two years, which was rapidly taken up, and has now, to a great extent, been repaid to the State, after conferring an immense benefit on the community.

Those readers who have followed the narration thus far will see how the most thoughtful and advanced men of their time designed to meet the exigencies of the case. Almost all that has occurred since Mr. Caird wrote has been in the nature of elaboration and extension; elaboration and extension, be it

observed, that have required more than the co-operation of the landed proprietor. Several agents claim to have a share in promoting the general result. The mechanic, the theoretical and practical chemist, the geologist, the physiologist, the capitalist, the trader, the architect, the writer, and the schoolmaster, each takes his place among the promoters of agricultural improvements.

The services of the Chemist cannot be sufficiently estimated. When Sir Humphry Davey lectured in 1812, he did so to deaf ears, so far as the farmer was concerned, for agriculture had not then agreed to emblazon 'Practice with Science' upon her shield. When she had done so at a later date, the proffered guidance of Liebig and Boussingault, of Way and Johnstone, of Lawes, and Gilbert, and Voelcker, was eagerly accepted. When Liebig and Boussingault exhibited the analysis of the soil and the plant, and discovered the relation that existed between them, the farmers recognised something more than the existence of hard names in the chemist's brain. They discovered an ability to help them. Under the rule of thumb, they had been attempting to increase the power of soils by the application of such artificial stimulants as they could obtain—sometimes with success, sometimes without, but always with uncertainty. They were, therefore, ready to receive with gladness the light which science cast upon the road, and being supplied with a better rule, they began to apply gypsum, and nitrate of soda, and bones, and guano, with judgment and result. Liebig won further honours by a very simple suggestion affecting the treatment of bones with sulphuric acid, which, by rendering them immediately assimilable by the roots of plants, so enhanced the demand for this commodity, that the alert traders, after spoiling the battle-fields of Europe and the bone caves of antiquity, penetrated, at the bidding of the geologist (Professor Henslow), far down to a stratum of the cretaceous formation, where lay the fossil remains of extinct creatures that had sported in the primeval oceans and forests, and whose remains had been reserved through countless ages by a singular disposition of Providence to give increased fertility to the soil and fresh food to man. Professors Way and Johnstone, both as writers and as practical chemists, analysing the soils sent them, and advising the proper manures to be applied to restore the disturbed balance of power, contributed materially to the same object; and Mr. Lawes, while taking a lively interest in the analytical investigations then prosecuted by himself and others, commenced the manufacture of fertilisers to be applied under varying circumstances to

different crops, at different stages of their growth. A series of experiments carried out upon his own farm, at Rothampsted, first satisfied him of the value of his compounds, and they were then manufactured in immense quantities. Coprolites, a Norwegian mineral named appatite, promising a large percentage of phosphate of lime, bones, guano, and sulphuric acid, were all largely used. This was not the goal, however. At the time he was thus prescribing with Dr. Gilbert in the Rothampsted laboratory for exhausted soils, Mr. Lawes was prosecuting another series of experiments that resulted in what will prove to the farmer one of the most important discoveries of modern times. These experiments, extending over a period of twenty-four years, with wheat grown on the same land year after year without manure or the intervention of fallow, proved that soil, under fair husbandry, possessed a natural standard of fertility. This standard, at Rothampsted, appears to be sixteen bushels per acre. Thus is afforded the 'key,' as Mr. Thompson terms it, to the mystery involved in the variable term '*condition*;' for henceforth we know that 'land that is thoroughly run out' means land that is reduced to its original standard of productiveness. Any condition it possesses in addition to this, be it more or be it less, consists simply of the *remains of previous crops and previous manurings*. It follows that, after any ordinary amount of bad farming, sufficient manure of the right kind will quickly return to the soil, not its natural productiveness, which it is scarcely possible to destroy, but that acquired fertility which we may now describe as *good condition* without fear of being misunderstood.*

Professor Voelcker has also rendered great service by his investigations into the constituent elements and the growth of plants, and by his discovery of their dependence upon the mechanical conditions of the soil they root in. Proof has been afforded that the sterility of some soils may be owing to the absence of certain conditions unfavourable to the display of concealed powers. It is absolutely essential that the gases of the atmosphere, especially the great life-supporter, oxygen, as well as rain, should have free access for purposes of combination to the chambers of the soil; but unless the soil be laid dry, and pulverised to a great depth, this is not possible. The farmer thus advised to work with nature speedily took to drainage on a more extensive and systematic plan, to cultivate deeply with horse-power, and ultimately with steam. Much has also been

* 'Progress of the Royal Agricultural Society,' R. A. S. E. Journal, vol. xxv.

accomplished by the chemist in the selection and preparation of food for cattle. Many foreign substances have been brought into use, and everything used in the production of meat is analysed, appraised, and tabulated for the information of farmers, in the same way as the fertilisers mentioned above.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the service rendered to Ceres by Vulcan. The triumphs that have been won in the field and the homestead ought to form no small portion of the songs of the forge and the hammer. It is strange to read that first prize-sheet issued by the Royal Agricultural Society, or the first cautious encomium pronounced on the corn-drill by the able editor of the Society's journal, by the light of the present achievements of mechanical skill, or, if you please, within earshot of the great hum of human activity at Ipswich or Bedford, Leeds or Lincoln. The distinguished agriculturists whose names the document bears (some of them are alive now, for it was no longer ago than 1839), deliberately apportioned in the following manner the 975*l.* set apart by the Society for prizes:—75 per cent. to stock, 13 per cent. to written compositions, 10 per cent. to seed-wheat, and 1½ per cent. to implements—so faintly did they foresee at that time the extent of the revolution they were assisting to bring about. They who saw the bullock yielding to the horse, saw not how the horse was to yield to the steam-engine. They saw not that the mechanic was to multiply the force of one man by the creation of an untiring non-consuming piece of mechanism, nor that the British husbandman would be enabled to augment his produce and at the same time diminish his expenses.

Civilisation can hardly be said to have commenced when a man applying his force to the soil is capable only of producing subsistence for himself. When the labour of two suffices for the support of three men, so that the labour of the third can be set free for the production of surplus articles, an advance may be said to have been made like that shown in Ireland in 1841, where 1,000 persons engaged in agriculture provided food for 1,511 persons, including themselves. In Great Britain at the same date 1,000 persons similarly employed supplied the wants, as respects food, of 3,984. The census of 1861 showed a surprising increase in this direction, which is clearly due to mechanical skill applied to agriculture.

Those who are not satisfied with this general result have only to turn to the implements designed to prepare the seed-bed—uniform in depth and perfectly comminuted—and compare them with the ploughs and harrows with which the farmer attempted to perform his laborious, costly, and unsuccessful

tillage in 1838. The mechanic was requested to construct a machine capable of depositing any sort of seed, in known quantities, at a regular depth, in parallel lines of optional distance from each other, with or without manure, and lo! that wonderful invention the drill, in the absence of which our present clean and orderly system of farming would be impossible. Before 1851 little need was experienced by the farmer for supplementary aid during harvest, but subsequently, when emigration had lessened the number of labourers, the mechanic placed in his hands machines that would mow both grain and grass-crops, effecting at the same time a saving of both time and money. Being introduced to the barn, and shown the apparatus for threshing and winnowing, from the man with 'two-sticks' to the fans and riddles, he quickly devised the means of combining these processes within a single framework, and at one operation to thresh the sheaf, divide the straw from the chaff, separate the corn into different qualities, and finish up by sacking and weighing off the grain. He quickly improved upon old-fashioned means of cutting straw, pulping or slicing roots, grinding corn, crushing linseed, oil-cake, and bones, and where it was required brought all these machines under one roof, and, by horse-power or steam, gave to them simultaneous motion. No sooner had a self-taught mechanic, one Reade, produced a hand-made clay pipe with which Mr. Parkes, of drainage celebrity, assured Lord Spencer 'he could 'drain all England,' than a machine was placed at the disposal of the landed proprietors by Thomas Seragg, 1845, that would produce thousands of drain-pipes in a day. This rapid sketch will convey some impression of the unfailling assistance that has been afforded by the mechanic and engineer to the farmer during the period under review. In Scotland, more especially, there is hardly a farm of any importance, from the fertile banks of the Tweed to the northern farms of Sutherland and Caithness, where the chimney of the stationary engine, towering over the long ranks of corn-stacks and hay-ricks, does not prove that the alliance between mechanism and husbandry is complete in North Britain, and that henceforth the latent forces of coal and steam are as valuable allies to the farmer as they are to the sailor or the manufacturer. These engines have generally been erected in Scotland by the landlords, with an addition to the rent sufficient to pay a fair rate of interest on the outlay; without such machinery no good tenant in the North would now consent to take a farm.

We have yet to speak of the application of steam to the tillage of the land. It has been already shown that those who

farmed the clays of this country, observing the 'two crops and fallow system,' were alone in danger of ultimately suffering from the unrestricted importation of foreign grain. This system they were advised to abandon in favour of another embracing the growth of green crops and the feeding of sheep. The first step necessary to this transition, already alluded to, was to lay the land dry. But it was discovered that the only method by which root crops could be grown with certainty and success, was by preparing the land for them in the autumn. No amount of mechanical trituration could equal what some writer terms 'nature's wayward team, frost, snow, wind, and rain,' and to avail himself of these gratuitous forces the farmer must turn a deep furrow in the field reserved for his crop before such forces began to work. He recognised the value of the advice, but could not act upon it. It was evident that horse-labour would be economised, inasmuch as one ploughing at the right time surpassed in effect many at the wrong time; that an early seed-time would be secured; that a far better time for the cartage of manure would be obtained; and that, instead of leaving the land virtually closed to the winter rains and the chemical effects of the atmosphere, the rain, sinking where it fell, would leave its fertilising properties in its passage downwards, and invite the air to follow. But the farmer's horses were limited in number, and he could not afford to keep all the year round the horse-power that would suffice for the emergency. In this difficulty the man fertile in mechanical resource again came to the assistance of the puzzled cultivator. It was soon explained that not only a supplementary power was wanted, which could be used at pleasure and kept without cost when unemployed, but one capable of penetrating a subsoil which, by the perpetual trampling and sliding of a four-horse team and plough, weighing more than forty cwts., over every ten or eleven inches of its width, was rendered impenetrable to tender rootlets, to rain and to air. After prodigious labour and expense this problem was solved by John Fowler, assisted by many others, in the year 1858. It is unnecessary here to state the difficulties that met the inventor, or the number of unsuccessful attempts to give the farmer what he wanted. The statement of the fact alone will suffice, that a tool weighing not more than four or five cwts., for every foot in the width worked by it, carried on wheels, so as not to close the surface over which it travels, and driven by a power that does not press upon the land, was, after eight years of incessant toil, well described before a meeting of the Birmingham Me-

chanical Engineers*, placed at the disposal of the farmer. The enterprising tiller of clay land, who had watched with great anxiety the progress of the invention, was delighted with the unexpected realisation of it. It exceeded his conception. He found himself in possession not only of a deeper delving tool than the horse-drawn plough, but of one that would work more effectually at about half the cost. By its means, too, he was enabled to invert or break up a large area in a short space of time, and thus take full advantage of those short seasons allowed in this climate for the working of argillaceous soils. The foundation of these assertions may be looked for in Mr. J. C. Morton's impartial and lucid reports of steam-cultivated farms†, and in Mr. Algernon Clarke's able report, entitled 'Five Years' Progress of Steam Culture.'‡ Mr. Clarke shows that all who have used this apparatus in either of the three forms it assumes §, while they increase their power diminish their expenses, and augment the produce of their fields. He says, 'Many steam farmers, by their own showing, have augmented their produce by four to eight bushels per acre; have grown roots where no roots before could be grown; have largely increased the bulk of their green crops; and at the same time cleared hundreds of pounds per annum by the mere difference between the expenses of steam and animal tillage.'

There are now some hundreds of these machines at work in England and Scotland. As a general rule, their application is confined to the heavier descriptions of soils, the texture of which is observed to be wonderfully changed in the course of two or three seasons. Unyielding clays become friable, and soon admit of turnip-culture and sheep-folding. The benefits of drainage, too, become strikingly apparent when the subsoil has been disturbed by the steam-driven share. The farmer, finding the risks of capital reduced, expends more freely in manures, and experiencing a relief from the heavy payments for animal force, turns the surplus to the development of other resources. The more he digs, and the deeper he digs, the more the earth will open and impart to him the treasures of her fertility. It is the old fable of the dying husbandman who incited his sons to dig over the vineyard in search of a buried

* See Proceedings of Birmingham Mechanical Engineers, 4th May, 1865.

† Gardener's Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette.

‡ R. A. S. E. Journal, vol. xxiv.

§ Fowler's, Howard's, Smith's.

treasure. The treasure is buried, but it is the earth herself which holds it, and the labour of man, now aided by the ingenuity of man, is to set it free. Professor Voelcker says that every additional inch in depth unlocks new resources of enormous value, and he states, moreover, in his intelligent 'reasons for the infertility of some soils,' that the mass of poor clay soils are infertile 'because they are in an unfit state to receive manure.' Land is neither fertile nor sterile *per se*; and perhaps there is hardly any description of soil which may not be made to yield increase with suitable treatment and suitable crops. Although steam cultivation has made comparatively little progress on the light lands—lands easily ploughed with a team of two horses—there is no reason to prevent it. When once the implements are adapted to the altered conditions of the case, steam apparatus will be in demand as a substitute for horse-power where expedition in the process performed is alone requisite apart from depth of tillage.

Mr. Bailey Denton's Book of 'Farm Homesteads' leaves us in no doubt as to the benefit agriculture has derived, and is likely to derive, from the constructive ability of the Architect. It is a large work, carefully executed, and well deserves the attention of the landowners to whom it is inscribed. The ideal homestead of the painter and poet usually consists of a straggling and picturesque row of hovels, erected without reference either to convenience or health, their chief characteristics being, without, thatch, faggots, and boards; within, cobwebs, gloom, and reeking exhalations. Such homesteads might answer the requirements of past times; but when men began to give more attention to the care of live stock for propagation or consumption, and to lay out large sums of money in feeding stuffs, they required buildings specially adapted to their objects. Beef and mutton, veal and pork, poultry and eggs, milk, butter, and cheese, were to be manufactured under cover, and manufacturing premises were therefore required. These structures, further, must be suited to the districts in which they lie, to the size and character of the farms on which they are situated, and to the system of husbandry pursued. When a man is expected to pay interest for expenditure, he expects to pay only for that which is useful to him. Recently much attention has been given to this branch of art, and Mr. Denton's work deals not in fanciful sketches, but exposes 'the leading principles of farm architecture, as they are illustrated by accomplished results on the farms of our foremost agriculturists.'

The architect has observed that certain conditions and cir-

circumstances, such as climate, soils, altitude of surface, and density of population, have founded distinct classes of husbandry known as pastoral or permanent grass farming, tillage or arable farming, mixed farming, and home, suburban, and pleasure farming, and that in each of these cases a different arrangement of the buildings is necessary. To suit the pastoral farmers who tend their fleecy flocks upon the elevated lands in the North, West, and South-West counties, hill plantations and simple stone stells suffice; and for the protection of the cattle and sheep fed in rich alluvial valleys, anything that will afford shelter from the sun of summer and the sharp autumn nights will do. For the finishing graziers of the Midlands a simple but efficient shelter has been devised. For the dairy and cheese-making farm a special homestead has been constructed, with good supply of water and light, well-ventilated cow-houses, the passages so arranged as to prevent cross draughts, and the whole yard if possible covered, to economise the small quantity of straw obtained where nearly all is pasture. Then there are the mixed farm husbandry buildings, combining the contrivances of a tillage farm with those of the pastoral, and, finally, those adapted to the purely tillage farms, where the constructive ability of the architect has proved of the highest service. The best specimens of these are so arranged as to be in or about the centre of the farm, to give when covered an equable moderate temperature, light, space, and ventilation to the animals, and to provide all necessary arrangements for threshing, for the preparation and storing of alimentary substances, and for the proper manufacture of manure.

The susceptible and delicate organisation of the animals beneath our care render it highly necessary that such provision should be made for their comfort. If merely influenced by motives of self-interest, to say nothing of humanity, the stock-master should secure his cattle against sudden changes of temperature; provide them plentifully with good water; supply them with well-prepared well-kept food at regular intervals—all of which the architect has enabled him to do. Such exact attention is the more essential now that we have to deal with cattle in a highly artificial state. This may be acknowledged to be an evil, but it is one for which there is no help. We recognise it and take the best means to mitigate its consequences. If high feeding is to be pursued—and the growing demand for butcher-meat seems to imply that it is—it will be only safe to pursue it with such guards and appliances as the architect can devise for it. The highest achievement of his art in this direction is the covered homestead; a rectangular build-

ing, completely covered, well lighted, thoroughly ventilated, the farmer's glance commanding the entire area. Here the animals live (and move too) in a perfectly even temperature, every want being attended to with regularity and care. In effect it resembles the orchard-house, the cattle being simply protected from the rains of autumn and the frosts and keen winds of spring, and kept in a salubrious atmosphere, the temperature of which is slightly in advance of that without. Winter's biting frosts and summer's intense heats are alike unknown within its precincts. It is found by experience that animals fed under such conditions gain as much in weight, with one-eighth less food, as others do in shedded yards; and, further, that store cattle so wintered suffer nothing when turned out to grass; but summer the better for the shelter. Sheep, pigs, cows, bullocks, and horses flourish alike beneath this protecting roof; while the machinery moves noiselessly and constantly to supply their wants in buildings to which access is gained by openings that pierce the enclosing walls. Nor is the advantage exhausted by the animal. The farmer is a gainer by the superior quality of manure so made, and of straw economised, for as no rain falls less straw is wanted. These are points worth consideration to the farmer, particularly now that attention is being turned to stock-keeping, for a gain can clearly be calculated in the weights of meat and manure produced compared with what is known to be possible under the open yard system. It may be stated in addition that such a yard is placed at the disposal of the farmer at a cost equivalent to a charge of about 7s. per head for the cattle housed, the return being about 33 per cent. on the outlay.

The literature of agriculture has been voluminous indeed. The farmer, a man naturally averse to books, has been converted into a reader in spite of himself. Not only have the journals of the Highland, the Bath and West of England, and the English Societies advised him at regular periods of all new lights cast by practice and science upon his favourite pursuit, but enterprising publishers in London and Edinburgh have worried him into subscribing for ponderous quartos and unwieldy octavos supplied piecemeal. In many a farmhouse rows of shelves have been fitted up to receive the cyclopedias, dictionaries, rural handbooks, books of the farm, muck manuals, chemical catechisms, veterinary guides that are thrust upon him. Of this assistance much has been very serviceable, much has been officious and harmful. The labours of Professor Law, Sir J. E. Smith, Liebig, Braude, Youatt, Lindley, and J. F. Johnstone; of Messrs. Philip Pusey, John Chalmers

Morton, John Bennett Lawes, J. Thomas Way, John Algernon Clarke; of Dr. Voelcker, Dr. Gilbert, and others more or less distinguished, have contributed in a very decided manner to originate and mature the present advanced system of husbandry. Of the newspaper press, which some of the above writers have chosen as the medium through which to address the public, it is not requisite that we should speak. Agriculture has benefited as fully as other kindred arts from the rise and growth of that mirror of opinion. To this it may be added that Chairs of Agriculture have been established in Scotland; and in England the excellent local colleges of Cirencester and Devon afford opportunities of instruction to the sons of farmers which were before unknown.

Capital has lent assistance to agriculture of a very varied but truly valuable character. One prominent example has already been mentioned, when the national funds were diverted from the Exchequer to liberate the water stagnating in clay soils. Capital has continued to act in the same direction, though through a different channel, ever since. Associative enterprise has proved of essential service to the owners and the cultivators of land. Before the age of companies, either limited or unlimited, the improvement of landed estates was confined to proprietors' possessed of the requisite capital. A great portion of the land in this country was so encumbered, that expenditure on the part of the owners was out of the question, and capitalists would not lend money for permanent improvements until they could do so upon the same security that they received from the various lines of railway to which they willingly subscribed. On this assurance being given in the formation of companies to drain, to reclaim, to improve estates by outlay in buildings, roads, &c., much of the surplus capital which was flowing out of the country in foreign wars was retained at home. Not only such companies as we have named but loan companies, agricultural implement companies, manure companies, companies for the cultivation of flax, &c., and even farming companies have arisen. The smaller capitalists of the village, too, have lent their aid either singly or collectively to enable the farmer to avail himself of such expensive machines as the steam plough, the steam threshing machine, and the corn and turnip drill, which, saving the first, are to be hired in nearly every parish in the kingdom.*

* In 1851 there were 55 'agricultural implement proprietors'; in 1861 this occupation is ascribed, in the Census Returns, to 236 persons, which can be but a distant approximation to the truth.

Having now given some notion of the part played by these several agencies, it is necessary to treat of results. In America, France, Holland, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, Spain, and even Ireland, such a question would be disposed of in four lines—by arithmetical process in three—for we should have only to deal with a simple subtraction sum, the quotient being sought from the deduction of the produce of 1838 from that of 1865. But, wonderful to relate, this kingdom is as yet dependent upon private observation for the statistics of agriculture. Owing to this circumstance, the inquirer is obliged to glean from various sources the facts collected by one and another, and to arrive as he may, through a multitude of cross-references, at such general conclusions as appear consistent with them. It is affirmed, and there is no cause to doubt it, that the corn produce of this country since 1750 has increased about 70 per cent., and the meat produce about 100 per cent. Allowing this to be true—and it appears to be rather below than above the mark—the difficulty remains of assigning to the last fifteen or twenty years their fair proportion of this increase. If the most competent observers are consulted, such as Mr. Morton, M. de Lavergne, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Herbert, we shall attribute the greatest share of it to the years since 1830. The seeds of this growth were sown before the era from which we start, but the fruit has ripened subsequently. The theory of that day is the practice of ours. The advanced systems of agriculture existed before 1848 in model. They awaited the advent of a liberal commercial policy, which, on its arrival, put such a pressure upon landlord and tenant as to render a resort to them absolutely necessary. M. de Lavergne institutes a comparison between the ovine productions of France and England which is extremely useful. In 1750 the head of sheep in each of the two countries amounted to about 18 millions. In 1850 the numbers had severally increased to 35 millions, ‘But there is this inequality,’ he remarks, ‘the 35 millions of English sheep live upon 31 millions of hectares, those of France upon 53 millions. Omitting Scotland from the calculation, England keeps three sheep per acre to one kept by France.’ Further: About 10 millions head are slaughtered in England, ‘yielding 80 lbs. of net meat per head, while 8 millions are slaughtered in France, yielding 40 lbs of net meat. Of beasts,’ he continues, ‘England has one head to every $7\frac{1}{2}$ acres, Ireland has one to every 10 acres, and France has one to about every 11 acres.’ But the superior character of the cattle, and the attention bestowed upon them, enables those of England to return 10*s.* per acre in milk and meat against 4*s.* 9*d.* per acre

returned by French cattle. This comparison was made, observe, in 1855. Since that date substantial advances have been made by our neighbours, as their agricultural statistics clearly indicate. The very same agencies that have brought us to our present position are working there under the guidance of the most extensive of European farmers—the Emperor Napoleon.

The immense fallows are disappearing under forage crops; the space occupied by cereals is reduced, the half being found under liberal management to produce more than the whole under a parsimonious hand. They have drawn upon the best Hereford and Shorthorn blood, to found new herds and flocks, or to ameliorate their own breeds. We have not withheld from them the pride of our studs, nor the trophies of our seedsmen's skilful toil, nor the assistance of our best machinery. France is thus advancing by the same means we employed before her. She is bringing capital to an acquaintance with land that was not possible some years ago.

Let us now hear what the farmers themselves have to say as to the progress that has taken place within the period under review:—

‘When I began farming (says Mr. Wilson, of Edington Malus, Berwickshire), the application of bone-dust as manure for turnips was just getting into general use in this district, and the slicing of turnips for hoggets was then unpractised amongst us. . . . The use of this manure caused an immense increase of the average annually under turnips, and also the weight of turnips per acre. The general adoption of the practice of turnip-slicing for hoggets soon after changed our whole system of sheep management. Our hoggets began to be sent to market as soon as they were shorn—say at fifteen months old—instead of being kept until about two years old, as has been the previous practice. The use of bone-manure produced nearly as great an improvement upon the seed as upon the turnip-crop, to which it was directly applied. This increase of the green-crops and earlier marketing of the hoggets produced of course a greatly-increased demand for lambs, and thus led to corresponding changes of practice in the upland sheep-farms from which the supplies of store-sheep were drawn. Instead of an annual crop of two or three-year-old wedders of the pure Cheviot or Blackfaced breeds, they began to cross their ewes with Leicester rams, and sold these cross-bred lambs at weaning-time to the low-country farmers. The command of portable manures has enabled the occupiers of these uplying farms to bring much additional land under tillage. This process is steadily extending; and as it does so the command of green-crops is regularly accompanied by a change to a sheep stock of a more valuable class. All these practices date earlier than twenty years ago; but they have been greatly extended and developed since

then. The introduction of pipe tiles for draining, and of guano, nitrate of soda and bones in the form of superphosphate, as manures, has supplied great additional facilities for all this. Until thirty years ago, linseed-cake may be said to have been unknown in this district. About that time it began to be used in the rearing of calves, and gradually a good many farmers began to give a little of it to their fattening bullocks. Now cakes of various kinds, and other farinaceous feeding-stuffs, are in general use for the fattening both of sheep and cattle. The trade in these articles and portable manure has here, as elsewhere, grown to an important branch of business. Thorough drainage, portable manures, artificial feeding-stuffs, are now trite expressions; but when it can be reported of a district that all of them are included—less or more—in the cultivation of very nearly the whole of its farms, it is superfluous to add that a very great increase of produce has been the result.'

The secretary of the Wigtoun Agricultural Association, Mr. McLean, says:—

'During the last twenty years there has been a remarkable advance made within the bounds of this Society, particularly in the cultivation of green-crops, and the feeding of cattle and sheep for the English markets, to which ready means of access have, during all that period, been afforded by steamers plying between the ports of the district and Liverpool, and for the last two years and a half by the Portpatrick Railway Company. In many farms the dairy-system has been successfully introduced. I believe that the improvement of the district has been mainly owing to the introduction of imported manures (chiefly bones and guano), and the consequent increased extent of green-crops, and ready means of conveying fatted stock to the English markets.'

Mr. Sowerby of Aylesby, Lincolnshire, says:—

'I have ploughed up nearly 300 acres of grass-land in the last thirty years. In addition to growing so much more corn, the same land will keep a great deal more stock. At the first glance, you hardly could believe that. Bear in mind that, though it is inferior grass-land, it becomes the best of corn-land, growing good root-crops, and keeping a great deal of stock. . . . I speak within bounds when I say I have grown double the quantity of corn, and kept double the quantity of stock this last ten years than I did the first ten years I was a farmer, though of course I have been at considerably more expense.'

Mr. Grey, Steward over the Greenwich Hospital Estates, says:—

'The increased produce consists more in root-crops and the amount of stock kept, than in corn, although the corn-crops have also partaken of the benefit of better cultivation. The total increase upon farms where thorough draining and deep cultivation are practised,

must at least be one-third ; in some instances it is more, but that is not yet apparent in the rents, for it is only obtained by a greatly-increased expenditure by the tenant, in extra-manuring and cultivating it.'

Cheshire affords the following testimony. Mr. Rigby, of Winsford, after stating what has been done in drainage and the application of manure, says:—

'I know many farms that used only to keep 40 cows ten years ago that now milk 80, and one farm which then kept 60 has now 140 milking-cows upon it, beside other stock ; the stock, too, are better kept in winter than formerly.'

Of Bedfordshire, Mr. James Howard says:—

'The great improvements in cultivating the land during the last twenty years are almost confined to clay land ; our light lands were farmed almost as well twenty years ago as now. Thousands of acres of clay have during this period been under-drained thoroughly with tiles ; the growing of summer-feed, such as tares, is extensively practised ; the growing of mangel is a great boon ; summer fallows are almost abolished ; and the live-stock is generally increased. Indeed, some of what were considered poor clays grow our best barley, and will, with the aid of steam, be worth as much as the light lands.'

Throughout the Cotswold district the same causes have been producing the like results. Skill and capital have there made their mark, the clays have been ameliorated, and the stock has not only been much increased but improved. Steers that were sent to the shambles at 5 years, now reach that bourne at 2½ and 3 years ; while sheep, though wintered in the open fields, are marketed when 14 months old, in place of being kept upon the land 27 or 36 months.

The change extensively taking place upon farms conveniently situated with respect to railways is correctly represented by Mr. Blundell, of Southampton, who, by the way, allows no improvement in cereal crops within the period of which he writes:—

Live-stock.	1843-1863.
Horned cattle, fattened	double the number
Dairy cattle	increase 10 per cent.
Calves raised for dairy purposes	" 10 "
Calves raised for fattening purposes	" 30 "
Value of cattle raised at two years old	" 16 "
Sheep-stock for breeding purposes	25 to 30 "
" for fattening purposes	increase 50 "
Value of sheep-stock of all ages	" 20 "
Swine of all ages	" 30 "
Value of ditto	" 10 "
Horses for farm-work	no increase

‘In speaking of increase of live-stock (he continues), I make no allowance for losses by disease; they have, however, been enormous—past all calculation; and the improvements both in number and quality of sheep and cattle must have far exceeded my present estimate, had they been as free from disease as previous to the year 1840.’

Mr. Burritt, for the benefit of American farmers, furnishes an instance of English enterprise which we cannot omit.* The instance is from Cambridgeshire, upon a farm of 3,000 acres, farmed by Mr. S. Jonas with an assumed capital of 30,000*l.* The inventory of his live stock, taken at Michaelmas 1864, resulted in the following figures: sheep, 6,481*l.*; horses, 2,487*l.*; bullocks, 2,218*l.*; pigs, 452*l.*; making a grand total of 11,638. Every animal bred on the estate is fattened. The annual expenditure in cattle-food, fertilisers, and labour is thus stated:—

	£
Corn and oil-cake purchased for feeding	4,000
Guano and manufactured manures	1,700
Labour of 100 men and boys at the average of 20 <i>l.</i> per annum	2,000
Labour of 76 horses, including their keep, 20 <i>l.</i> per annum	1,500
Use and wear and tear of steam-engine and machinery	500
Commutation money and beer to men	400
	£10,100

The revenue from the following sources, 2,000 fat sheep and lambs, 150 fat bullocks, 200 fat pigs, 22,500 bushels of wheat, 9,375 bushels of oats, 7,500 bushels of barley, amounts to the sum of 17,228*l.*, which, without pursuing the narrative further, sufficiently shows the value of the system adopted upon the land, for the most part of a very poor description.

Free trade and its correlative agents have done for us what the Romans did—opened to us the resources of other lands, and discovered to us those of our own. ‘Paradoxical as it would have been thought twenty years ago, it is no less true, that though free trade has discouraged bad farming in the shape of simple corn-growing, it has given a powerful stimulus to good farming by making it possible still to grow corn with profit, through the intervention of green crops and live stock.’ Society is so constituted as to allow of no one of its members to live and work solely for himself. Whether he will or not,

* ‘A walk from London to John O’Groat’s,’ by Elihu Burritt: 1864, p. 171.

the entire body participates in his gains. This trite remark receives an additional illustration from the homesteads of England, for the farmer cannot be said to have benefited more by his own achievements than the owner of the land he tills, the labourer whom he employs, and the entire community, himself included, whom, under the designation of consumers, he supplies.

Precisely at this period in our agricultural history, when the attention of the farmer had been mainly directed to stock-farming in preference to the production of corn—when the whole system of British agriculture had been made to depend on the rearing of animals for food, these animals being at once the consumers of our green and root crops and the producers of manure—when we had carried the breed of cattle almost to the refined perfection of the race-horse, a calamity has overtaken the nation, of which it is not easy to exaggerate the importance. In fact, with the customary indifference and incredulity of Englishmen to danger, many precious weeks and months were allowed to elapse after the appearance of the Cattle Plague in Great Britain without taking those measures of isolation and precaution which could alone prove effectual, and which have to a considerable extent checked its progress in some of the Continental States. Even now, we fear that people have formed a very imperfect conception of the magnitude and gravity of this evil, if the disease retains its contagious virulence for any considerable period of time. The result would be, not only an enormous loss of actual property, for the value of the stock in Great Britain is estimated at sixty millions of money, but the carefully adjusted mechanism of our agricultural operations would be thrown out of gear. Men will be unwilling to plant green crops if they are uncertain whether cattle can be kept or obtained to consume them. The interruption of fairs and markets—though inevitable—throws the trade in agricultural produce into confusion. Stock is a commodity which the farmer absolutely requires to sell or purchase (as the case may be) at given times of the year: it cannot be held in hand without deterioration or pecuniary loss. Dairy produce will be affected, for even the propagation of the breed may become a dangerous source of infection. And all these causes will lead to a vast augmentation in the price of meat, now largely consumed by so considerable a portion of the working classes; hence an attempt will be made to raise wages and to increase the cost of production in all things. These general results may not yet be felt, but if the cattle plague continues to decimate our homesteads, we fear they are

inevitable. Nothing can be more fatuous than the argument of Mr. McClean, that the damage done in three months bears but a small proportion to the whole state of the country, Already since July the number of beasts attacked has reached 63,000, and there is but too much reason to fear that every fresh case is a centre of infection.

According to Professor Simonds's Report on the Steppe Murrain, England appears to have been 'clear of epizootic disease till 1713.' The chroniclers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries point, however, to the 'Black Death' of 1348-9—'a grievous plague'—and to a murrain in 1480, which committed great devastation. These both present a resemblance to that visitation of 1713 with which the professor heads his catalogue. Of the pest which raged in 1744 we have fuller details. It was extremely virulent and protracted. It was not till 1757 that its germs lost their generative power; and its victims amounted 'to hundreds of thousands.' The husbandmen of that period expressed themselves indebted to the 'Low Countries' for this visitation, it being traced to one of two causes, or to both—the importation of calves from Holland, and the contraband import of infected hides from the same quarter. The English graziers were under no further alarm till 1830, when a new cattle epidemic—'*eczema epizootica*,' or 'mouth and foot disease,' was introduced, which still infests our homesteads. Shortly afterwards pleuro-pneumonia appeared, spreading itself over the whole country, and finally establishing itself in localities particularly favourable to it. These two last-mentioned sicknesses amongst horned stock were considered due to causes existing in this country; but that which broke out amongst sheep in 1847 seems to have been shipped from Hamburg. This attack of small-pox, to which in some instances ninety per cent. of our flocks succumbed, remained a most unwelcome visitor till 1850, and was the last visitation, saving the present, to which either horned stock or sheep have been exposed.

It seems scarcely worth while troubling ourselves with the records of other countries; our own show us clearly enough that the cattle plague of 1865 is no new complaint. If we do look back, however, we find accounts that exactly tally with our own experience. The Roman farmer made acquaintance with some very similar cattle pests, but the ravages of the plague, so finely described by Virgil in the third *Georgic*, were not confined to domestic animals:—

'Et genus omne neci pecudum dedit, omne ferarum.'

Nothing can be more true to our recent melancholy experience than the following lines, if we may apply them to the ox :--

‘ Labitur infelix studiorum, atque immemor herbæ
 Victor equus, fontesque avertitur, et pede terram
 Crebra ferit ; demissæ aures ; incertus ibidem
 Sudor, et ille quidem moriturus frigidus ; aret
 Pellis, et ad tactum tractanti dura resistit.
 Hæc ante exitium primis dant signa diebus.
 Sin in processu cœpit crudescere morbus,
 Tum vero ardentes oculi, atque attractus ab alto
 Spiritus, interdum gemitu gravis, imaque longo
 Ilia singultu tendunt ; it naribus ater
 Sanguis, et obsessas fauces premit aspera lingua.’

(Geor. III. 498.)

Of the cattle murrain which raged through Italy and the adjoining countries, from 1711 to 1714, we possess two elaborate and learned memoirs—‘ De contagiosa Epidemia,’ by Rammazzini, and ‘ De bovillâ Peste,’ by Lancisi—both Italian physicians of note. This plague, which bears a complete resemblance to that from which we now suffer, they describe as following the same course that Pliny observed was invariably taken by the human plague, from south to west. Imported by a Dalmatian ox, it travelled through Italy, Tyrol, Germany, France, the Low Countries, Great Britain and Ireland, and made such terrific havoc as to threaten the inhabitants with the loss of ‘ the whole cow race.’ Piedmont is reported to have lost 70,000, and France and Holland about 200,000 head each. In the German, Russian, French, and English languages are to be found reports and treatises on the same and similar visitations; and more especially the able report of Professor Simonds, who was commissioned by the Agricultural Societies of England, Ireland, and Scotland to inspect the feeding ground of this formidable Rinderpest, and furnish them with a faithful description of its symptoms, nature, and habits. This was in 1856, after the British Government had deemed it prudent to prohibit the importation ‘ of cattle, ‘ hoofs, horns, or hides from those territories of Russia, Prussia, ‘ Mecklenburgh-Schwerin which lie in the gulf of Finland, and ‘ the city of Lübeck.’

Taking into consideration the existence of this mass of evidence concerning the origin, nature, and progress of previous malignant cattle seizures, not only in England but in continental Europe, the reader cannot fail to be struck with two anomalies; first, that the ‘ cattle plague’ should here be extensively regarded as a *new* disease; secondly, that neither here

nor elsewhere are the medical faculty more enlightened with respect to it than they were two hundred years ago. The pole-axe and the knife are the first things thought of—prevention and cure the last. Had human disorders met with the same sort of treatment, medical practice would have been considerably simplified, and the knacker have held his head higher than the College of Physicians. Whenever, and so far as we know, wherever it has appeared, the doctors called in have wearied us with attempts to trace it to this source and to that, and have ended with a dispute either over its diagnosis or the name to be attached to it. As to any carefully conducted and prolonged series of experiments undertaken with a view to cure, we hear little, or nothing. Dr. Malcolm Flemyng (1755) and Dr. Peter Layard (1757), both physicians of standing, speak not a little bitterly of the small help given to Government by the council of physicians called in to advise about the treatment of the plague which ran its course from 1744 to 1747. The latter we think it is who says, ‘every one would be amazed even at the small benefit which society has received from the different and repeated investigations of physicians.’ Disappointed by the regular practitioners, the farmers ran wildly after infallible nostrums. Tar-water, Bateman’s drops, Godfrey’s cordial, worm powders, &c., were nearly in as great repute in those times as petroleum, chlorodine, the pack and vapour bath, carbolic acid, and sundry patent medicines are in ours. On the other hand, the Government of King George II. finding no comfort in the faculty, applied to the knacker for a short answer to the question ‘how can these cattle be cured?’ and compensated from the public purse such as suffered from the practical reply.

No one who consults the works of Drs. Flemyng and Layard can entertain more hesitation about the identity between the visitations of 1865 and 1744–57, than they did between those of 1744–57, witnessed by themselves, and 1711–14, observed and described by Rammazzini, Lancisi, and Lanzoni. Nor to those who have scanned well this ground will there be any difficulty in detecting the distinct relations existing between these several visitations and the Rinderpest of 1856 which Mr. Simonds was sent to examine.

There are said to be four fevers which seize upon the blood—the simple, the typhus, the relapsing or famine, the typhoid; it must still be for the faculty to agree to which of these this malady belongs. The endeavour to assign the source of the murrain promises more success. It has already been stated that the writers of 1711–14 traced that outbreak to a Dalmatian

ox. When it has occurred in the Low Countries, Prussia or Austria, it has invariably been traced to the introduction of Steppe or Hungarian cattle. The long infliction we suffered under from 1744 to 1757 was due to importations from Holland, while scarcely a link is wanting in the chain of evidence which proves that cattle from Revel brought the seeds of disease to us in June last, and that from London infected cattle were reshipped to Holland. The best writers on this pest agree apparently with Dr. Brocklesby (1746), who compares it to an exotic which being transplanted from its '*locus natalis*' in other lands exists here for a little time and then dies out. Dr. Layard distinctly traces it 'to those countries that breed plague and 'small-pox.' Some writers attempt to make it endemic or enzootic—to give it a home and a permanent feeding-ground in the Russian Steppes and the low-lying wastes of Hungary; and furthermore they say it is met with nowhere else. While allowing that it does exist there, and that pretty constantly, we are far from thinking it confined to those regions. Ever since the sun has poured down his vertical rays upon intertropical regions after the subsidence of rains, or upon the wild shores of great rivers, or upon slimy estuarine deposits, or marshy lands forsaken by flood waters, and the steaming vapours that have ascended have been breathed by man or beast, 'grievous murrains,' plagues, distempers, and fevers have prevailed. Given the conditions favourable to the generation of poisonous gases, and the very same effects are observable in the animal frame, be it along the banks of the great rivers of the Old World or the New. Countries enjoying temperate climates cannot originate this pest, although when introduced they receive and propagate it. This they will not always do, any more than a person breathing the poison of small-pox must necessarily suffer under that malady. The infection might visit our coasts again and again and find no vital organism willing to receive it, and it might at another time be entertained in every cow-house and fattening shed in the kingdom. This view seems to be favoured by the fact that in time these attacks die out, not because there are no cattle left to receive the poison germ, nor, we suspect, because that germ has lost its power, but simply because the animal economy no longer possesses any affinity for it. For, apart from conditions favourable to the direct breeding of miasma, a long dry summer, or a protracted season of rain, may so scorch up or flush the pastures, as to undermine the vital powers of cattle even where the situation is excellent and the cultivation careful. So far as such regions as the Steppes are concerned, it is impossible to balance the produce and the feeders—the grass to be eaten and

the bullocks to eat it. They seldom exactly correspond: either the animal or the vegetable preponderate. If the vegetable outruns and overtops the animal, its rankness and decay breeds malaria, and sows seeds which lurk in the animal, till sparse pastures, on the other hand, and enfeebled state of body, develop them into active agents. A single spark of infected matter accidentally thrown into the animal economy thus reduced, as it were, to a touchwood state, fires the mass, which burns until it is consumed. It follows equally that all causes which lower the vital powers—and we need to look to it that high feeding and in-and-in breeding are not amongst them—predispose cattle to these seizures. Those who have given much attention to the subject are aware that our stock of late have become peculiarly liable to disease—or, expressing the fact more scientifically—to develop those seeds of disease which are said to be latent in every organism whether animal or vegetable. Both cattle and sheep become yearly more delicate—they are deficient in natural muscular fibre and strength of constitution. Animals that are chosen to propagate their species are often most injudiciously subjected to fattening processes which destroy their vigour; and if overfeeding disturbs the hygienic balance, underfeeding does so no less.

The present plague, for which three successive unusually dry summers had prepared the way, first broke out in London. On the 24th, 27th, 28th June last, cows bought on the 18th of the same month at the Metropolitan Cattle Market, and taken to Lambeth, Hackney, and Islington, sickened and died. From this date the malady spread amongst the London dairies with alarming rapidity, confining its attacks by no means to the badly-ventilated and foul cowhouses that disgrace our capital. It spread during July to Norfolk, Suffolk, and Shropshire; and before the close of the month invaded Scotland, where—no sufficient cause for its appearance being discovered—it was considered *self-generative*. The earlier cases were all clearly traceable to purchases made in the Metropolitan Market, but country markets speedily became, in their respective districts, subordinate centres of infection. On the 14th of October, it had extended into twenty-nine counties in England. The loss up to that period has been tabulated in the Veterinary Department of the Privy Council Office; but this statement, correct as far as it goes, shows but a fraction of the whole. Professor Simonds, and those associated with him, waited not to see the returns doubling within periods of three weeks. The first glance at the subject convinced them of their duty to alarm the Government that the dreaded Rinderpest

had at length appeared. Their advice being sought, they said, Attempt no cure, but instantly stamp out the few septic germs of corruption while you can cover them with your heel. This was politic advice—advice borrowed from continental experience. Had it here been followed—and it will be seen that it has since been recommended for Ireland * should an outbreak occur there—perhaps our loss would have been trifling. But the Government appears at that time either not to have realised the magnitude of the danger, or to have thought that the country, ignorant of its true nature, would not have endured the measures that ought really to have been taken. The Orders issued, though considered stringent by those who felt them, fell far short of what was really required, and have since been termed ‘ineffectual’ by the commissioners called in to investigate the subject.† At the end of August, when the centres of infection had become numerous, the chance of prevention was already lost, and the Order then put forth empowering ‘the Clerk of the Privy Council for the Metropolitan Police District,’ and ‘the mayors of boroughs and ‘justices of the peace to appoint inspectors,’ certainly came too late to do good, though sufficiently early to do much harm. The Council, gaining courage with the alarm that seized the public mind, granted almost autocratic powers over a vast amount of property to a body of men in a general way ill-qualified to use them. It became the duty of these functionaries to enter any premises, to prohibit the transit of suspected cattle, to seize and slaughter and bury whatever appeared to be infected. Resistance to this Order was punished by a pecuniary fine, but compliance with it did not bring pecuniary compensation. If nothing but a police remedy was sufficient for the case, an absolute stop should have been put to the circulation of cattle for a specified period. This course was advised by a majority of the Cattle Plague Commissioners on the 31st October; but at that time the Government and the public were still not prepared to give effect to such stringent measures, and it was not till the middle of December that the Royal Agricultural Society, the Smithfield Club, and other agricultural bodies called upon Ministers to take the decisive step of stopping all communication of cattle in England.

The Royal Commission, having examined fifty-one witnesses, published a first report, the chief recommendation of which has just been noticed. The minority of the Commissioners, which seems to have expressed the views afterwards taken by the Privy

* Cattle Plague Commission. 1st Report.

† *Id.*

Council, though equally alive to the necessity of stringent measures, feared by too great and sudden an interference with trade to provoke extensive evasion of the prohibition, and therefore recommended that such prohibition should apply only to infected districts, and to store stock in any district, but that fat cattle shall appear in certain markets, and be consigned to certain slaughter-houses, under a proper system of permits and licences. They also desire the power given to inspectors 'to seize and slaughter' to be withdrawn, 'unless accompanied 'by a system of compensation;' that imported cattle shall be slaughtered at the ports of landing, and that preparation be made for stamping out the disease directly it appears in Ireland. Two of the Commissioners—the most weighty in the rural scale—further inscribe their opinion in favour of granting free motion to unsuspected store cattle under the same system of permits previously recommended to be applied to fat cattle. One Commissioner, representing the Commercial mind, stands courageously alone by his own opinion. He advises that nothing be done beyond what the Queen in Council has done or can do. Virtually he says, 'Let the farmers take their own 'course, indemnifying themselves against loss by insurance. 'Interfere in no way with foreign importation or the people's 'supply of meat otherwise than by careful inspection. If you 'do, it will only end in a shorter supply, a higher price, and a 'disturbance in our commercial relations more disastrous than 'the Cattle Plague.'

Such were the opinions of the three sections constituting the Commission. They were presented to the Government on the 31st October, and another Order in Council was issued on the 26th November. The main points in this instrument are two. In the first place, the inspector is forbidden to resort to slaughter except when the owner refuses to isolate the suspected animal; in the second, the local authority—the mayor or justices of the peace acting in petty sessional division—is called into play, and empowered to throw a cordon round the district under his jurisdiction, allowing of no egress or ingress but under a special system of permits and licences, save in the case of cattle conveyed directly through the district by railway. There are some minor points—such as the power conferred on any specified local authority to close any market, or to forbid the holding of any fair, together with the power granted to the Secretary of State to step in and do what the local authority should do but declines to do, when requested by the population of a neighbouring jurisdiction, who fear that they shall suffer from the neglect. The same Order also provides for the slaughter of

every beast that enters the Metropolitan Market, and continues in force until March next.

There are several reasons for considering this policy the best that can be adopted under the circumstances. Some of these were given by Mr. Helps in his evidence before the Commission. He said: 'I feel that the very magnitude of the evil, as it enters into thousands of details, must be met by very general co-operation; also that such co-operation is impossible unless you give power to local authority.' And again: 'The people, in their quiet way, by local self-government, will adopt wiser precautions, and more will be done than has been done among any other people. From what I have had to do with local authorities, it has really given me more confidence in the people generally, and made me extremely averse to centralisation.'

A controversy has, however, sprung up as to the relative efficiency of preventive measures taken by local authority, or imposed by the authority of the Crown. Happily or unhappily, as the case may be, the British Government does not possess the appliances for enforcing cordons throughout every county of England, Scotland, and Wales; and a law that cannot be enforced is a stimulant to the evil against which it is directed. Surely those who have advised that a complete stop be put to all traffic in cattle cannot have estimated the apparatus that would be required for the service. What might be possible in a sparsely populated country, where homesteads are far apart, and the channels of communication few and easily watched, would be utterly impossible in our rural parishes, where population is dense, where the farms touch, and the multitude of high roads and bye-ways would render necessary a formidable host of informers. Moreover, to be of any avail the isolation must be entire. The Order should extend to everything that is convicted of carrying the subtle virus. Not only must it include cattle, men—not omitting the inspector—but sheep, dogs, cats, game of all sorts, birds, mice, rats, flies, and even the rustling breeze. Allowing that the law were sufficient to check the traffic in cattle, it is an extremely doubtful question whether it would succeed in the case of sheep, which must be the *dernier ressort* of the farmer, whose straw and turnips are waiting to be converted into manure. But supposing it possible to check the transit of sheep as well as cattle, what are we to say to the other carriers of infection that remain at large? While so many agents—not the less mischievous because innocent—exist beyond control, it seems to be undesirable that an imperial attempt should be made to enforce

arbitrary restrictions throughout the land that can only exasperate but will not prevent. The true question is whether, in England, measures suggested by the Government, but worked out by the local authorities, are not likely to prove more stringent and effectual than measures imposed upon all local authorities indiscriminately by the Ministers of the Crown?

A system of cordons in this country would only be possible on one condition—that of being sanctioned by that portion of the community which is particularly concerned in it; and if ever this section concurs in thinking that a total suspension of traffic is necessary, it will be in a far better position to carry out its own wishes than the Government could be. This is a case which, if dealt with at all, demands local action. Central authority cannot cope with the minutiae of it. It is clear that if this pest is to be successfully combated by restrictive measures—and we allow their utility, though we do not place much reliance in them—it must be by the conjoint efforts of magistrates, farmers, cattle-dealers, &c. If such powers are granted to them, and they feel that they are left to employ them, and not to repose upon another party to do so, the disease, if it is to be checked by such means, will be checked with greater rapidity than if the machinery of the central power—new to such work—were applied to it.

Although agreeing so far with the solitary Commissioner, Mr. M'Clean, in thinking that the powers possessed by the Council are equal to the emergency, we are far from contending against restrictive measures, as he does, on the ground that the loss is small and the danger exaggerated. In common with those who place any dependence upon past computations of loss from similar attacks, we entirely share in the consternation with which the Commissioners, with this single exception, regard the progress of the pest.

According to historical record three or four millions of animals fell under the pestilence that raged in Italy from 1793 to 1795; and in France not less than ten millions from 1713 to 1796. From this cause, during the past century, Continental Europe appears to have lost 200,000,000 head of cattle—its several States losing from 200,000 to 1,000,000 by each attack. The third year of the outbreak of 1747 cost the Government, in compensation at the rate of about 4*l.* per head, the sum of 185,000*l.* At the same period Lincolnshire alone lost 100,000, and Cheshire 90,000 head of beasts. Within a period of twelve months during the present century, Russia owns having lost upwards of one million of cattle. Egypt, by the

disease imported in 1841, lost 350,000 head, and the farmers were left so destitute of draught cattle that they were obliged to resort to English manufacturers for steam-engines, and the mechanical appliances for steam tillage. This being the experience of the world on the subject, it is scarcely fair to take a return of two or three months (October 28th), and base a calculation upon that, especially when those who drew it up acknowledged with regret its distant approximation to the truth. Soon after the appearance of the Report of the Commissioners the gloom resting upon the agricultural mind visibly deepened. The rain and fog of November increased the virulence of the disease, which, not satisfied with 1,800 cases a week, increased to 3,828 (of which, be it remembered, about 90 per cent. have died) by the close of the first week in December, and the last return counts no less than 6,475 centres of infection—such as farms, sheds, &c., which was a clear loss of 3,057 strongholds in three weeks.

Should this state of things continue, who can estimate the loss that will be sustained, not merely by the farmer but to the country at large? The murrain will certainly prove a disastrous check to that revolution in husbandry to which attention has already been directed. It has been shown that the production of larger quantities of meat and dairy produce is to be in future the aim of the British farmer. For some time past he has been laying down in grass land that since the reign of war prices had been growing grain, or he has been producing root crops in place of grain. The reasons for pursuing this course have been two—1st, that he might meet his Continental brother as a lighter-weighted competitor than he could be as a grower of wheat; 2nd, that he might supply the enormous demand for dairy produce and butcher-meat, the consumption and the price of which have long been rising. If in carrying out either of these designs he is thwarted, his failure becomes a national failure. As a grower of wheat he was disastrously exposed to foreign competition; but in reverting to a more purely pastoral system he seizes upon the natural advantages of the country, and enters upon a term of prosperity threatened by no check save what arises in the form of disease.

There are three points of view from which this calamity must be looked at by those who desire to obtain a true conception of its proportions. In the first place, the pestilence jeopardises the only profitable system of husbandry that can be carried on in this country; in the second, it destroys the only means we have of supplying a meat diet for the people;

and in the third, it tends absolutely to cut off the supply of milk and fresh butter.

As to the effect of this visitation upon the rural system, it is clear that if cattle and sheep* cease to be obtainable, the lands now under forage crops must revert to corn-growing, which will be doubly unprofitable, owing to the absence of farmyard and fold manure. With respect to the supply of meat, the foreign importation is spoken of as though it were everything to us. But although we cordially accept that portion of the free-trade policy which invites foreign graziers to supply our deficiency of beef and mutton with their redundancy, we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that this supply is and must be subsidiary to our own. It now forms about one-tenth, so far as beef is concerned, of the produce of our own herds annually consumed. Thus, then, while we desire to stimulate deliveries of foreign cattle, we must not lose sight of what may be termed the main chance. The increasing needs of population for animal food necessitate the reception of all the cattle and sheep we can obtain from beyond seas, but the utmost vigilance must be observed to prevent the supplementary from vitiating the main stock. It is scarcely necessary here to insist upon the value of animal food to all classes of consumers. Its absence is noted in a lowered physique, its presence by superior tone and vigour. Those who study the vital statistics of the nation can place their fingers, guided by pathological indications, upon years of high price, which to a very large class of the community are years of virtual scarcity, and consequently of increased debility and disease. With respect to milk the case is even worse. This is the one thing that cannot be dispensed with. That milk should cease to appear on our tea-tables, in our nurseries, on the diet-tables of our hospitals, would be an insupportable hardship. Scarcely a notice now appears upon Hygiene, particularly with reference to what are termed the working classes, that does not contain a lament over the scarcity of milk, and a prediction that for the want of it the lower classes of the metropolis must lack the

* No direct allusion has been made to the effect of the pest upon sheep. After Mr. Simonds's distinct assertion, however, made so late as November 6th, that sheep innoculated with infected matter from cattle have sickened with the disease, which by innoculation was again conveyed from the sheep to the beast, and has produced symptoms of true 'Rinderpest'—a slight misnomer—it will not do to conclude, because the infection does not seem to spread beyond the localities in Norfolk and Essex where it first appeared, that the flocks are out of danger.

robust habit which withstands the attacks of disease always more or less prevalent in large cities. Yet this essential article of diet is raised from twopence to sixpence a quart in most of our large towns, and it is almost needless to say that sixpence a quart amounts to its prohibition to a very large portion of the community. M. de Lavergne, the celebrated French statist, in comparing French with English agriculture, says:—

‘The consumption of milk under every form is enormous. Their habits are those of past ages. Caesar said of them long ago, “*Lact et carne vivunt.*” They are not in the habit of preparing their food with fat and oil like most of the French, but use butter for all culinary purposes; cheese, too, appears at the principal repasts. The quantities of butter and cheese manufactured throughout the whole extent of the British Isles exceeds all belief. Cheshire alone produces cheese to the value of a million sterling. Not content with their own dairies, the English import butter and cheese from abroad; and this circumstance, showing to what extent the national taste is carried, explains the reason why it is that the average price of milk with them is double what it is with us.’

Now the first work of the murrain is to dry up the fount of this fluid aliment, and the loss is *irremediable*. We look in vain for a supply elsewhere. The annual yield to the pail of the three millions of cows in the United Kingdom is valued at 16,000,000*l.* Not only is this item of profit threatened, but it is the loss of an article of first necessity that cannot be replaced.

Having thus expressed so strong an opinion with respect to the magnitude of the evil, previous remarks concerning imperial interference will be less likely to be misinterpreted. The fact is, we take so serious a view of the visitation as to consider local action as alone capable of dealing with it; for if isolation is found to be effective, and is insisted upon, as it very likely will be, nothing less than the very general co-operation of willing and active people will suffice to enter into the multitudinous details that will present themselves.

The Government, in addition to calling out what may be termed the militia of the country to meet and quell this invader, has another work to perform, and one more decidedly within its scope than that of stamping out. This, as we have elsewhere remarked, is not a chance visitation—it is a natural calamity that will happen hereafter so long as two conducive causes exist—the importation of septic germs from abroad, and affinity for them on the part of domestic organisms. This being the case, it becomes a duty to prepare for it; and here the Government may be of great service by placing funds at

the disposal of competent men as to enable them to give themselves to immediate and prolonged investigations into the cause and morbid effects of this most contagious of diseases.

The most celebrated physicians of the past century lay great stress upon inoculation as the proper mode of dealing with Rinderpest. Dr. Layard in his treatise says: 'No one will think of bringing the infection into any place free from it merely for the sake of inoculating their cattle, but if the contagious distemper be in the neighbourhood of a herd, or break out so as to endanger the stock, the grazer may, by inoculating his cattle, with proper precautions, at least secure his stock, since he can house them before they fall sick, prepare them, and have due care taken, knowing the cause of the distemper.' In Holland it has failed and succeeded. Dr. Flemyng remarks: 'I apprehend that inoculation will stand the better chance of bringing on the distemper provided it is performed on subjects as young as safety will permit of.' Dr. Bourguignon, in his recent work on this distemper, enforces this system of treatment, and alludes to the experiments of Professor Jessen of Dorpat, made by order of the Russian Government, in 1853, at Odessa. The first results were fatal to the theory. At Kozan another mode being adopted, they were much more satisfactory: 'Passing from experiment to experiment, they arrived at the conclusion that it was necessary to inoculate several heads of cattle, the one after the other, without having recourse to any other virus than the first obtained, so that they might thereby obtain virus of the second, third, fourth fifth, and up to the tenth generation. The virus, thus attenuated in its morbid effects, answered at length in every case, and oxen thus inoculated could mingle with impunity with diseased cattle.' At Chalkoff 1,059 animals were inoculated with virus of the third generation, and 60 only were lost. So sure is the professor of this ground that 'he maintains that Europe may be preserved from this frightful scourge by allowing no Steppe cattle to be exported, save those that have had the distemper naturally or by inoculation.' He further adds—we quote Dr. Bourguignon's version—'that beasts born of cows which have been affected do not contract the disease.' It is surely necessary that such experiments as these which were put a stop to by the cessation of the plague should be closely followed up both here and elsewhere; and if it proves true that Southern Russia is the true and only breeding ground of the Rinderpest, the duty of the British Government is clearly marked out in the matter.

The interference of Parliament is also required in other

directions. It is to be hoped that no apprehensions will be allowed to prevent the Government from dealing with the question of cattle-importation and cattle-markets generally. The present method of bringing vast quantities of cattle into the hearts of the great urban centres must be wrong. There was reason in the practice before railways existed. But now that the means of communication are perfect, and railways penetrate to the heart of every feeding district, the towns and cities can be supplied with far less loss and risk, and with quite as much certainty, from abattoirs conveniently situated. In answer to the objection that meat is such a perishable commodity, it may be asked, are not fish and vegetables, butter and milk, perishable commodities, and yet how beautifully balanced the year round are the demand and the supply? Already the instincts of traders have led them to commence this revolution. Thousands of tons of dead meat reach the London markets from Scotland and elsewhere every week, railway fare being paid only upon the prime joints, and not upon the coarse meat and offal. We shall have made a great advance in our sanitary arrangements when the private slaughter-houses are made to give place to well-appointed and properly-inspected buildings beyond the precincts of the town. There is scarcely another civilised country in Europe where the abominable practice of private slaughter-houses is tolerated, and they ought at once to be prohibited by law. Before this is done the Government will do well to try its hand upon the foreign supply. Provision should be quickly made for the slaughter of all imported fat cattle at the ports of debarkation, while for store beasts—the trade for which is, not as yet large—possibly some effective quarantine arrangements might be devised. Half-a-dozen ports of import might be appointed and supplied with all the necessary apparatus of markets and slaughter-houses. Meanwhile, what will the farmers do to meet a state of things so threatening to their best interests?

The dairy farmers will to a certain extent replace the manufacture of butter and cheese by the rearing of calves, adopting what is known as store weaning. Farmers not possessed of breeding flocks of ewes will probably seek to suit their system to the new circumstances, and those who have flocks will probably increase them. Young horses will be purchased and liberally fed. Sheep will be introduced on some lands unfitted for them, especially where there are crops of turnips and no cattle to consume them. Those who have not attempted to breed and rear pigs will do so, and the same may be said of those who have made little or no acquaintance with poultry.

Labourers probably may be induced to keep poultry. The wealthy will perhaps find it advisable to abstain from lamb and veal, or at any rate the price of both will confine young meats to the consumption of that class. Furthermore, the entire produce of the land, as far as may be, will be spent in rearing and fattening stock.

This visitation has already taught us some wholesome lessons. We are even now willing—nay, anxious—to abolish the cowhouse system of towns for one more consonant with physiological experience. The miserable barrier which has been set up to protect the consumer from the cupidity of cattle-dealers and butchers no longer satisfies us; and when this is undergoing systematic revolution, the private slaughter-houses will probably not escape the besom. The regulations affecting the imported supply of cattle must undergo marked improvement. Finally, the change to a more pastoral economy, though momentarily retarded, will proceed with redoubled celerity when this plague has abated. If these be the results of the cattle plague of 1865, we may have reason hereafter to look with more satisfaction on the quarterly returns of the Registrar-General and the agricultural statistics of the kingdom.

- ART. IX.—1. *L'Invasion, ou le fou Yégof.* Par ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. Paris: 1862.
2. *Confidences d'un Joueur de Clarinette.* Par ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. Paris: 1863.
3. *Madame Thérèse.* Par ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. Paris: 1863.
4. *Le Conscrit de 1813.* Par ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. Paris: 1864.
5. *Waterloo (suite du Conscrit).* Par ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. Paris: 1865.
6. *L'homme du Peuple.* Par ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. Paris: 1865.

IT is a significant, and certainly not a very gratifying fact, that while French novels are extensively read in this country, especially by women, they are very rarely openly discussed or reviewed. The reading of modern French romances seems to be generally considered among us as a venial sin, which may be indulged in without great danger but which can scarcely be

spoken of with propriety. We are not disposed, on the present occasion, to discuss the soundness of this theory. The first proposition, we think, is sufficiently refuted by its companion. It is rarely a salutary practice, for body or for mind, to do that which we do not care to avow openly or to recommend to others. Nor need the explanation of the fact arrest us long. It lies on the surface. There is a vast amount of misused power of invention, clever writing, and good sense scattered about in many of the worst French novels—qualities which a conscientious literary judge is bound to recognise; but the general tendency of these productions is so mischievous that no conscientious literary judge can desire to bestow even qualified praise which would extend the number of readers of such books in this country. French novelists need seek no other reason for that unwilling silence of English reviewers of which they so often complain.

To speak frankly, the literature of fiction in France presents about as surprising an amount of adulterated and deleterious intellectual food as was ever offered to the public appetite in any country or at any time, especially if we take into consideration the superior refinement—or at any rate the superior fastidiousness—of the atmosphere which surrounds modern novelists as compared to that in which their apparently coarser predecessors lived. The so-called *realistic* school, which is at present completely dominant on the other side of the Channel, exhibits a peculiarly offensive mixture of life-like commonplace and unimpassioned vice. Its pictures possess, so to speak, that almost tangible immorality which belongs to a certain class of *tableaux vivants*. There are two lines in M. Victor Hugo's recent work entitled 'Chansons des Rues et des Bois' which embody in characteristic form the idea we would wish to convey. In one of the pieces which compose that most wonderful collection of lyrical absurdities and vulgarities, the author, after asserting that poetry may be found in all places and in all subjects—and so far we are inclined to agree with him—seeks to prove that the doubtful nymphs of Paris and its suburban places of recreation may offer the same charms to a good-tempered poet or philosopher as the dryads and sylvan haunts of ancient Greece. He exclaims:—

' Ça, que le bourgeois fraternise
Avec les satyres cornus !'

If we may be allowed to say so, it is this odious fraternisation of the bourgeois and the 'horned satyr,' constantly going on in French novels of the realistic school, which

renders them so unfit for public discussion. In Truth resides supreme power, but within the domains of Art even Truth must be content to rule constitutionally and to reign with limitations. This is not the opinion of French realism, and as M. Hugo is one of its most approved masters, we are tempted to borrow from him once more. It will be seen by his recurring pertinaciously to the image we have already quoted, that he considers it, like ourselves, a very appropriate and striking one. He says, in another poem, entitled 'Réalité,'

'La vérité n'a pas de bornes.
Grâce au grand Pan, dieu bestial,
Fils, le réel montre ses cornes
Sur le front bleu de l'idéal.'

There is little to be seen of the 'azure brow of the Ideal' when it is overshadowed by those terrible realistic horns, though they be those of a god—*ux dieu bestial*, it is true.

It must not be supposed, however, that no attempt has been made to stem the current. On the contrary, most praiseworthy efforts have recently been made to please the public taste of France by nobler means, but they have not been attended with much success. Some well-meaning novelists have been wanting in talent—a common fault, alas! among well-meaning persons; others have attempted too much, and, from fear of over excitement, have fallen into hopeless nambypamby. They have injudiciously applied the total abstinence principle to the confirmed dram-drinkers of sensation novels, and seen their milk-and-water dilutions disdainfully rejected. Others, again, have thrown themselves too violently into reaction, and have run counter to the realist tendencies of the age even in those points in which they were best justified. In a word, among French writers of fiction in the present day, the two authors whose joint name heads our article stand almost alone as having at once steadfastly resisted the corrupt taste of the French novel-reading public, evinced great literary talent, and obtained wide-spread popularity. This enviable distinction justifies us amply in devoting a few pages to an investigation of the means by which they have deserved and achieved success.

For a long while the signature Erckmann-Chatrion was supposed by the general public to be that of a single writer; and it was only about four years ago that the authors, M. Emile Erckmann and M. Alexandre Chatrian, informed their readers that the numerous books of fiction that had been already published under the joint name were the fruits of their friendly

collaboration. That collaboration, as they have themselves described it to one of their French critics, is of a very peculiar kind. It would appear that the labour of authorship is equally shared by the two writers, but that there is, properly speaking, no division of labour. 'We hold the pen by turns,' they say, 'and we should be sorely puzzled, as regards many pages of our works, to say by which of us they were written.' Certain is it that the most careful observer can detect no unevenness or variety of style which would betray a change of authorship. We believe this to be a very rare instance of collaboration among novelists. In dramatic compositions, partnerships of this kind are far more common, and more easy to understand. It must be said, however, that the two writers were born in the same place, and were, consequently, surrounded by the same early associations, that they have in general depicted only what they have seen or learnt by oral tradition in their native province, and that their style is so simple and natural that, to preserve unity, it would only be necessary for both writers to forswear all affectation and pretension. Still, with all these allowances, the case is curious, and will seem inexplicable to many writers.

MM. Erckmann-Chatrian—for we must give them the joint appellation by which they are pleased to be known in honour of their literary union and long-trying friendship—have been some years before the public. Their first work, 'L'illustre Docteur Matthéus,'* was published in 1859; and since then they have written at least a dozen volumes of novels or tales. Their early works attracted comparatively little notice; but the circle of readers has gradually and steadily widened, and at the present day few names are better known than theirs to the literary world of Paris. Never, it must be added, did popularity keep pace more evenly with merit; and improvement on the part of the authors has exactly coincided with increasing favour on the part of the public. 'Le Conscrit de 1813' and 'Waterloo,' published in 1864 and 1865, are undoubtedly the gems of their collection. 'L'homme du Peuple,'

* French works of fiction are generally published, in the first instance, in the *feuilleton* of a newspaper or in the pages of a review—or, as we should say here, of a magazine. It may be encouraging to some aspirants to literary fame to know that we have it, on undoubted authority, that the first work of two of the most popular authors of the present day was rejected by *all* the newspapers of Paris, and by *sixty-three* provincial journals! It was ultimately published in the 'Revue de Paris.'

of which the first part has just appeared, is far from coming up to the same mark. Still there has been no such falling off as to forbid the hope that the authors of 'Le Conscrit' may afford us again, on a future occasion, as much pleasure as we have derived from that incomparable little volume.

Our intention is not to deal minutely with all MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's works, but to call attention more especially to those that may be termed their national novels, in which their object appears to have been to set before their countrymen, under the most striking because the most truthful and simple colours, the miseries of war. No more useful lesson could be read to the France of the Second Empire—to the country which has shown so marked a disposition to revive many of the Napoleonic traditions. No lesson, we may add, was ever given in a form more attractive or more acceptable to national susceptibilities. But before striking this fruitful vein which they have worked so prosperously, our authors had given to the public, as we have said, several volumes; and one of the commendations we would bestow on their writings applies equally to them all from first to last. They have painted no scenes and no characters with which they were not well acquainted. It would seem at first sight as though this were common praise—at least it should be so—but, in reality, it is praise rarely deserved by novelists. Most writers of fiction, it is true, recognise as a rule that the principal traits of their story and the characters of their heroes should offer some appearance of probability, or we will be indulgent and say possibility; but, as regards minor incidents, scenery, and secondary personages, they allow themselves all latitude, and seem to consider that the word fiction should be interpreted as meaning that which is completely invented, and on which truth, observation, and memory have no claims. Clergymen's daughters, writing under the shadow of the paternal parsonage, revel in scenes of Parisian dissipation and luxury; young barristers defy the dangers of the most fearful shipwrecks; and quiet authoresses, who have never seen a deed or entered a court of law, hang the interest of their stories on the most intricate will cases—more hopelessly intricate, indeed, than the writer can well imagine. MM. Erckmann-Chatrian have fallen in no such error; and they have been well rewarded—as all novelists ever have been and ever will be—for standing resolutely on their native, well-known ground.

† The two writers were born in one of those eastern departments of France which formed part of the old duchy of Lorraine, and they have faithfully depicted the manners of the simple, hardy,

and essentially fighting population of their native province. Half German—perhaps we should say more than half German—in language and habits, the villages of the Vosges nevertheless furnish France with her best soldiers, and in no part of her territory has she more faithful and more patriotic sons than in that frontier land. The mixed nationality of those districts is curiously portrayed in MM. Erckmann-Chatriain's works. No wonder they should have thought of the horrors and glories of war as of a fruitful theme. The country in which their childhood was passed is seamed and scarred with war-inflicted wounds. The bones of successive invaders, from the first flood of barbarous Northmen down to the allied armies of 1814, lie in thick layers beneath the fertile soil of its plains and in the narrow passes of its valleys. The hills are crowned with the ruined strongholds of feudal times, while the forts which guard the entrances of France on this her most exposed frontier and command the defiles of the Vosges, bristle with all the inventions of modern artillery. Those eastern provinces have had from time immemorial to bear the first brunt of invasion, and have paid dearly for the aggressive wars of France. The retribution has fallen chiefly upon them. On the other hand, patriotism has been stirred and kept alive by continual collision with the stranger. It is but natural therefore that good soldiers should come from districts and families where the horrors of war are no subjects of vague tradition, but living memories transmitted from one generation of sufferers to the next.

But this oft-contested land is also—or was a very few years ago, for railways and printing presses have done their work there—a land of simple habits, of long rustic courtships and strong parental authority; of music and dancing, wrestling-matches and feats of strength; of huge feeding, of *küchlen*, *hougelhof*, and *pfankougen*; of tremendous drinking bouts; a land of Jews and Anabaptists; of *schlitters* and woodsmen in its mountain-forests, and of well-to-do labourers in its fertile valleys; of fantastic legends respecting hidden treasures in ruined castles and wonderful feats of arms performed by the old lords of the country; a land, in a word, abounding in varied materials for the painter of village life. These have been worked up, and not unsuccessfully, by our authors in their first volumes: 'Contes fantastiques,' 'Contes de la Montagne,' 'Maître Daniel Rock,' 'Contes des Bords du Rhin;' but our business is not with these. They can be safely recommended to such readers as may wish to become acquainted with the manners and customs of eastern France. They would scarcely have sufficed, however, to have esta-

blished the reputation of the authors. The marvellous plays a great part in all these stories, and *l'élément fantastique*, to borrow a favourite phrase of modern French criticism, enters largely into their composition. When they condescend to everyday life the pictures sometimes partake too much of the Dutch school—at once too minute and too material. The eating and drinking is at times overpowering, and the sympathetic reader is often oppressed with a sense of indigestion. It seems a waste of power, moreover, that writers who can paint with such life-like simplicity and truth all the emotions of the human breast should have spent their time in portraying scenes and incidents which no art can render probable. The supernatural is evidently not their forte. Still there were signs of great talent, and some of their shorter tales are full of feeling and observation. No reader of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's former works was likely to be surprised at the deserved success which attended the publication of 'L'Invasion, ou le fou Yégof,' the first of a series of novels the subjects of which are taken from their national history.

But before entering on these we must make room for a small volume which, though it should be placed chronologically after 'Le fou Yégof,' belongs to the stories of village life. The 'Confidences d'un Joueur de Clarinette' prove that the increased popularity of the authors is not due merely to a fortunate choice of subjects. There are no pages from the pen of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, not even in 'Le Conscrit,' superior to the simple tale which has given its name to this volume. It is but the story of a jilted lover, a poor village musician, who relates his misfortunes himself. He is not an attractive personage, and most readers will be disposed to side with his faithless sweetheart; but how full of simple humour and pathos is the tale! How well one feels as one closes the book that the poor awkward clarionet-player will never, never, be comforted, and that he will go on wandering and playing about at village fairs and country weddings till the end of his days, '*trainant la semelle jusqu'à la fin de ses jours*,' as he says himself—with a heavy weight at his heart.

'Les Amoureux de Catherine' in the same volume is another wonderfully vivid picture of village love. Literary merit is not to be measured by what is attempted, but by what is achieved; and within the narrow limits of the subject chosen we have no hesitation in saying that these two short stories are nearly perfect. The authors have since attempted higher flights; they have never, all things considered, done better.

'Le fou Yégof' appeared first in the pages of the 'Revue

'des deux Mondes,' in 1862. It is the history of the invasion of 1814, and of the desperate resistance of a handful of French peasants, related by an eyewitness, an old huntsman of the Vosges. Yégof is, as the title indicates, a madman who fancies that his soul has, in a former state of existence, inhabited the body of Luitprandt, a chief who at the head of an army of German invaders perished some sixteen centuries before, while fighting one of the barbarous tribes of Gaul in the same mountain passes that the Allies are now attempting to force. He is convinced that the men of the North—Russians, Swedes, Prussians, and English—have joined together to avenge his former wrongs, and in consequence he betrays his countrymen. We may trace in 'Le fou Yégof' the link between the first and the second manner of MM. Erckmann-Chatrion. But the marvellous is here visibly giving way before the real, and is accounted for by the madness of the hero. This is *the great concession*, and when insanity or hallucination are brought in to explain the marvellous, we may, as a rule, say good-bye to the supernatural. This passing remark is of course a general one, and does not apply especially to writers of romances. Nor must we be understood to condemn the marvellous, or even to underrate it in a literary point of view; far from it; we are often inclined, on the contrary, to say with the fabulist:—

' Si Peau d'Âne m'était conté
J'y prendrais un plaisir extrême.'

But then 'Peau d'Âne' is very excellent in its way, whereas MM. Erckmann-Chatrion are very excellent only when they are simply truthful: then it is that they are wonderful. There are many works of solemn historians less instructive than certain pages of 'Le Conscrit' and 'Waterloo.' The incidents of a soldier's life and feelings, the popular impressions in France during the wars of the Republic and the Empire, are related with such vividness that the reader feels he is in presence of no got-up book-learning but of the living oral tradition. 'We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us,' seems to be written on every page. During the cold winter nights at Phalsbourg, or in some other little fortified town, when the gates were closed and the snow lay thick on the silent ramparts, or during the long twilight of a summer's evening in some cottage of the Vosges, how often they must have listened to the long stories of old soldiers telling of the marvellous things which were done in their time! What legend, what 'fantastic tale,' was ever more wonderful?

But MM. Erckmann-Chatrian seem to have felt their way gradually, and only to have understood after repeated trials where their real strength lay.

In their first works the mixed nationality of their native province was clearly discernible (we do not mean in their language but in their modes of thought), but they appear to have become more un-Germanised, if we may use the expression, at each succeeding work. We must, of course, be understood to intend this as a compliment, seeing that we are speaking of French writers. At the present day there is nothing un-French about their writings, save perhaps their thorough purity, and a certain love of Nature, which is almost as rare as purity among French novelists. 'Le fou Yégof' is the first of the series of what may be termed MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's national novels, and we also find in it the first traces of that philosophy—the word is, perhaps, rather a big one, but we will let it stand—that cheerful, vivacious, and yet resigned philosophy, so essentially French, which breathes in every page of 'Le Conscrit de 1813' and 'Waterloo.'

We cannot dwell long on 'Madame Thérèse,' which followed close upon 'Le fou Yégof,' for we wish to reserve space for a more minute study of the later works of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. 'Madame Thérèse' is a pretty story very well told, full of charming bits of word-painting; yet we only half like it. Perhaps, in spite of what we have said above, MM. Erckmann-Chatrian have proved themselves too French to please us entirely. Madame Thérèse is a *cantinière* belonging to the republican armies of 1792. In an engagement with a party of Austrian troops in a small village of the German Vosges, she is wounded and left for dead. She is received into the house of the village doctor, carefully tended and restored to health. The doctor falls in love with her, is converted by her to the doctrines of liberty, equality, and fraternity as represented by the French volunteers of 1792, and finally marries her. The story is told with great naïveté by the doctor's nephew, who was a child of ten years old when these events took place, and his boyish impressions are rendered with wonderful fidelity. Still the book is not altogether pleasing. It may be a prejudice, but a *cantinière* is not quite a heroine to our taste. We do not feel secure of the conjugal happiness of the man who marries her—even though she may have left her native village and enlisted in company of her father and brothers from pure love of liberty. Nor do we believe in the armed propagandism of the republican soldiers of France, and in the liberation of peoples which was to have

been the consequence of the universal triumph of these fighting missionaries. It seems to us almost a pity that the doctor was converted by the enthusiastic Madame Thérèse; and we hardly think it consistent with the patriotism which the authors seek to inculcate, that their hero, being a German, should ultimately join the French as an army surgeon.

This is, perhaps, the proper place for pointing out a tendency in MM. Erckmann-Chatrion's works, which appears to us likely, if indulged in, to counteract to a great extent the good effects of their teachings. We must borrow a French neologism to express our meaning, although the thing which the word represents is by no means exclusively French. There is a slight taint of *chauvinisme*—of narrow prejudiced *nationalism*—in 'Madame Thérèse,' which is still more apparent in their last work, 'L'homme du Peuple.' Their *chauvinisme*, however, it must be added, is of a purely civil order, and the word is not therefore strictly applicable, as it is generally coupled with the idea of military bombast. Most Frenchmen—we might almost say all Frenchmen—of the uneducated classes, and many Frenchmen of a class who might know better, have a latent conviction that the human species was emancipated from serfdom by the French Revolution. From that era dates, for most French minds, the liberation of mankind from feudal despotism. Political liberty owes its existence to the principles of '89, and the Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme was the first Gospel of Freedom. The institutions of England are considered as but a specious oligarchical tyranny; the constitution of the United States is ignored. France is the providential and universal initiator. It is admitted that she has kept practically but little liberty for herself; but then she has taught it theoretically to the whole world. This proves a great source of consolation to the national pride; but the true friends of freedom in France ought scarcely to desire that the national pride should be comforted under such circumstances. True it is, as Joseph de Maistre once remarked in his picturesque language, that the book of chronicles of the Middle Ages entitled 'Gesta Dei per Francos' might be continued worthily and without interruption to the present day; but it is dangerous to encourage the popular notion in France, that in the battle of freedom no great deeds have been done save those which might be chronicled under that heading.

The consequence of such a vainglorious delusion is obvious. In the same proportion as the results of the French Revolution are magnified and the general character of its influence exaggerated, its excesses are palliated in the eyes of the

greater number. Who would haggle about the price of the liberty of the world? If it were an established fact that the only revolution that has made men really free was supported by terrorism, terrorism itself would stand a fair chance of obtaining an Act of Indemnity. Instead of encouraging the popular mind of France in its revolutionary fetichism, it would be far better to teach that the great ends of the Revolution were defeated exactly by the bad means employed. But such lessons would not lead to popularity, and we fear that French writers of all classes will continue to go on declaiming vaguely about 'our fathers, the giants who founded liberty.' This may seem rather solemn criticism a-propos of a mere tale, and the somewhat hollow revolutionary enthusiasm of 'Madame Thérèse' would scarcely warrant it; but, as we said before, the blemish we here point out grows into a real fault in MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's last work.

We cannot imagine a pleasanter or an easier task than that of reviewing 'Le Conscrit de 1813.' No comments would justify our admiration half so well as extracts from the work, and we need therefore only let the authors speak for themselves as much as possible. The quaint and simple style must, of course, lose much by translation. A very few lines will suffice to give an outline of the story. Strictly speaking, neither 'Le Conscrit' nor 'Waterloo' are novels. They are fragments of a fictitious auto-biography, the recollections of a common soldier, an unwilling hero, and relate the disastrous campaigns of 1813 and 1814 from a soldier's point of view. The narrator, Joseph Bertha, is a private in the 6th regiment of the line, one of those obscure units which serve to make up the grand totals in the glorious battle-lists of history. The authors have kept this in mind with wonderful care. Nothing is told that a common soldier might not have seen, nothing is said that a common soldier might not have thought. The upward view of things is steadily adhered to. There is great literary art in this—all the greater inasmuch as it is never apparent. As we read we were reminded of those brilliant Gobelin tapestries of which the bright patterns are traced on the wrong side by workmen who cannot judge of the effect of their own labours. We seemed to be standing by the poor conscript, and looking on as he worked at the *wrong side* of glory. This then was the way in which those grand imperial battle-pieces were manufactured!

'Those who have not seen the glory of the Emperor Napoleon in 1810, 1811, and 1812, can never know to what a pitch of power a man may attain.

'When he traversed Champagne, Alsace, or Lorraine, people would leave everything, even in the midst of harvest or vintage-time, to go out and meet him; they would come from twenty or thirty miles off, old men, women, children and all, lining the road by which he was to pass, throwing up their hands, and shouting, "*Vive l'Empereur ! Vive l'Empereur !*" One would have thought he was God on earth; that the world breathed by his leave, and that if he died it would be the end of everything. If some old republicans shook their heads and ventured to say, when they were in their cups, that the Emperor might fall, people thought them mad. It seemed contrary to nature, and, indeed, no one ever dreamed of such a thing.'

These are the opening lines of the book. In no part of France was the power of the Emperor more distinctly visible than in the little fortified town of Phalsbourg, where Joseph Bertha lived. It stood on the high road of war. Infantry, cavalry, ammunition, cannon, estafettes and couriers, passed through it night and day. The troops used to pour in by the Porte de France, cross the town and go out by the Porte d'Allemagne, on their way to conquer Europe. Now and then, some lad who had gone as a soldier would come back—'one in a thousand,' says Joseph—with a colonel's or a general's epaulettes, and then the whole town felt proud and happy. But many who went away never returned at all:

'And the old folks would go on hoping, and saying, "May be our boy is a prisoner. . . . When peace is made he will come back. . . . How many have come back who were thought to be dead!" But peace never was made; when one war was ended another began. There was always something we wanted from Russia, from Spain, or from somebody else—the Emperor was never satisfied.'

Joseph Bertha looked on with dismay. He was a steady, peaceful youth of nineteen, who had been apprenticed on account of his lameness, which made him unfit for hard work, to old Melchior Goulden, a watchmaker of Phalsbourg. Joseph Bertha lived in one hope—to be taken some day into partnership by M. Goulden, and to marry his cousin Catherine, the pretty daughter of his aunt Grédel. He lived in one fear likewise—he dreaded the conscription.

M. Goulden was a staunch old republican, who used to talk of the Rights of Man, and 'call God the Supreme Being, like 'in the republican almanacs,' and he would sometimes watch the troops defiling, and then say with a thoughtful air:—

"I say, Joseph, how many of them have we seen go by, do you think, since 1804?"

"Well, I don't know, Monsieur Goulden; four or five hundred thousand, I should say, at least."

“Yes, at least! and how many have we seen come back?”

“Then, I understood what he meant, and I answered, “Perhaps they return by Mayence, or by some other road. . . . It must be so; it would be impossible otherwise.”

“And he would shake his head and say, “Those who have not come back are dead, as hundreds and hundreds of thousands will die if God does not take pity on us, for the Emperor cares for nothing but war! He has already shed more blood to give thrones to his brothers than our great Revolution to win the Rights of Man. . . .”

“And then I longed to be a thousand times lamer than I was; for in those days they had begun by taking first the unmarried men, then the married men without children, then the men who had only one child, and I could not help thinking, “Surely the lame are better to take than the fathers of families”; or again, “Perhaps they will put me in the cavalry?” The very thought made me feel sad, and I longed to run away at once.’

From the month of May to the month of September 1812, there was many a *Te Deum* sung in the church of Phalsbourg, and for each new victory the arsenal used to fire a salute of twenty-one guns. This generally took place in the morning, and then M. Goulden would call out from his room—‘Eh Joseph, another battle gained? Fifty thousand men killed, twenty-five flags taken, a hundred guns. . . . All right! . . . All right! Nothing wanted now but to make a new levy, to fill up the places of those that are dead.’ And poor Joseph, sorely troubled at heart, would falter out, ‘Do you think they’ll take those that are lame, Monsieur Goulden?’

One day, at last, the news of the disastrous retreat from Russia reached France, and the famous twenty-ninth bulletin of the Grande Armée brought misery to thousands of families. The Emperor related how the horses perished in the snow every night, but he said not a word about the men. The bulletin ended with the gratifying assurance that ‘the health of His Majesty had never been better.’ Sorry comfort for all those bereaved parents! One of the best descriptions in the book is that of the miserable crowd in the market-place gazing at the fatal proclamation which they cannot read. The *sergent de ville* reads it out aloud to them amid the cries of fainting women and the exclamations in German and in French, ‘They cannot all be dead! Some must come back!’ But the passage is too long for quotation. We must be content to transcribe one of M. Goulden’s remarks on the disaster, for it contains the moral of the whole book:—‘Now, instead of being the first, we shall be the last of all people. As soldiers were everything with us, and we have no soldiers left, we are become as nothing.’

A few days afterwards the newspapers announced the return of the Emperor to Paris, the coronation of the Empress and of the King of Rome, and again, a few days after that, the great levy of men of 1813. First there were the 150,000 conscripts of 1813, then 100 cohorts of the first batch of 1812, who had thought themselves quite safe, then 100,000 conscripts from 1809 down to 1812, and so on, till all the losses were made good and the army was more numerous than ever.

Even in our comparatively peaceful times the day of conscription is an anxious day for French youths. Those who have not lived in continental villages can scarce imagine what a great part the conscription plays in peasant-life. Money is hoarded up against the evil chance, marriages are delayed and broken off by it, and the whole current of many a life is changed. The day of drawing is one of fear and trembling, although a good face is put upon it; and many a poor lad who goes about singing with his long tri-coloured streamers tied to his cap, and his unlucky number stuck bravely in it, lies awake all night on his straw-mattress sobbing and sighing over his fate. What must it have been in 1813! Poor Joseph! He shall speak for himself:—

‘When Thursday came, the day for drawing, I looked so pale and miserable, that all the fathers and mothers of the conscripts felt envious of my looks, and wished that their sons could be like me. “There’s a lucky fellow,” they said. . . . “If one blew upon him he would fall to the ground. . . . Really, some people are born to luck!”’

Joseph’s luck forsakes him, and he draws number 17. However, he is lame, and he trusts that he will be rejected by the *conseil de révision*. But the *conseil de révision* could not afford to be fastidious in 1813, and it having been proved that Joseph had run a race of three hours against a pedlar and won it, he is declared *bon pour le service*. His first impulse (in which he is encouraged by Aunt Grédel) is to take refuge in Switzerland, but M. Goulden gives better advice, and even his sweetheart, Catherine, when he asks her opinion and tells her he will abide by it, hangs her head, and with tears in her eyes says, ‘she would not like to hear him called a deserter.’

So Joseph Bertha becomes a soldier, and in the gradual transformation of the quiet watchmaker’s apprentice into a good soldier consists one of the chief merits of the book. The upward course from pusillanimity to courage is traced with wonderful art. Joseph is not a born soldier, as so many Frenchmen are, and as all Frenchmen are supposed by some people to be. If he did not run away it was partly from fear

of being hunted down by the *gendarmes* as a refractory conscript, or of having to lead a life of exile in a foreign country. Yet at Waterloo he is almost a hero. One of his comrades, named Zébédé, the son of the sexton of Phalsbourg, is quite a different character; he is unreflecting, bold, and so fond of fighting that he even fights a duel to Joseph's unspeakable horror. The contrast between the two friends is admirable. Here is a conversation during one of their first marches:—

'We went on marching in this way for five hours. Now and then we saw a village, sometimes on the right and sometimes on the left, half-hidden in the hollows of the mountain, and Zébédé, who was marching beside me, said, "As we were to leave home, I am as well pleased it was to fight. At any rate, we see new sights every day. If we've the luck to come back safe, we'll have plenty to tell."

"Yes," I replied, "but I'd much rather see a deal less; I'd rather live for my own pleasure, than for that of others who are staying at home quietly while we are climbing here in the midst of the snow."

"You don't seem to think much of glory, Joseph," he would sometimes say. "Glory is something, though, anyhow."

'But I used to answer, "Glory is not for such as we, Zébédé. Glory is for others who live and eat and drink well. They have dances and rejoicings, as we can see by the papers, and glory into the bargain, when we have earned it by dint of starving, sweating, and getting our bones broken. When poor devils like us, who have been forced to turn soldiers, come home at last, after having lost the habit of work, and maybe a limb besides, they haven't much glory. Many of their old companions who were no better than they, or maybe not even as good workmen, have earned money during those seven years; they have set up shops, and married the other men's sweethearts; they have had rosy children, and have become steady respectable men, municipal councillors, and what not. And when those who have come back from seeking glory by killing men, pass by, they look down upon them; and if by chance they have a red nose from having drunk too much brandy, in order to keep heart in the midst of rain and snow and long marches, while the others were drinking good wholesome wine at home, they say, "What drunkards!" And the poor conscripts, who would have liked nothing better than to stay at home and work, become beggars, like. That's what I think, Zébédé: it does not seem to me quite fair, and I would rather see the friends of glory go and fight themselves, and leave us quiet."

'And then he would answer, "I am of the same mind, Joseph, but as we are in for it, we had best say we are fighting for glory. One should always stand up for one's trade, you know, and try to make people believe one is well off. Otherwise, you see, there's no saying but what they would laugh at us into the bargain."

After a while Joseph gets accustomed to long marches, to

the heavy knapsack, to cold, wind, and rain; even his lameness wears off to a great degree, but still he feels no military ardour. His only feeling of animosity against the enemy springs from anything but a warlike motive: 'Those Russians and 'Prussians are the cause of our being taken as soldiers; if 'they had remained quiet, we might still have been at home 'in France,' he says, and he admits that the thought made him 'feel angry.' When at last they come in sight of the enemy, he has no wish for a close encounter: so long as the foe retreats he is quite satisfied.

'It was very tiresome to have Zébédé continually saying in a cross tone, "Will they never, never stop?" For I thought to myself, "If they go away, what can we wish for better? We shall have wou without being hurt."'

But when, at the battle of Lutzen, he really has to fight, the instinct of self-preservation makes him brave.

'As I saw the Prussian columns forming, I said to myself, "This time, Joseph, all's over, all's lost. . . . There's no help for it. . . . All that thou canst do is to revenge thyself, to defend thyself, and to have no pity. . . . Defend thyself! Defend thyself!"'

And a little further on, after a second engagement, he exclaims—

'I thought of nothing but revenge. I was made mad with anger and indignation against those who sought to take away my life—that one gift which every man possesses and must defend as well as he can. I hated those Prussians; their shouts and insolent looks disgusted me.'

Joseph Bertha has acquired the ardour of a soldier, but he has not yet a soldier's heroic resignation. Even that comes at last. After many fights and hardships, we find him on the eve of the battle of Nations, at Leipzig, standing by the bivouac fire, wondering whether he will ever again see the moon rise among the clouds and the stars shine as on that night:—

'And as I looked out in the darkness and saw the great fiery circle of eighteen miles in extent which surrounded us, I could not help thinking, "Now the whole universe is against us! . . . All nations wish for our extermination! . . . They are weary of our glory!" But then I remembered that, after all, I had the honour of being a Frenchman, and that we ought to conquer or to die.'

We do not remember to have ever seen a simple character more truthfully and delicately delineated. We might have chosen far more striking passages for extraction, had we not especially wished to exemplify as we best could our admiration on this point. But we can convey but a very faint impres-

sion of a volume where every page adds some fresh—and one might also fancy, so natural seems the art, involuntary—touches to, the life-like picture. It would scarcely be fair, however, to MM. Erckmann-Chatrion not to add that their descriptions are sometimes wonderfully dramatic. We will give one scene, although the extract is rather long. It is sufficiently complete to give a very good idea of the manner of the authors. We will only premise that our hero, Joseph Bertha, has been wounded by a shot in the shoulder, and that near the spot where he is lying a Prussian General has been giving orders to an aide-de-camp:—

‘The young man galloped off in the direction of Klein-Gorschen, and at the same instant I heard some one near me say, “That old fellow is Blücher. . . . Ah! you old rascal, if I had my musket!”

‘I looked round and I saw an old serjeant, a thin, bony man, with deep furrows in his cheeks, who was seated against the barn-door, with his two hands stretched on the ground, and he leaning on them as on crutches, for his back was broken. His yellow eyes followed the Prussian general with a squint, and his hooked nose, which was already quite white, curved down like a beak into his long mustachios. He looked proud and fierce.

“If I had my musket,” he said again, “you’d soon see if the battle’s won.”

‘We were the only living beings in the midst of that heap of dead bodies. And I, thinking that I would perhaps be buried on the morrow with the others, in the garden that lay in front of us, and that I should never see Catherine again, felt the tears run down my face, and I could not help saying, “Now it’s all over!”

‘The serjeant looked askance at me, and seeing how young I was, he asked me, “What’s the matter with you, conscript?”

“A shot in the shoulder, serjeant.”

“In the shoulder? That’s better than in the loins; one may get over that!” Then, in a gentler tone, after having looked at me well again, he added, “Hold up, my boy! never fear, you’ll see home again.” I thought he took pity on my youth and was trying to comfort me, for I felt as if my chest was shattered to pieces, and I had no hope.

‘The serjeant said nothing more to me, only now and then he made an effort to raise his head to see if our troops were coming. He kept on muttering oaths between his teeth, and ended by slipping down with his shoulders against the edge of the door, saying, “I’m done for! . . . But the rascal has paid me for it, anyhow.”

‘He was looking at the hedge opposite, where a tall Prussian grenadier lay on his back dead, with a bayonet still sticking in his body.’

After a while the Emperor arrives on the scene of action:—

‘At last, at the end of about twenty minutes, the Prussians and

Russians began to fall back. They rushed along the narrow lane where we lay, and passed down the hill; the cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" drew nearer and nearer. The gunners in front of us were making as much haste as they could, when two or three balls fell among them, broke a wheel of their gun-carriage, and covered them all with earth. The gun fell on its side; two of the men were killed and two wounded. Just then, I felt a hand clutch hold of my arm, and turning round I saw the old serjeant, half-dead, looking at me and laughing fiercely. The roof of the hut was falling in, the wall was toppling over our heads, but we took no heed; we saw nothing but the defeat of the enemy, and we heard nothing, in the midst of the crashing noise, but the shouts of our approaching comrades.

'All of a sudden, the serjeant, who was deadly pale, said, "Here he is!" And leaning forward on his knees, one hand resting on the ground and the other hand raised in the air, he cried with a loud voice, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Then he fell forward on his face, and moved no more.

'And I too, leaning forward, saw Napoleon coming up in the midst of the firing, with his hat pulled down over his large head, his grey capote thrown open, a broad red ribband crossing his white waistcoat, and he looking calm and cold, as though the gleam of the bayonets were reflected on his face. Everything gave way before him, and the Prussian artillerymen forsook their guns and jumped over the garden wall, notwithstanding the entreaties of their officers. All these things I saw, and they have remained in my memory as though they had been burnt in; but from that time I remember nothing more about the battle, for, overcome by the hope of our victory, I lost all consciousness, and I lay like a dead man amidst all those corpses.'

We cannot follow Joseph throughout his campaigns. He goes through all the miseries of a soldier's life: home-sickness, wounds, hunger, thirst, the miseries of the field, the hospital, and last, not least, of the road-side, where he is abandoned during the retreat by his comrades to die, far away from Phalsbourg and his Catherine. He fights at Lutzen, Bautzen, and Leipzig, and plays valiantly his part in the fearful passage of the Elster. He offers freely his contribution of *chair à canon* to the glorious ogre who was devouring France, and then he falls down, trembling and wasted with fever, to die like a dog by the wayside, while ten thousand men pass by unheeding. The bill of accusation against aggressive wars is complete:—

'Those who could no longer walk lay down on the ground and cried, calling for their mothers like little children. Hunger, forced marches, heavy rains, and the sorrow of thinking that one would never see one's country and one's friends again, caused this sickness. Fortunately, parents do not see their children perish by the road-

side. If they did, it would be too terrible. Many people would think that there was no such thing as mercy, either in Heaven or on earth.'

Nor is the moral wanting. Joseph is picked up by a compassionate gunner and thrown into an ammunition waggon. There he lies unconscious and delirious while the remnant of the army fights its way back to France after the campaign of 1813. When he awakes to consciousness, as from a long and troubled dream, two months and a half have gone by, he is in a warm bed, and Catherine is seated by the fire keeping watch. As in the terrible winter when the poor conscript left Phalsbourg, the window panes are covered with hoar frost, and the cannon of the forts are thundering, as they did then;—but not for victory. Phalsbourg is besieged—the enemy is in France! The aggressive wars of the Empire have brought on France the humiliation of invasion. Was it to come to this that so many thousand men had died? 'It was a dear price to pay for ten years of glory,' exclaims Joseph Bertha.

'Waterloo' is the sequel of 'Le Conscrit'—in reality a second volume of the same work under a different title. The same personages fill the scene, the same spirit animates the authors, the same praise, slightly qualified, applies to both books.

The volume opens with the first return of Louis XVIII. in 1814, and ends with the second Restoration in 1815, and the final disbandment of the Imperial armies. The oscillations of public opinion among the lower orders in France—our authors never transgress for one moment the limits of their subject—are admirably rendered. In the subsequent unpopularity of the Bourbons many are too apt to forget the sincere enthusiasm with which they were welcomed. None hailed their return more joyfully than our poor Joseph:—'I knew what glory was,' he says, 'and that increased my love of peace and my horror of the conscription.' He was happy; he was the husband of Catherine and the partner of M. Goulden in the watchmaking business. Even M. Goulden, the old republican, was satisfied and thought that 'the princes had learned something in exile.' Then we have the *émigrés* reappearing with all their pretensions and prejudices in their train, and M. Goulden's remark:—'You think their dresses and their wigs very old-fashioned, Joseph; well! their notions are far more old-fashioned than either their wigs or their dresses.' And the processions, the expiatory ceremonies, and the missionary preachings! The Church triumphant revelling in its victory! Here are a few characteristic lines:—

‘Whenever I think of Napoleon, I fancy I hear the guns of the arsenal thundering, and our little window-panes rattling; old Goulden cries out from his bed, “Another victory, Joseph! . . . Ha! ha! ha! always victories!” And when I think of Louis XVIII, I hear the bells ringing; I see old Brainstein and his two lads pulling away at all the bell-ropes in the church, and Monsieur Goulden laughs and says, “Do you hear, Joseph? That is in honour of St. Magloire, or of St. Polycarpus.”’

Those church bells rang so loud and so frequently during fifteen years, that they ended by ringing the death-knell of the restored Monarchy; but we think MM. Erckmann-Chatrion write in an unfair spirit as regards the Restoration. The traditions—family traditions perhaps as well as local ones—which have done them such good service in their works seem to have inspired them with an undue contempt for a *régime* which, after all, founded representative government in France. There was something more going on during the Restoration than mere bell-ringing or procession-making, and whatever may have been the faults and political errors of those who governed, France made greater intellectual and moral progress under the reign of the restored Bourbons than during any other fifteen years of her history.

Joseph Bertha would have been more excusable in his irritability:—‘I had,’ he truly observes, ‘no reproach to make ‘to myself in respect of the death of Louis XVI.’ He held no *biens nationaux*, then why should he expiate? But he was told that those who took no part in the religious proceedings would be considered as scamps and rogues, and he did not like to seem a scamp or a rogue.

The Emperor lands at Cannes, and the news arrives at Phalsbourg. How is it known? Everybody has heard it and yet no one mentions it. The papers are silent, but the old soldiers look significantly at each other. The troops are sent out to meet him, to take him prisoner and bring him back to Paris, and each soldier, as he starts on this expedition, places inside his *schako*—outwardly adorned with a white cockade—the old cockade of Austerlitz and Friedland, the tricolour. The Emperor is in Paris, Marie-Louise, the King of Rome are expected, the eagles are reinstated! Here is Joseph’s account:—

‘All I can say is, that people seemed quite as joyful as on the arrival of Louis XVIII.—perhaps even more so, if possible.’

What follows is matter of history. War recommences, and Joseph, who is still virtually a soldier, and is only enjoying his happiness on leave, is recalled to his regiment. He

then regrets the time of the preachings and of the processions, and would fain follow them once more instead of shouldering his musket. He also finds out the advantage of extensive frontiers, for Phalsbourg has become a frontier town of diminished France, whereas during the reign of Napoleon it was situated almost in the heart of the Empire.

Joseph has become less fond of fighting than ever, but still he does his duty. Here are his impressions just before the battle of Leipzig:—

‘The Emperor had lost the confidence of everybody. His old soldiers were the only men who felt real attachment for him; they wished to conquer or to die. With these ideas, one may be sure that one or other of one’s wishes will come to pass; all is clear and simple. But a great many people had not the same ideas, and I, for one, loved Catherine much better than the Emperor.’

The campaign of 1815 affords ample field for those graphic descriptions of war in which MM. Erckmann-Chatrion excel; but if we had to point out the best pages of their book, we would select those in which the return of the disbanded troops after Waterloo is related. Their miserable condition, the pangs of defeat, the recklessness with which accusations of treachery were bandied about to explain the triumph of the enemy, the insults of a versatile populace, the weary marches, the hopes, the fears, the long-deferred meetings, and the sense of humiliation and oppression which survived many a long year in the old soldier’s breast, are all depicted with consummate power—the power of simplicity and truthfulness. In a word, ‘Waterloo’—and we could scarcely bestow greater praise—is a worthy companion of ‘Le Conscrit de 1813.’

We might part better friends with MM. Erckmann-Chatrion if we took leave of them here, but we must say a few words of their last work, and we confess to have felt no little disappointment after reading ‘L Homme du Peuple.’ There are, in our opinion, one or two great literary faults in this book, and some faults which are rather more serious than mere literary mistakes. We will begin by the more venial offences. In ‘Le Conscrit’ and ‘Waterloo’ the authors have hung their story upon a very slender peg indeed, but still, thanks to the great events which gave it support, the interest was sustained; in the present case there is no story at all. Jean-Pierre Clavel, an orphan boy, is adopted by a compassionate market-woman of Saverne in Alsace, taught to read and write, and apprenticed to a carpenter. When he is about twenty he has a little disappointment in love, which is merely indicated; goes to

Paris to work, is initiated by his comrades into the science of politics, and fights on the barricades in 1848, on which occasion he is neither wounded nor killed. This is literally all. The fact of the story, such as it is, being told in the first person, gives it too great a resemblance to the two preceding works of the same authors, and conveys an impression of monotony to the reader. Then Jean-Pierre, as is natural from his origin, speaks exactly like Joseph Bertha. The authors would do well to vary their tone on a future occasion. Another defect in the book is, that it is divided into two parts, one of which is a picture of quiet country life—almost an idyll—and the other, a series of political discussions from the workman's point of view, unrelieved by the slightest romance. MM. Erckmann-Chatrion, on the strength of their reputation, will find plenty of readers, but we fear they will be divided into two sets, each of which will read only one-half of their book.

The first part is a bright, truthful picture, painted with all the art the authors possess, but the undercurrent of deep emotion which ennobled the familiar scenes in 'Le Conscrit' is wanting, and we are sometimes tempted to ask whether it was worth while to depict all this so minutely merely because it seems true? The simplicity of the dialogue often lapses into childishness; in a word, the peculiar charm of the authors' style is often exaggerated into a fault. Thus it is that grace gradually becomes manner; dimples, with time, deepen into wrinkles, and fixed smiles become grimaces. But we would not quarrel with MM. Erckmann-Chatrion on this head. Amateurs who stand in admiration before 'A Girl peeling Carrots,' may well be satisfied with their 'Man planing Boards.' No Dutch picture was ever better executed.

With the second part of the volume we are disposed to find more serious fault. The intention of the authors has been evidently to describe politics as they have described war, from the popular point of view. In one respect they have been successful, and Jean-Pierre Clavel is as truly a workman as Joseph Bertha is a soldier. But we had hoped for something more. We fancied that they purposed to show the horrors of civil war in the same manner as they had exposed those of foreign war in 'Le Conscrit' and 'Waterloo'; and in this we have been disappointed. The sensible man of the book, the head-workman Perrignon, a firm anti-communist, goes to the barricades, because he wishes for an extension of the suffrage on the most moderate scale—the famous *adjonction des capacités*. It may be, however, that at a future day Perrignon is

destined to repent of his appeal to arms, for MM. Erckmann-Chatrian promise to give us a sequel of this story, in which the Insurrection of June will be related. In the meantime, civil war is evidently represented as a grand thing, even when carried on by those who know not what they are fighting for. At any rate, it is not openly blamed, and we fear that the ridicule with which popular politicians are treated in this book is too delicate to be felt by those whom it might benefit. That there is a strong satirical meaning there can be no doubt; we need no other proof of it than the questions which Jean-Pierre, who has just entered the Tuileries as a victor, addresses to himself:—

“Do we wish for a Constituent Assembly? Do we want a Directory? Or will we have Consuls? Or do we want something new? If we want something new, we must know what. Jean-Pierre, what dost thou want?”

“I could not say, and I thought to myself, “If Perrignon were here he would give me an idea.””

There is more than one humorous passage of this kind; but, on the whole, the book seems to flatter openly certain popular prejudices while it covertly derides them. There appears to be a meaning for the vulgar and one for the initiated. Perhaps we are wronging the authors, but we are inclined to think that the irony has been purposely made so very fine in order that it may not be too easily detected by the bulk of readers. The object of the book, to say the least, is doubtful, and even as we write we scarcely know whether we have understood it rightly. Of one thing we are certain: the latter part—the political part—of the work is wearisome. Politics are a more complicated subject than war, and cannot be treated so simply. MM. Erckmann-Chatrian have, we think, made a mistake in the choice of their last theme, and they would do well to adjourn the sequel of ‘*L’Homme du Peuple*’ to some distant day. Should they, however, persevere in their intention, we trust they will openly reprobate all appeals to force, save under extreme pressure. The advice would be even more useful to their countrymen than anything they have written against foreign war.

In teaching this lesson MM. Erckmann-Chatrian might risk their popularity, but they could scarcely risk it in a better cause.

ART. X.—*Brewer's Calendar of State Papers.* Published under the direction of the Right Hon. the Master of the Rolls. London: 1862-4.

IT is difficult to understand how future historical writers will be able to deal with the superabundant supply of materials now forthcoming, not only from the researches of private individuals, but from the publication by various Governments of an immense amount of evidence and correspondence heretofore jealously concealed in their respective archives. Our own series of Calendars of the State Papers, published under the authority of the Master of the Rolls, has now reached to no less than twenty-six portly volumes, extending from the year 1509 to 1665, and we must say that a more useful and important literary work has never been accomplished at the public expense. Every document contained in the voluminous records of the realm is here at least described. The more interesting are deciphered and quoted; and although these records must obviously be regarded as the materials of history rather than as history itself, the authenticity of contemporary evidence and the lifelike personal character they give to the study of a departed age, have peculiar charms for the reader. We have already on a former occasion shown to what an extent these papers illustrate the singular history of the first marriage of Queen Katharine of Arragon; and we now propose to borrow from the Calendar of Mr. Brewer some account of another Princess whose matrimonial adventures were equally strange, though far less tragical than those of the divorced Queen of Henry VIII.

Mr. Brewer's Calendar embraces the correspondence of the early years of the reign of Henry VIII., from 1509 to 1518, and it will be remembered that Mr. Froude, though he has prefaced his work by a general introduction of considerable interest in itself, takes as his point of departure the end of Wolsey's career. Mr. Brewer serves as a guide to a correspondence which gives a very full picture of the important events which preceded that period; we gather our own conceptions of the characters who figured on the stage; and we discover to what an extent England was taking a part in European affairs before the date selected by Mr. Froude as his starting-point. The introductory essay on the earlier portion of the reign of Henry VIII., prefixed to this volume, is a masterly production, which exhibits at a glance the person and the court of the youthful English monarch, the administrative

genius of Wolsey, and the ascendancy which England rapidly acquired, upon the accession of Henry VIII., in the affairs of Europe.

Nothing, indeed, can be more graphic, and we may almost say dramatic, than the impression which the reader receives from works like that of Mr. Brewer, which give more or less *in extenso* the very words and writings of the leading personages. And when it is remembered that amongst these are included Henry VIII., Louis XII., Maximilian and his daughter Margaret of Savoy, Francis I., Ferdinand of Arragon, Leo X., Wolsey, Tunstal, Fox, Sir T. More, besides the statesmen who exercised a leading influence in the councils of the respective Sovereigns, it is hardly too much to say with the editor of these papers that they present a mass of materials, not only for the reign of Henry VIII., but of Europe generally, to which, in interest and completeness, no parallel can be found in this or any other country.

Mr. Brewer has, in our opinion, met with unmerited reproach for incorporating in his work *résumés* of the despatches of Giustiniani first published by Mr. Rawdon Brown; but he informs us that the plan of his work did not confine him to a bare catalogue of the Public Records preserved in the State Paper Office, and in these volumes he has included all other original documents which could be found to illustrate his history of the period. By so doing he has given a continuous character to much which would otherwise have been fragmentary. For the same reason, though scarcely to the same degree, we think he has done well to include portions of the correspondence of Erasmus, affording an insight into the studious life of that age, which was not then to the same extent as in modern times separated by a broad line of distinction from the more active life of the council-chamber or camp. It is agreeable to turn at times from the intricacies of political combinations, and from the wearisome correspondence of political agents, to the letters of literary men, and to find the silver thread of study and contemplation running through the tangled web of public affairs. We can hear Erasmus as he talks of the progress of his New Testament, and learn the early impressions produced by the publication of More's 'Utopia'; and if at the same time we are reminded not only of the wit, but also of some of the more questionable characteristics of the 'Epistolæ obscurorum Virorum,' the picture of the times is rendered more interesting and complete.

We have alluded, however, only to the names of the leading men concerned, but these Calendars are full of particulars

regarding many of the women whose fortunes were mixed up in events of historic importance. Until the publication of Mr. Bergenroth's Calendar, comparatively little was known of the interesting particulars connected with the marriage of Katharine of Arragon; and Mr. Brewer now gives us the curious details of the history of Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. Although the story of this Princess as now presented to the reader is wanting in many of the pathetic points of interest connected with Katharine, we have thought that it is so full of varying events, and so characteristic of the times, that we shall be doing a service to many readers by giving them the substance of what Mr. Brewer's volumes contain on the subject.

The Princess Mary, youngest daughter of Henry VII., her sister Margaret having married James IV. of Scotland, had been in 1506, in accordance with the usage of times when royal marriages were made so subservient to political purposes, affianced by her father to the infant Prince Charles, afterwards to become celebrated as Emperor, but even then, by his relationship to the Emperor Maximilian and to the Spanish sovereigns, one of the greatest matches in Christendom. The proposed marriage was thus in full accordance with the shrewdness which characterised the policy of Henry VII., nor did it lose its political significance in the eyes of his successor when the death of the Archduke Philip placed Charles in the position of heir to the crown of Castille. But the position of the other principals concerned was also to be affected by this and other political considerations. Ferdinand of Arragon, old, selfish, and deceitful, was the first to show disinclination to the marriage. Jealous as he had been of the rights of the Archduke Philip, he was not likely to view with much favour an alliance which would strengthen the position of the youthful heir; and when by the acquisition of Navarre, not effected without the concurrent action of Henry VIII., he had secured important advantages, no principles of honour, no gratitude for obligations, or considerations of existing family connexion, were sufficient to counterbalance a policy founded only on motives of self-interest.

It would, on the other hand, be difficult to give to the policy of Maximilian even so consistent a motive. Few characters in history figure in a more pitiable light than that of this Sovereign; as judged by the correspondence in Mr. Brewer's volumes. Wavering and uncertain in his policy, money was his object, and for money he was ever ready to make any sacrifice. As Pope Julius expressed himself regarding him, 'Imperator est levis et inconstans: alienæ pecuniæ semper mendicus

‘. . . est tamen conciliandus nomine diaboli, et pecunia ei ‘semper est danda.’ A tone of ridicule as regards the royal mendicant runs throughout the correspondence of the statesmen of the day, and specially in the despatches of the English agents who were frequently concerned in pecuniary transactions with him; for in these times, as in more modern instances, we find Germany looking to England for the means to enable it to fight its own battles.

Hume appears to have somewhat undervalued the policy pursued by Henry and by Wolsey with a view to counteract the successes of Francis in his first Milanese campaign, by purchasing the concurrence of Maximilian. It is evident, indeed, that, in spite of the difficulties which attached to any co-operation with the Emperor, an important check was thus placed on French designs in Italy; but this was not effected without a large expenditure of English gold, disbursed in the hands of Maximilian’s Swiss auxiliaries, so far at least as it could be kept from his own clutches.

The correspondence of Wingfield and Pace, the two agents employed by Henry in this matter, is most interesting, and the contrast between the two characters is well worth study in their despatches. Wingfield, a veteran agent, credulous and feeble, but withal a gentleman in his tone—a very pantaloon of diplomatists—was called upon to co-operate with Richard Pace, an agent of a totally different character. Our readers will recollect Shakspeare’s allusion to the latter:—

Camp. Was he not held a learned man?

Wolsey.

Yes, surely.

Camp. They will not stick to say you envied him,

And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,

Kept him a foreign man.

Richard Pace appears to have been a shrewd and determined agent, undaunted by Maximilian’s threats, inaccessible to his blandishments, and patient under the severe trials to which he was subjected by his fidelity to the interests intrusted to him. Writing from a bed of sickness or from prison, and even when summarily dismissed by the Emperor, we find the same constancy and incorruptibility. Joint action between two such opposite characters was manifestly impossible. Wingfield’s easy nature was necessarily irritated by the unyielding disposition of his colleague. Personal jealousy was soon to follow, and querulous complaints against the confidence which Henry reposed in Pace. But the King and his Minister were not the men to misunderstand the true state of things. ‘To be plain with you,’ wrote Henry to Wingfield, ‘we now evidently

‘perceive, more by your own writings than by the relation of others, that ye having better opinion in yourself than your wisdom or qualities can attain to, not only by elation of a glorious mind, but moved by the instigation of malice against our Secretary, Mr. Pace, have more considered your sensual appetite than regarded our commandments, weal, profit, or surety.’ Better, added the angry monarch, that Wingfield had not been born than that inconvenience should result from his ‘vainglorious ways, more studying to win thanks there, than regarding our honour and profit.’ But we must leave the poor old knight in the midst of his tribulations, and only wonder that Henry did not forthwith accede to his request that his poverty might be remembered, and that he might be permitted to retire and make his pilgrimage to Our Lady of Walsingham*, where, as he wrote, ‘by the leave of God I would gladly leave my beard, which is now of so strange a colour that I need none other arms or herald to show what favour I am worthy or like to have from henceforth amongst ladies and gentlewomen.’

We have digressed thus far from the history of Mary and her fortunes, as it was necessary to allude to the characters concerned in the matter of her marriage with Charles of Castille. Whatever might be the interests and inclinations of Ferdinand and Maximilian, they could not ignore the engagement contracted with Henry VII.; but it was in spite of his inclinations that Ferdinand in 1509 ratified the engagement, for Henry’s agent, Knight, reported that, ‘whether he feareth that the Prince waxeth too ripe in age, or that he remembereth old injuries, or that he would dissever the marriage, your Grace may truly imagine that he is not well disposed.’ In like manner in 1513 Maximilian also signed the articles of the marriage, which was fixed to take place in the following year, but again we find the same agent stating that the Emperor was not to be trusted, and that he had instructed Margaret to defer the marriage on the plea of the Prince’s health; and Charles’s own Council, acting under French influence, also appear to have desired to raise difficulties on the ground that the Prince was but a child and Mary full-grown.

Henry VIII. was not likely to submit to such hesitations. Explanations were demanded, and his Ambassador at Brussels

* A very few years were to see the end of this shrine. In 1538, the wonder-working image was brought to Chelsea and there burnt (*Paston Letters*, note to letter xvi.)

was directed to make preparations for the marriage, but delays and evasions were the only result; and at length, as Henry himself informed Margaret's envoy, Gerard de Pleine, it was the common talk of Europe that the delay was only designed to break off the engagement. It is with little surprise, therefore, that we read a public instrument, signed by Mary herself in July 1514, by which the alliance was formally renounced by the Princess; but that which does occasion a shock to the feelings of the reader is that Henry's announcement of this step to Leo X. is coupled with the intelligence that Mary was now betrothed to Louis XII. of France. A husband of the mature age of fifty-two was thus substituted for a boy of fourteen!

Political causes had doubtless a paramount influence in inducing Henry to relinquish the alliance with Charles. The contract had been entered into, so far as he was concerned, only as part of an arrangement between Henry, Maximilian, and Ferdinand, for joint action against France, but the agreement was soon violated by a truce between the two latter and Louis. Henry's position was thus altered; it was, moreover, not unnatural for him to be indignant at the treatment to which his sister had been exposed. For that treatment was hard. The Princess, as described in a letter to Margaret, was 'a beautiful lady; her deportment exquisite both in conversation and dancing. She is very lively and well brought up, and appears to love the Prince wonderfully. She has a very bad picture of him, and is said to wish for his presence ten times a day.' From the year 1509, we find her styled in public documents as 'Princess of Castille.' Margaret in her letters spoke of her as betrothed to the Prince; and as late as December 1513, we find Charles himself signing a letter to her with his name as 'y're bon mary.'

The contract itself, and the hesitation of the Prince's relations to fulfil it, were thus equally notorious; and personal dignity concurred with political motives in inducing Henry to break off the engagement. But after the true facts of the case are thus apparent, it is amusing to find a French writer stating that '*les fiançailles viennent d'être rompues à cause de quelque intrigue galante dont, à tort ou à raison, on accuse la Princesse.*'

If, however, the rupture with Charles was justified, the marriage with Louis was wholly inexcusable, even if had not been accompanied by some questionable circumstances to which we shall have hereafter to allude. But, rightly or wrongly, it was nevertheless to proceed in spite of its being highly unpopular with the English nobility. In August 1514, the marriage

treaty was signed, and the marriage by proxy immediately followed; 'the bride,' as we are told, 'undressed and went to bed 'in the presence of many witnesses,' the Great Chamberlain of France in his doublet and red hose representing Louis in a coarse ceremony, the details of which we hesitate to transfer to these pages. A solemn espousal also took place in France, where the Earl of Worcester represented the English Princess. In arranging the preliminaries, we find Worcester remonstrating against the appointment of a woman of ill repute as one of Mary's attendants, to which complaint Louis answered that he 'wished she were brente—that there should never man or woman be about his wife but such as should be at her contentation.' Worcester was also shown the jewels destined for Mary, the senile bridegroom informing him that 'She shall not have all at once, but at divers times, for he would have many, and at divers times, kisses and thanks for them.'

We gather an impression of this amorous monarch from Peter Martyr's letters. In one of them he states, 'The King is at Abbeville, waiting for his new bride, who will be his death. What an old valetudinarian suffering from leprosy can want with a handsome girl of eighteen, you may infer;' and in another, 'The Frenchman went out to meet his bride like a gay bridegroom, perched on a Spanish war-horse, licking his lips, and gulping his spittle. If he lives to smell the flowers of spring, you may promise yourself five hundred autumns.'

The sacrifice was, however, to be made, and the marriage took place on the 9th of October. The first results we learn in a letter from the new Queen to Henry dated a few days later:—

'The morn next after my marriage all my other man servants were discharged, and likewise my mother Gilford with my women and maidens, except such as never had experience nor knowledge how to advertise and give me counsel in any time of need, *which is to be feared more shortly than your Grace thought at the time of my departing.*'

And this was the way in which the promised 'contentation' as regarded Mary's attendants was carried out by Louis, who, in Worcester's words, 'yet lieth still, ever excusing himself by his gout.' Nor could Worcester, acting in obedience to Henry's instructions, bring about a better state of things. The only reply he could get from Louis was, 'that his wife and he be in good and perfect love as ever two creatures can be, and *both of an age* to rule themselves, and not to have servants who should rule over him or her.' And thus had

the poor young Queen to accept her fate. She had not, however, long to endure it.

A new actor is now to appear on the scene, and one destined to take a prominent part in Mary's fortunes. This was Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, Henry's favourite, and one whose history bears some curious analogy to that of his Royal master. He appears to have married four wives and was also contracted in marriage to Elizabeth Grey, heiress of Viscount Lisle, which title was then conferred on him by Henry VIII. but surrendered when the lady refused to fulfil the engagement; and it appears from Mr. Brewer's interesting preface that Suffolk's matrimonial connexions had been peculiar. Contracted in marriage during the reign of Henry VII. to Anne Brown, daughter of Sir Anthony Brown, Governor of Calais, he obtained a dispensation and married his aunt Margaret Mortymer. From her he subsequently separated on the plea of prohibited affinity, and then married his first love, by whom he had two daughters. Eventually, in 1528, he obtained a Papal Bull annulling all objections which might be raised on account of these previous engagements. We learn, moreover, from other papers contained in Mr. Brewer's volumes, the particulars of a somewhat advanced flirtation between Suffolk and Margaret of Austria. Nor was Henry indifferent in the matter; he appears to have pressed the suit of his favourite; and though Margaret ultimately declined her consent, it is evident from her letters that she did so from no personal repugnance to Suffolk. Such were the antecedents of the agent selected by Henry to proceed to France at this period in Mary's fortunes. He was sent ostensibly with the object of representing English chivalry at the tournaments held in honour of the marriage, but he was entrusted also with a secret negotiation, one of the main objects of which appears to have been to put forward a claim advanced by Henry on the crown of Castille, by virtue of the inheritance of Katharine the Queen.

At Beauvais Suffolk's first meeting took place with the King and Queen of France, and there he found Louis in bed, and Mary seated by his bedside. Invited by Louis to another interview, Suffolk reports, 'whane I came thyr a made me to 'kyes hys dawttares.' But if as regards the political objects he did not make much progress, his achievements at the tournament may have afforded some consolation, for, as Mary herself reported, Louis said of the English champions, that 'they did shame aule Franse.'

And thus the last year of Louis' life drew to a close, for

early in January 1515, we have a letter from Wolsey to Mary Queen of France, anticipating the immediate decease of her husband, and offering her his advice and consolation in 'this heaviness among strangers.' But while he urged her 'not by extremity of sorrow to hurt her noble person,' we learn his opinion of the risks to which she was exposed, from his earnest advice, 'If any motions of marriage or other offers of fortune be made unto you, in no wise give hearing to them.'

From what quarter were these overtures to proceed? Had the Cardinal received intelligence of the admiration of Francis? or was the caution necessary with reference to a more dangerous pretender? The question is soon answered, and the solution sufficiently startling, but we do not advance much towards it by Mary's reply to Wolsey. 'Whereas,' wrote she, 'you advise me that I shall make no promise, I trust the King my brother and you will not reckon in me *such childhood*.'

Whatever might be the secret designs of the principals concerned, the event had come: Louis was dead; and a mission of condolence and congratulation—*Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi*—was a necessary consequence; nor was Henry's choice of an ambassador without its own significance. Suffolk, a not unwilling emissary, was again to proceed to Paris, and we seem almost to revert to the times and morality of Henry VII., when we find that the principal object with which he was charged was to secure for his Sovereign the reversion of Mary's fortune and jewels.

As far as Mary herself was concerned, there was a promptness in sacrifice in this respect. In his first letter to Henry, Suffolk stated that the Queen had determined to surrender to him all that belonged to her in right of her late husband. But in what words did Suffolk convey this intimation? 'I find you so good lord to me that *she and I* have no more to content your Grace.'

'She and I' were Suffolk's words, and we find the same juxtaposition in a letter from Mary to Wolsey of about the same date. Intimate relations, if not a previous understanding, were thus at once suggested. Nor did it seem otherwise to Francis, the new sovereign, for in Suffolk's next report to Wolsey, we have the details of a curious interview in which Francis hastened to inform Suffolk that he was aware that the object of his mission was his own marriage with the widowed Queen. 'Reckon not such great folly in me,' was Suffolk's reply; but he must have found it hard to maintain his composure when he learnt from Francis that the Queen herself

was his informant, and that it was his royal intention to exert his influence with Henry in favour of the marriage.

So far therefore as the Cardinal's advice to Mary was concerned she was not disposed to hurt her noble person by extremity of sorrow. But how did Wolsey receive the intelligence? Certainly not with surprise; on the contrary, we find him expressing not only his own pleasure, but that of his Sovereign, at the communications which had passed between Francis and Suffolk. Wolsey's cautions to Mary must therefore have referred to the pretensions which foreign princes might advance to her hand, and public rumour was not slow in suggesting such alliances. It was even hinted that Francis himself might appear in the character of a suitor, and Wolsey's advice might not appear out of place when we find that Mary herself told Suffolk that Francis had from the first been importunate with her 'in divers matters *not to her honour*,' and that her explanations to him were the result of the apprehensions she entertained of his possible designs.

Whatever might have been the original designs of Francis, he appears, however, to have loyally fulfilled his promise to Suffolk; but his letter to Henry was without immediate effect, so far as the latter was concerned, and Mary was ordered not to consent to a marriage in France, but to return to England. Suffolk, on the other hand, was to some extent comforted by a letter from Wolsey, stating that 'the hope that the King hatr
' to obtain the plate and jewels is the thing that now stayeth
' his Grace constantly to assent that ye should marry his
' sister, the lack whereof might make him cold and remiss,
' whereof all men in England except his Grace and me would
' be right glad.' And he also explained that Henry's refusal to give a direct answer was the result of his fear lest Francis should conclude that the consent to the marriage with Suffolk had been granted prior to his mission to France. How far Henry had thus committed himself will shortly appear, but we would first deal with Mary herself.

She was now more or less a free agent. Distance separated her from the immediate influence of her brother, and from Wolsey's prudential suggestions. A Tudor in blood, she had all the wilful and headstrong characteristics of her race. Bearing these considerations in mind, the reader is less surprised, if not absolutely prepared, when he learns her next step. What that step was we learn from a letter to Henry from Suffolk:—'So it is,' wrote the Duke, 'that when I came to
' Paris the Queen was in hand with me *the first day I came*,
' and said that she must be short with me, and open to me her

'pleasure and mind. She began to show how good lady she was to me, and if I would be ordered by her *she would never have none but me.*' She then expressed her fears of being forced to consent to some other alliance, 'and with that she wept, Sir; I never saw woman so weep.' Suffolk's position was a trying one. He could not but fear Henry's resentment at a precipitate and unauthorised act; but, on the other hand, here was the lady of his affections saying to him, 'If you will not be content to follow my end, *look never after this day to have the proffer again.*' These were Mary's very words, and we read with no surprise the conclusion as reported by Suffolk to Henry, 'And so she and I were married.' Nor were his explanations to Wolsey less explicit. 'The Queen,' wrote Suffolk, 'would never let me be in rest till I had granted her to be married. And so, to be plain with you, I have married her heartily,' insomuch indeed that he did not refrain from an allusion to consequent anticipations. The fact is, that scarcely a month had elapsed since the death of her deceased husband before Mary became the wife of Suffolk.

Wolsey must have been sorely tried by this precipitation. No wonder that in his reply to Suffolk he stated that he had received the intelligence 'with sorrowful heart.' He confessed that he was perplexed what to do under the circumstances, considering that Henry had been content 'that with good order, and saving of his honour, Suffolk should have in marriage the said sister.' All that he could advise was that Henry's anger should be met by an appeal to his cupidity in the shape of an immediate cession of Mary's jewels and dower. Still the case was critical. 'Cursed be the blind affection and counsel that have brought ye hereunto. . . . Ye put yourself in the greatest danger that ever man was.' These were the only consolations which the Cardinal could offer.

The true explanation of the whole affair is, however, best gathered from a letter which Mary addressed to her brother, and the draft of which as corrected by Wolsey is still extant. In this letter she stated that, '*for the furtherance of your affairs, ye moved me to marry my lord and late husband King Louis of France, whose soul God pardon, though I understood he was very aged and sickly.*' She had, however, consented on the understanding that, if she survived Louis, Henry would 'never provoke or move her but as her own heart and mind should be best pleased; and that wheresoever she should dispose herself ye would wholly be content with the same.' And now that she was free, 'remembering the

'great virtues which I have seen and perceived in my Lord of Suffolk, to whom I have always been of good mind *as ye well know,*' she stated that she had determined to marry him: 'the same,' added she, 'hath proceeded only of mine own mind without any request or labour of my said Lord of Suffolk or any other.'

Nor did she refrain from threats in case her wishes should be overruled, for in another letter to Henry she wrote —

'An if your Grace will have granted me married in any place saving whereas my mind is, I will be there, whereas your Grace nor no other shall have any joy of me; for I promise your Grace you shall hear that I will be in some religious house, the which I think your Grace would be very sorry of, and all your realm.'*

The facts of the case are now clear beyond dispute. The marriage with Louis was one of policy. It was subject to the condition that, if Mary became a widow, she should be free to follow her own inclinations. The direction of those inclinations was no secret to Henry; and as regards Suffolk, though he may have proceeded to France fettered by obligations towards his Sovereign, the precipitate marriage was an act for which he can hardly be held responsible. In judging Henry's proceedings in this matter, we must bear in mind the different practice of those days as regarded marriages between the Blood Royal and subjects of the Crown. Henry had, moreover, as we have already seen, urged a marriage between Suffolk and the Archduchess Margaret, and he was thus in no position to object to a marriage between Suffolk and his own sister on the plea of disparity of rank and birth. But it is impossible to learn without distaste the details of a marriage between parties in such acknowledged disparity of years and health as Louis and Mary, even if it had not been coupled with a secret understanding so discreditable to the parties concerned. Henry's compunctions in the matter were not, however, likely to be of long duration. His political object had failed on the death of Louis, and it now only remained for him to turn the new state of things to his own profit by securing for himself the lion's share of his sister's dower and property; the precipitate marriage placed Mary and Suffolk more or less at his disposal in this respect.

The romance of the history is thus at an end, and there is little further connected with Mary's fortunes deserving special

* Wood, *Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies*, vol. i. p. 188; in the first volume of which work many of Mary's letters are inserted.

attention. Paris, which Suffolk described as 'lyke a stynkyng pryson,' had no further attractions for bride or bridegroom, who prepared for their return to the English shore. But, as Wolsey had anticipated, public feeling in England was unfavourable to the marriage. On his arrival in England, Suffolk scarcely ventured to quit the Royal residence; and he wrote to Henry, throwing himself on his mercy, and stating his conviction that all the members of the King's Council, with the exception of Wolsey, were determined on his death or imprisonment. In spite of this state of popular feeling, the marriage was again solemnised at Greenwich in May 1515, in the presence of Henry and Queen Katharine. But for once Henry showed some anxiety to avoid public scandal, and Sir W. Sidney was despatched by him to the Court of France with a view to secure the silence of Francis with respect to the secret marriage. With the information now available, the terms of Sidney's instructions are curious:—'Considering that there be *no man privy* of the said secret marriage, but only the said French King and Henry to whom he had declared the same,' Sidney was desired to say that 'the King's Grace desireth and perfectly trusteth that for the honour of the said French Queen, and for avoiding of all evil bruits thereof, the French King will reserve and keep the same at all times hereafter secret to himself, without making any creature privy thereunto, like as the King shall do for his part.' The industry of modern research has, however, as we have seen, made fruitless any attempt at reticence in the matter.'

The price of Henry's acquiescence was all that now remained to be arranged. Even whilst Suffolk was in France, money transactions had already passed between Henry and his favourite in the shape of a loan from Henry secured on Suffolk's plate. But the King took care that he should be no loser, and full particulars are forthcoming as to the formal agreements into which he entered with Suffolk and Mary, securing the repayment of his advances and a very profitable interest in her property and dowry.

Yet Suffolk's position in his Sovereign's favour does not appear to have been shaken even by matters of this description, so often the cause of antipathies and estrangement. A few months subsequent to the marriage, Giustiniani, the Venetian ambassador, describes Suffolk as in the possession of authority scarcely less than that of the King, and mentions his name in connexion with the question of a successor to Henry were he to die without male issue. The following year (1516), Henry himself, with Wolsey as his colleague

acted as godfather to Henry Earl of Lincoln, Suffolk's eldest born. In 1517, Queen Katharine, with Henry's daughter Mary, stood as godmothers of Suffolk's daughter Frances in the church of Bishops Hatfield, 'hung with arras of the history 'of Holofernes and Hercules;' and later on a third daughter, Eleanor, was the last issue of this marriage.

It is curious to trace how this marriage between Mary and Suffolk has connected many of the existing families of the British aristocracy with the blood royal, and curious also to recall some of the subsequent historic incidents connected with the fortunes of their descendants. The Earl of Lincoln, the only son, died indeed unmarried, but the offspring of his sisters Frances and Eleanor were destined to hold a place in English history.

Of these ladies the first, Lady Frances, by her marriage with Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and afterwards by creation Duke of Suffolk, was the mother of three daughters, Lady Jane Grey, Lady Katharine, and Lady Mary. To mention Lady Jane is only to bring back the recollections of a touching nature, of rare accomplishments, and of a hard fate. Nor was the lot of her sister Katharine less sad, though its end was deferred for many subsequent years. She was married, in form only as it is said, at the time of the Northumberland conspiracy, to the son of Lord Pembroke, but the marriage was declared invalid, and she became an object of suspicion and dislike to Elizabeth, to whom, according to the terms of the will of Henry VIII., she stood next in succession. Mr. Froude gives us some curious details of communications which passed between Katharine and De Feria, Philip's ambassador in England, from which it is evident how much importance was attached to her position by the politicians of the day. And when in 1561, and after she was discovered to be *enceinte*, she declared herself to be the wife of Lord Hertford, eldest son of the Protector by his second wife, there were not wanting reasons for supposing that the marriage was connected with political objects. As such, at all events, it was treated by Elizabeth. Hertford was fined in the sum of 5,000*l.*, and confined nine years in the Tower. His unfortunate wife was committed to the same prison. An Archbishop was summoned to pronounce the marriage invalid and the children illegitimate; and the subsequent death of Lady Katharine was attributed to the sufferings occasioned by a long imprisonment. From this marriage, however, the validity of which we learn from Burke's 'Extinct Peerages' was afterwards finally established at common law by the verdict of a

jury, there descended in direct order of lineage six Dukes of Somerset, and it was only in 1750 that on the death of Algernon seventh Duke, the ducal title reverted to Sir Edward Seymour as representing the descendants of the Protector by his first wife, and it is with this branch that the title has from that period vested.

Other ducal houses of the present day trace their descent to a like origin. In 1796, the widow of the last Duke of Chandos (of the extinct family of Brydges), being herself the sole representative of the marriage of Lady Frances and Dorset, married Richard, second Marquis of Buckingham and Chandos, who was subsequently created Duke. The House of Buccleuch is also connected by intermarriage through the Cardigans and Montagus; and the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of Algernon seventh Duke of Somerset with Sir Hugh Smithson, to whom the Earldom of Northumberland reverted, has preserved to us in title at least the historic name of the Percies.

In tracing these descents, it is curious to find other instances of the inconvenient results which have attended matrimonial connexions with the blood royal. In the reign of James I., the Marquis of Hertford, who was afterwards by reversal of attainder to become Duke of Somerset, having attempted without the previous consent of his sovereign to marry Lady Arabella Stuart, was compelled to fly the kingdom, and it was only by distinguished military services that he was again restored to royal favour. The weaker delinquent was as usual the victim: Lady Arabella was committed to the Tower, where she died in 1660.

So far as the issue of Lady Frances were concerned, the ill fate of Lady Jane and Lady Katharine had not yet deserted the blood. Nor was Lady Mary, the third sister, more fortunate. According to the authorities quoted by Mr. Froude she got herself married in the Palace itself 'by an old priest in a short gown' to Thomas Keys, the Serjeant Porter. Lady Mary was the smallest woman in the Court, and Thomas the largest man, so much is reported of the contracting parties. On the marriage being discovered the Serjeant was sent to the Fleet, and Mary to some place of private confinement; and the officials undertook the steps necessary for the dissolution of the marriage.

Such was the fate of these ladies, who might at one time in the event of Elizabeth's death without heirs have been in succession to the Crown of England. We must not, however, quit the subject without mention of Eleanor, the third child

of Mary and Suffolk. This lady married Henry Clifford, second Earl of Cumberland, a lofty alliance for him, but the expense of which, as Hartley Coleridge tells us, involved the alienation of his oldest manor. Those who are familiar with the 'Northern Worthies'—the book to which we allude—will scarcely need to be reminded of the eventful life of Lady Eleanor's son, George third Earl, with its varied adventures by sea and by land; nor yet of the still more interesting biography of his daughter Anne, successively the wife and widow of the Earls of Dorset and of Pembroke, and her struggles to restore the fortunes of her house and to maintain the family rights. She did not, however, persevere in establishing her right to the Barony of Clifford, and it was not till 1775 that the succession to that honour was restored to her descendants, with whom it has since remained vested in the family of De Clifford.

But we must hasten to a conclusion, and only add that Margaret, the daughter of Lady Eleanor by the Earl of Cumberland, married Henry Stanley, fourth Earl of Derby; and it is owing to their descent from this source that many families of our existing aristocracy, including the noble houses which represent the Bridgewater peerage, the Earl of Jersey, the Duke of Athol, and the Marquis of Hastings, found their right to quarter the royal arms of England.

ART. XI.—*A Safe and Constitutional Plan of Parliamentary Reform.* In two letters to a Member of the Conservative Party. By Sir JOHN EARDLEY WILMOT, Bart. London: 1865.

ON the eve of the General Election, last summer, we remarked that the public affairs of this country had reached a point which could hardly be termed a Crisis, but might justly be described as an Epoch of more than common solemnity and importance. In using this expression we referred not only to the renewal of the national representation, then about to occur after a long interval, but also to the probability, already manifest, that before the New Parliament could assemble in February, important changes would have taken place in the Administration, and that questions of unusual gravity would await the decision of the Legislature. The death of Lord Palmerston has verified our anticipations in one respect; and the supreme direction of the government has passed from his

hands to that of a Ministry, consisting entirely of his former colleagues, who are the first to recognise the magnitude of the loss sustained by the country and by themselves. On the other hand, the question of Parliamentary Reform has again assumed the most prominent position in the business of the ensuing Session, and the House of Commons will be called upon, at the very outset of its existence, to pronounce a judgment on its own relations to the constituencies by which it is elected. We shall therefore proceed to take a retrospective view of the career of the eminent Statesman whose loss we deplore; and we shall then hazard a few remarks on the engrossing subject of the Extension of the Franchise.

The death of Lord Palmerston is an event full not only of sentiment but of practical moment. On no single life, unless we except—although on widely dissimilar grounds—that of the Emperor of the French, did so many interests and results depend. Under any circumstances, the loss of one so pleasant and popular, so wise and yet so tolerant, so resolute and fearless, yet so kindly and so true, would have touched the sensibilities of Englishmen to their heart of hearts. He was, as has been often said, the type of what an Englishman loves. An enemy alike to trifling and to solemnity, to pedantry and to idleness, doing what he had to do with a will, but throwing his harness off the moment work was over, steel to his friend, stern to his country's foe—for he had not one of his own—good-tempered, unpretending, covering with a perennial glow of genial humour deep and earnest thought, he had become to us a familiar institution, a peculiar possession, which time only rendered more our own, but never warned us we were to lose. It was a strange thrill, a shock of incongruous emotion, which trembled through the nation with the telegraphic words—'Lord Palmerston is dead.'

The saying runs, and in some sense it is true, that no man is ever missed. The world turns round, its seasons come and go. Fortune pursues her accustomed game in the lottery of life, and the new events of this year eclipse and obscure the catastrophes of the last. One year we see a king—next year an exile. In 1864 Jefferson Davis is the ruler of a nation: in 1865 he is a powerless, afflicted, pining prisoner. But each day finds its work to be done, and finds hands to do it, although princes and thrones vanish from the scene. Yet when Palmerston died, in a ripe old age indeed, but in the full vigour of his powers and the full blaze of his renown, it was felt that we had lost an anchorage which gave moorings to ourselves and to Europe. The long political career which had made

him sage lent weight to his counsels, and reconciled even the reluctant to follow them. The very times in which he lived, our domestic position, the state of Europe and America, combined to bring about a remarkable adaptation of his peculiar powers, qualities, and temperament to rule the destinies of the empire. The privileges due to years, and the prestige of success enabled him to deal with and dispose of difficulties in a manner which would not have been accepted at other hands. He will go down to posterity with the reputation of one of the most successful Ministers who ever governed this country—a reputation founded not so much on what he gained as on what he preserved—on what he protected, rather than what he acquired for the nation; but a reputation still second to none as that of a master in the practical science of government.

Of one who was so much and so long before the public, and whose characteristics excited so much personal and peculiar interest, there can be little new to say. Yet as journalists devoted to the support of the principles of the great Liberal party in this country, we should do violence not more to justice than to the feelings of the party, and to our own, were we to pass without our tribute of admiration and gratitude the memory of one who for thirty-five years was in the front of the conflict, and for a long period held in his strong grasp the fortunes of the fight. Before, therefore, we turn the page, and, trying to penetrate the dim obscure, fill the blank canvas with the images of the future, let us attempt to recall the accustomed lineaments, and picture to ourselves the great statesman whom we have just laid in Westminster Abbey, and whom we shall never see again but in history.

Nor is such a retrospect merely a memorial of political gratitude or political sentiment. It is full of interest and instruction. If Lord Palmerston was a type of an Englishman, he was in many both of its every-day and its rarer aspects a model of official life. Nature was lavish to him of many gifts, and it is the lot of few to bring to the public service that strong will, that iron constitution, and that charm of manner which stood him in such stead during more than fifty years of office. But he had other qualities, homelier it is true, but not the less essential to the position which he attained, which, in degree at least, are within the reach of all. There could be no better school for statesmen than the attentive study of Palmerston's rise to greatness.

It has been said that Lord Palmerston's success was due not so much to any surpassing ability, as to a rare combination of ordinary qualities. But the remark, although in some

respects true, is superficial. Probably his greatest intellectual peculiarity was the equipoise of his powers, which gave them an air of complete symmetry, and somewhat baffled the estimate of them in detail. He possessed also a union of qualities which seldom exist together in equal excellence. That a man should be really both gay and grave, both witty and earnest, devoted alike to the routine of an office and to the love of sport and of society—in short, that a statesman should be both merry and wise, shocks the pedantry of the public. And the public are so far in the right that it requires unusual powers to effect the combination; and these Lord Palmerston possessed.

This element has led, we think, to an imperfect and perhaps unjust appreciation of his real eminence. He had, it is true, two qualities, ordinary enough in their nature, but which lay at the foundation of much of his success—namely, industry and simplicity of character. The first sprang mainly from the last. There never probably was a man in his elevated position so free from conceit or self-assertion. He was essentially a modest man in his estimate of himself, and woke up comparatively late in life to a consciousness of what his powers could effect. The result of this temperament was to preserve him entirely from that snare of clever men, the notion that he knew anything by intuition. Whether the matter was great or small, he never supposed that he understood it until he had applied himself to master its details; nor did he ever imagine that he knew more of it than another until he had ascertained that he did so. This habit of accurate investigation, pursued during half a century of official life, had not only stored a retentive memory with an immense amount of information, but had given his mind a power of close and rapid generalisation, which he knew he could trust, because it always worked on secure materials. Herein lay one secret of his success; but when he had the materials in his grasp, his rapid power of sifting was of the rarest and most remarkable quality. His mind was supposed to be merely practical, because he only gave out his practical conclusions. But in reality he had great powers of subtle analysis, the main distinction between him and reasoners more apparently philosophical being, that with him the process was entirely internal, and he thought the product only worthy of public elucidation.

A remarkable instance of his characteristic assiduity, which was prominently open to public observation, was the resolution with which in 1855 he set himself to master the forms of the House of Commons and the details of its ordinary business. He had been until then chiefly a departmental Minister, and

when he found himself at the head of the Cabinet and leader of the House, he discovered that even his long experience of that body had not rendered him familiar with many of its usages. Most men, at the age of seventy, would have been content with the general knowledge which they possessed, and to trust the rest to subordinates or to chance. But his sense of duty and his habits of thorough work allowed of no such course. He set himself to learn the routine of his new position with the same patient industry with which, more than forty years before, he had mastered the details of the War Office. Early and late was the Premier in his place: one of the first to come, one of the last to leave. Day after day saw him there before half-past four. Night after night did the summer morning find him still at his post. His first appearance as leader of the House of Commons was not entirely successful; but by the end of the Session of 1855 he had effectually grappled with and overcome the difficulty; he continued the practice he thus commenced throughout the whole period of his Premiership; nor was it until a very few months before the close of last Session that failing health compelled him to relax it.

Those who doubt or question his powers of acute analysis would do well to study—for some of them are stored with comprehensive views, as well as valuable information—his speeches on the international questions which from time to time have been discussed in the House of Commons since the close of the Crimean war. He evinced in these discussions a grasp of general principle, a perspicacity of reasoning, which the greatest lawyers in the House might have envied, and which in point of power and cogency gave his views a value far beyond those of any of the other lay members of that body. If these speeches are ever collected they will be found to constitute a repertory of public law, cleared of all technicality of language or of thought, but replete with maturity of reflection, and applied with simplicity and force to the actual cases which arose.

Another popular impression in regard to Lord Palmerston is that he was inclined to treat matters of grave import with levity. This was especially the key-note of those who desired to disparage him during the last year of the Crimean war. The public, however, very soon discovered that no accusation could be more unjust. The critics could not distinguish between the subject itself and their own views in regard to it; nor could they see that while the Premier contented himself with launching a witty javelin against assaults he thought worthy of no more solemn refutation, he at the same time

thought deeply on topics which he conceived them not qualified to handle. In Palmerston's views of the service he owed to the Queen and the country there was not a tinge of levity. He was eminently a man with an earnest sense of duty; and underneath his gay and *insouciant* exterior, he bore about with him a never-ceasing and conscientious impression of the deep responsibility of his office. He knew all its affairs. Probably no Premier ever ruled this country who was better informed from day to day even of the minor details relative to the different departments of his government.

Two other traits of his inner political character we may mention, elements very necessary to a great leader of men. He was entirely fearless, and he never deserted a subordinate. He came to his convictions deliberately. His well-balanced mind and temperament had little in it of the impulsive. He thought without excitement and without passion; but the conviction once attained, the resolution once taken, he never looked back. He might be swayed by the public voice before his determination was made, but never afterwards. And having himself a strong sense of the responsibility of office he had sympathy for all under him; and his counsel in difficulty and his support under imputation were never failing—the only sure way to obtain hearty and zealous service.

Such were some of the less salient characteristics of the great statesman. We mention them because they teach the lesson that there is no Royal road to greatness; and that even the unexampled experience which it was his good fortune to enjoy of public affairs, his great abilities, and his eminent position, never led him to disregard the humbler means without which distinction is rarely, if ever, attained.

On a review of his career, the first thought naturally is how enviable was his lot! Was there anything wanting which successful ambition could desire? Length of days, unceasing honour, a name endeared to his countrymen and renowned throughout the world—a distinguished part in all the great events of half a century, and a life closing at last at the extreme of our allotted span, in the zenith of power not equalled by that of any subject in Europe, were surely all a student's day dreams could shadow forth. He did not die like Chatham, with the clouds which were to dismember the Empire hovering over him. He did not die like the younger Pitt, all but despairing of his country. He did not die like Fox, called too late to rule. He did not outlive his fame, his popularity, his faculties, or his enjoyment of life. He went down in his full brightness of glory, without a stain on his escutcheon,

and with scarcely a defeat to chronicle. He left the country which he had served so faithfully and so long, on a pinnacle of prosperity and greatness which she had never reached before, to pay its tribute of affectionate reverence to the Minister whose hand had steered it safe through many an anxious day. There may have been greater, there never was a more successful or fortunate Minister—fortunate in his life—happy even in the circumstances of his death.

By what steps a public man who entered the House of Commons before Wellington entered Spain, and who died Prime Minister nearly sixty years afterwards, attained this position, cannot fail to be an inquiry partaking of romance. When he was seen in the House of Commons contesting the ring with young and old alike, exchanging hard knocks, and seldom foiled in the encounter, it was a strange thought that would come over the spectator—‘that man was a Minister when ‘Napoleon the Great was Emperor.’ Sixty years! They had seen Napoleon culminate and set—they had seen the Bourbons restored and ejected—they had seen a new French Monarchy—a new French Republic—a new French Empire: they had seen Castlereagh and the Holy Alliance—Canning and the dawn of European liberation—Grey and Russell and the Reform Bill—Cobden and Bright, and the abolition of the Corn Laws: yet there he was. He had his part in all; had belonged to Perceval and Liverpool and Canning—to Grey, and Melbourne and Russell as his chiefs: yet there he was fresh and buoyant, pugnacious and defiant, as if Time could not touch him, as lively as and not more assuming than the newest and youngest hope of the House. Men revered his ability, bowed to his experience, but never had any temptation to treat him with the tolerance due to old age. To the last he fought as a cotemporary, claiming no favour and requiring none. Yet that man had been in office in the days of their grandfathers, and almost ever since!

It detracts nothing from the loyalty of our tribute to his memory that his lot was originally cast among the politicians of the school of Pitt. Indeed if we forgave that to Canning, as we did—if we have forgiven it to Gladstone, as we cordially do—we might well forgive it to Palmerston. But indeed we are by no means sure that this very circumstance had not the greatest influence on the liberal opinions of his subsequent career. He was Secretary at War in 1812; he was still Secretary at War in 1826, when Lord Liverpool died; he was still Secretary at War when he followed Mr. Huskisson and the Grants in 1829. He knew the Holy Alliance; he had

watched the quarrels of Castlereagh and Canning; and the experience of those days had sunk into his inmost soul. During the fourteen years which had elapsed prior to the death of Lord Liverpool, he had confined himself entirely to his official duties, content with rendering the War Office itself a model of official order and arrangement. A man of society, not without some pretensions to the character of a man of letters also, he left the Castlereagh and Canning war to rage outside—moved the army estimates annually—studied men and manners both domestic and foreign—but never attempted to mingle in the strife. Even however in that unexciting routine, now and then a spark of the latent fire would be elicited. We have heard Joseph Hume say that he used to torment Palmerston on his army estimates, merely to enjoy the excitement of hearing a man of fashion reply to him; and that if the army estimates had come oftener than once a year, he would have made a great debater of him even then (1816). In his very earliest years of office his winning manners and attention to the business of his office were remarked. A general officer, one of the few remaining heroes of the Peninsula, remarked to us the other day, ‘I never saw Lord Palmerston but once, and that was in 1814, when I returned after the Peace, and went to the War Office, a mere subaltern, to inquire about some prize money. I had no introduction, but Lord Palmerston saw me himself; and I remember to this day the charm of his manner, and his careful inquiry into the subject of my visit.’

But Lord Palmerston, as we have said, had little self-assertion. He was satisfied at this time with doing well what he had to do; and whatever latent ambition lay within his heart, the spell had not arrived which was to unlock it.

It was however near at hand. Lord Liverpool died; Canning became Minister, and a new order of things began; and then for the first time were evoked at once the capacity and the liberal opinions which had been silently acquiring strength in the unassuming but agreeable Secretary at War. Canning was ardent and showy; but we think his disciple was the stronger-headed and stronger-handed of the two. The spell of the Holy Alliance was broken by Canning’s policy in regard to Spain and her colonies; and from that day to the day of his death the European alliance against constitutional government was the enemy against which Palmerston waged an unrelenting and deadly war.

Canning lived less than a year as First Minister; and the Cabinet of Lord Goderich fell to pieces soon afterwards. When Huskisson was ejected from the Wellington Admi-

stration, Palmerston accompanied him, explaining with characteristic modesty to the House of Commons that he did so because distrusting his own judgment; he had confidence in Huskisson's opinions on matters of commerce and finance. But the spark had been fired. On the affairs of Portugal Lord Palmerston delivered two most memorable orations in the Session of 1829, which astonished equally his old colleagues and his new allies. Nobody expected him to speak; few had even heard him speak, or thought he could speak. But speak he did and to the purpose. His words echoed throughout Europe; and from that day forward he took place in the front rank of European statesmen. On the formation of Lord Grey's Government he became Secretary for Foreign Affairs—an office which under the administrations of Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell he held until 1852.

It is no part of our present design to trace in detail the gradual steps by which Lord Palmerston became in effect the arbiter of Europe. But it is a brave spectacle to look back on, to see the skill and courage with which nearly single-handed he fought and baffled continental despotism for more than thirty years. He might say with Coriolanus, 'Alone I did it.' We do not stop to trace the masterly and patient address with which he arranged the new kingdom of Belgium, preserving the peace of Europe when all thought it hopeless; the fall which he gave Thiers in 1841, when, with the fleet, a few marines, and Sir Charles Napier, he solved the Egyptian question in a fortnight; the dexterity with which he contrived to override and ultimately supersede the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi; the noble stand he made with the Porte in regard to the Polish and Hungarian refugees; and the crowning oration in 1851 with which he charmed an unwilling House 'still rapt to hear,' till the June morning light was beginning to dawn on his sleepless and enchanted audience. Since Cromwell's time no British statesman has had the honour of having his name made a bugbear to frighten children in despot-ridden lands. Wherever the name of liberty survives, even if its reality be lost, the name of Palmerston is held along with it in affectionate remembrance.

Many have been the criticisms, many the unfriendly censures, directed against much of his policy during this period. He was accused of being insolent and aggressive; he was accused of being truckling and cowardly. But now that he is gone, there is not a man of us but would say with his generous antagonist, 'We are all proud of him.' He stamped a character on the policy of this country which it will never shake

off or repudiate. Even those who at the time most doubted and disliked his policy, cannot fail to feel a glow of honest pride in the bold, manly, and courageous tone which he has associated with the foreign relations of England; as well as in the skilful administration which in so many critical junctures preserved unbroken peace. For if the Minister who was accused of cowardice maintained the honour and character of the nation, the Minister who was accused of aggression never went to war. We escaped war in 1831; we escaped war in 1841; we escaped it in 1848. When we drifted into it in 1853, Lord Palmerston had been relegated to the Home Office. He was taunted with encouraging nationalities and then deserting them; but not the less did oppressed nations to the last honour and respect his name. His voice of encouragement cheered and consoled, even when action was impossible. He lived to see Italy regenerated; and we may witness the seed which he sowed bear fruit in Europe still more widely.

In the origin of the Crimean war of 1853 we do not suppose that Lord Palmerston had either credit or responsibility. We are rather inclined to think that Nicholas had wrongly read two facts—the first, that Mr. Cobden was a friend to Russia, and a foe to war; and the second, that Lord Palmerston was not at the Foreign Office. He would probably not have crossed the Pruth but for delusions to which these circumstances gave rise. But the necessity of the war no one ever maintained more strenuously than Lord Palmerston. It is the fashion in the present day—'tis twelve years ago—to sneer at the Crimean war as a useless expenditure of blood and treasure for results which no one can now discern. We believe, on the contrary, that the Crimean war saved us from the danger, if not from the certainty, of inevitable disaster. The mere possession of Turkey was not the prize for which Russia struggled, or which we struggled to prevent. The Black Sea was the object of the Northern Czar; and the Black Sea was coveted for the purpose of humbling the pride and power of England. The battle of Lord Palmerston with despotism had not been fought in vain, nor had the voice of warning been idly raised. Possibly, had Lord Palmerston been in the Foreign Office in 1853, dealing with its affairs as he did in 1849, we should have had no Crimean war; for he would have been apt by some vigorous and high-handed proceeding to have given Nicholas a warning which he could not have misunderstood. But some impatience had arisen—on what grounds we do not mean here to inquire—of the independent action of the vigorous Foreign Minister, which led to his

dismissal in 1852; and the difficulties of 1853 were therefore neither of his creating nor his solving. The part he did play in the Crimean war was to bring it to a termination by a triumphant success and a useful and honourable peace. He had the satisfaction, as First Minister of the Crown in 1855, to see the fruits of his long warfare against Russian aggression, and to bind over his old enemy to keep the peace in recognizances which will last for this generation.

From 1855, with the exception of the fifteen months of the Derby Government, Lord Palmerston ruled this country: ten years of overflowing prosperity; ten years of peace, preserved mainly by his energy and prudence; ten years of quiescence, degenerating at last into absolute stagnation and dulness on all domestic political questions. Never was Britain more powerful, more feared, or more respected abroad; never more prosperous at home. Whatever be in store for the nation, the two Administrations of Lord Palmerston will have their place in history as among the golden eras of our chronicles, and their chief will be long remembered as the Minister whose name was the terror of all the tyrants of the world, but who preserved peace and fostered prosperity for his country.

By what means, then, were these great results accomplished? We say by great powers, exerted with care and skill, and unmarred by impulse, temper, or vacillation. What Lord Palmerston could have done without his long experience and his official training it is needless to inquire, although his vigorous originality must have left the traces of its blows whenever he had chosen to exert it. We can only estimate him as we saw him: his mind a vast storehouse of details, historical, biographical, descriptive, bearing on the whole political relations of the nations of Europe, and the position of this country in regard to them; coupled with the most extensive and profound knowledge of men and manners, the springs of human action, the motives to sway men's judgment, the topics to touch their hearts. But these materials in ordinary hands would in old age have been sources of weakness rather than strength. The wonder was the fresh vitality with which he applied them to the work of the passing hour. No one ever heard Palmerston as the *laudator temporis acti*. He had no feeble allusions to former triumphs, nor complacent recallings of the great deeds of yore. One could not tell, save from the striking maturity of his views and the firmness of his conclusions, that his experience had been greater than that of his audience. That which showed the true power and genius of his mind, a rare but not glittering faculty, was the lucid, well-

balanced, rapid grasp with which he apprehended the question immediately in hand—shutting out entirely all others, and bringing to bear on the topic before him all the resources of his knowledge. This was the true secret of his intellectual power; and judged by the results it was a quality far more valuable, as well as far more rare, for a Minister, than the most glowing oratory. While his happy temperament, kindly humour, exquisite good-breeding, and unfailing health made him friends wherever he went, the true source of the unbounded confidence with which the nation regarded him was the calm, unimpassioned, weighty power by which his political acts and opinions were distinguished.

As an orator, or a parliamentary debater, he will be differently estimated according to the standard or ideal by which he is judged. No man, undoubtedly, of his fame and influence as a speaker ever owed less to the more shallow graces of eloquence. Excepting a fine voice, which retained its power to the last, and his manly and pleasant bearing, he possessed none of them. He was not a fluent, and very often was a very hesitating speaker, and as fluency stands first in the popular catalogue of the qualifications of an orator, the superficial hearer was inclined at first to make light of his pretensions. But he was soon undeceived. If the object of oratory be to impress, to convince, to sway the mind, to overpower the tendencies of hostile thought, to disarm foes, to confirm friends, Palmerston was in the front rank of orators. He never roused himself to a great exertion on a subject with which he was familiar that he did not stamp it indelibly with the impress of his genius. He never spoke on any subject, however uncongenial, that he did not strike out some forcible and original sentiment. Hesitating as he was at first, the listener could not fail to be struck with the accurate, almost fastidious, choice of his language. If he warmed, as he often did, his periods became more sonorous, and his diction rose from elegance to dignity. He could handle all the weapons of a practised speaker with the ease of a master, and could be impressive and lively, personal or playful, as the occasion required. The genial humour which tinged all his thoughts welled up through even the least promising themes, and gave marvellous life to his speeches; and sometimes, rising from humour to wit, he extinguished by an epigram the more solemn of his antagonists. Even in a regular exchange of parliamentary fisticuffs he was an antagonist to beware of. Like the Knight in 'Ivanhoe,' he accepted of no such favours, and hit back with a strength and good-will which seldom left him

with the worst of the fight, while his imperturbable good humour gave him a superiority of which he was fully aware. He was generous too, as well as good-tempered; bore no malice, and was above taking a paltry advantage, even under strong provocation.

But as a parliamentary leader it would be difficult to name his equal. He had a very clear perception of what a parliamentary leader should be, and no one was more alive to the truth that eloquence consists as much in what is left unsaid, as in that which is expressed. He always said what he meant to say. He never said what he did not intend. He was never betrayed into windy sentences which he had to retract or to explain. His well-chosen words, which went to the ends of the earth, were always the words he meant to use, and, grave or gay, he never spoke without meaning his words to bear fruit. The result was that he obtained a weight in that Assembly, in a Parliament very equally balanced in numbers, which at last rendered him invincible; and the Conservatives sat down to wait for the time which, alas! has come all too soon, when that spell should cease, and that resistless wand be broken.

He is gone: peace to his ashes. It is sad to think we shall never see again that pleasant face, that jaunty air, still dashed by a tinge of the dandyism of the Regency—that never-failing figure on the Treasury Bench which drew all eyes—never hear the cheery trumpet tone, not unmusical in its cadences—never listen to the ready banter which hid the earnest soul—never learn from his graver wisdom, nor meet his old familiar smile again. We laid him in Westminster Abbey with pride as well as sorrow—side by side with the dust of his great compeers, not dearer or mightier than he. He was a great man. He loved his country, and his country loved him. He lived for her honour, and she will cherish his memory. Peace to his ashes. The grave is closed: we must turn back to the realities of life.

On the death of Lord Palmerston the eyes of the nation naturally rested on Earl Russell; and the choice Her Majesty made was entirely ratified by public opinion. His long and varied experience, his ability proved in many an emergency of his country, his consistent patriotism and his earnest sympathy with liberty, united to secure for him more of the confidence of the country than any other statesman could have commanded. Lord Clarendon's name would have carried with it to the head of affairs general respect and intimate knowledge of our foreign relations; and the rising star of Mr. Gladstone was thought by many to have attained a brilliancy appropriate to the first position. But Lord Clarendon, like

Lord Palmerston himself at the same age, has never yet displayed to their full extent the vigorous qualities which we know him to possess; while Mr. Gladstone, destined unquestionably to a future of great power and lasting renown, will in the meantime find full scope for his powers in succeeding Lord Palmerston as leader of the House of Commons. Neither, however, had pretensions to cope with Earl Russell, if he chose to be so prodigal of ease as again to venture in command on these stormy waves. He had been a leader, and a leader to victory before; his signal services have raised for him in the hearts of his countrymen gratitude as well as confidence; his battles have been many and varied: but his love of the people and his desire for their advancement have never known abatement since he entered Parliament down to the present time. Under the old accustomed banner the Liberal party once more are to meet Parliament, and the curtain is about to rise on a new and exciting scene in our political history.

Never, within our recollection, was it so difficult to predict the impending destiny of party politics. The destiny of the country, as far as human prescience can reach, seems for the present to be secure enough. Prosperous, powerful, and contented, we hear no growlings of the tempest, no muttering of the storm; and the sky promises weather sufficiently serene, whoever may be at the helm. But on that very account is the horoscope of party difficult to cast. The country has been so much accustomed to repose in untroubled trust on Lord Palmerston, and to cultivate in security the smiles of fortune, that political agitation, even practical political opinion, have become dormant and inert. The blending of the shades of Lord Palmerston's political life softened even to the sturdiest Tory the grasp of the strong hand which he could not choose but obey; while our industrious and flourishing people, blessed by commercial and social prosperity never equalled before, have beat the swords of party warfare into pruning-hooks, and have hung their party banners on the wall. They take them down, with pride, for the holiday of a general election; but the trumpet must sound more loudly than it has done of late before they will again assume them in earnest for another campaign.

But we must be prepared to see all this in great measure end. The exceptional sway of Lord Palmerston could not be reproduced by any other statesman, or any combination. Engaged during his long official life in protecting the honour and interests of his country abroad, he was little committed on politics at home. He was thus able to steer by the weather as it happened to be for the day, and no one ever thought of

seriously questioning his consistency, or taunting him with lukewarmness. But this is over; and we must now face once more the reality of party conflict, very much on the old ground, and with the accustomed weapons.

The question, of course, which is in the mind of everyone—which Lord Palmerston could leave to its slumbers, but which Lord Russell and his Cabinet must meet—is that which is popularly but inaccurately called Parliamentary Reform. In truth it is not Parliamentary Reform, but the Extension of the electoral Franchise which is the real question at issue. No one, as far as we know, wishes to see Parliament reformed in the real sense of that word, or thinks that it stands in need of being so. The great body of the Liberal party at least entertain no such view. The work of 1832 was truly a Reformation in its fullest sense; but what is now wanted is enlargement and extension merely. No doubt there are constitutional anomalies still adhering to the system—some inequality in the distribution of seats, some disparities in electoral numbers—which will not square to line and plummet. But these are exceptional details. The Representative machine is in full working order and sound condition; but the Liberal party generally think that its action might be strengthened and its efficiency improved. Lord Russell, in particular, has so often expressed and acted on this opinion, and has, on the whole, been so steadily supported in it by the great body of the party of which he is the head, that now that the reins are in his hand its practical development probably will not be long delayed.

We are sure, however, that we speak the sentiments of most of his followers when we say that desirous as they are to see the electoral ranks largely and liberally recruited, it is not desirable that the spasmodic and intermittent efforts of the last fifteen years should simply be reproduced to end in similar results. It is not consistent with the dignity of Parliament, nor with the characters of public men, that a question of so much organic importance should be recommended from the Throne, made the subject of Cabinet measures and grave debate, at the commencement of a Parliament, only to be contemptuously tossed aside, killed by gradual inanition, and buried in universal unconcern. That such has been the fate of former propositions hitherto we know too well. If the attempt is to be made once more it is the duty of all who really have convictions on the subject, and have regard to the reputation of Parliament, to see that it takes place under conditions and on principles calculated as far as possible to ensure success.

The first step in this direction is to look boldly at the true position which this question holds—at the real state of public opinion on it, and the causes of former failures. All parties have something to learn and to unlearn in this respect.

Expressed in the usual conventionalities and commonplaces of party warfare, there are two commentaries in fashion on the failure of past attempts at an extension of the franchise. One extreme of the Liberal ranks have accused the Government of betraying what they call the just expectations of the people. The other assert that the people have no expectations on the subject, do not care about the question, and would too gladly find Parliament of the same mind.

As to the first class of critics, there never was phraseology more entirely wide of the mark. Lord Russell, at least, has much more reason to retort it on themselves. From 1852 downwards, whether as First Minister or in the Cabinet, he at least has never ceased to be the advocate of electoral progress. Even when at last he was compelled to admit that the people were fain to rest awhile and be thankful, he spoke of the temper of the country, not of his own. The truth is, he has never received from the extreme Liberals that kind of cordial and hearty co-operation which alone could have rendered him service in his efforts to extend the suffrage. When in 1852 he proposed a measure which comprehended a Borough Franchise as low as 5*l.*, the Bill was received as a poor and considerable instalment of justice—a peddling Reform, as Mr. Hume called it—which it might be well to accept, but no great misfortune to lose. Mr. Bright, while he commended the 5*l.* franchise, saw little value in it because it was unaccompanied by the Ballot. At that time politicians of that school were searching for other treasures. They were in the middle of their agitation for national disarmament, on the way to universal peace—an enterprise from which they were destined to be roughly diverted very shortly, but which for the time quite overshadowed in their interest the question of Parliamentary Reform. When after the formation of Lord Aberdeen's Government the question was again resumed, we cannot recollect that they adopted any steps whatever to fan the breezes to popular favour in its support. Their zeal somewhat increased during the Derby Administration of 1858, the general election of 1859, and after Lord Palmerston's second government had been formed; but it proved as fatal as their supineness. When the measure of 1860 finally vanished from view, the universal languor was thoroughly shared by Mr. Bright and his friends; and the flickering flame which Mr. Baines with

difficulty kept burning never showed the slightest signs of real animation until the prospect of a general election lent him fuel which public opinion had declined to furnish.

That these things are so cannot be denied. It is useless therefore for any section of the party longer to delude themselves by repeating the fag end of a tune which has no meaning. As far as action on this question is concerned, Parliament has shown more vitality than the country, and the Liberal Government considerably more vitality than Parliament.

On the other hand, it were equally erroneous to entertain, and unsafe to act on, the assumption that the country is indifferent on the subject of the extension of the franchise. That the country, with the instinct of truth, has refused to place the question on a level with the great Reform of 1832 is certain; and the sooner that certainty is recognised and avowed, the more likely are we to bring the question itself to a practical bearing. But although tried by reference to that standard, the thermometer of public feeling seems to stand at a low point, it only seems to do so because the standard is false. Although we give the same name to the thing we wish for now as the last generation did to what they fought for and obtained thirty-five years ago, there is not the slightest analogy in the respective political conditions, nor the slightest identity in the things themselves. To measure, therefore, the intensity of public feeling by the storm gauge of 1832, is simply to betray ignorance of the latitudes in which our present voyage is cast. But the last election must have satisfied all quiet observers, that although they are not in the least inclined for political unions or monster meetings, the community have generally made up their mind that an extension of the suffrage is both just and desirable; and that although they refuse to indulge in hyperbolic enthusiasm on the subject, and smile quietly at phrases borrowed from the Birmingham of the Reform Bill, they are just as little prepared to submit to or permit indifference or levity in a matter so materially affecting our representative institutions.

It may be true that the voice of the country does not demand for this conviction any instant or imminent action, and that apart from party interests, it would betray little impatience were its consideration still further postponed. It by no means follows, however, that it would be politic or right to rely on this condition of public feeling; and there are reasons of cogency involved in the question itself, and the position of the public in relation to it, which strongly point in an opposite direction. But we must deal with public opinion as we find it, appreciate its causes as we best may, and shape our course to

the end we desire in accordance with the means we have at our disposal.

As to the reasons of the contrast which public opinion in 1866 presents to that of 1832, it were superfluous to say a word. The more reasonable question would be, Why should any one expect them to be similar? The periods themselves stand out in the strongest contrast to each other. No one but a philosopher would expect their fruits to be alike. If political discontent and political repose, disaffection and loyalty, distress and prosperity, unsoundness and health, are to produce the same phenomena, we may burn the books of experience and surrender ourselves at once to be governed by the formularies of a German pedant. Parliament was in truth reformed in 1832; and it is because the work was so well, thoroughly, and effectively done then, that we have not now, and probably will never have again, to consider our representative system under the same conditions. 'Russell's Purge,' as the Tories of those days derisively called it, was severe, but it was effectual. Nothing but the long-accumulated corruptions of fifty years' misgovernment could have led to the popular excitement which carried it in triumph through a reluctant Parliament; and one of the most wholesome results of the remedy has been to make a recurrence of the symptoms impossible.

It is quite unnecessary to dwell at length on this part of our subject. The causes which led to the demand for Parliamentary Reform from 1780 down to 1832, and the wonderful progress of the country under its liberated constitution, lie on the very surface; and must tell the most superficial observer why it is that the days of Peterloo and the Six Acts, and Thistlewood, seem to us now as remote in feeling and practical life as those of the Commonwealth. Whatever be the grounds on which an extension of the franchise is to be advocated now, those which practically led to Parliamentary Reform are happily extinct; and with them have gone necessarily the whirlwind and the storm of popular opinion.

But there is another lesson also to be learned from the history of such agitation as there has been on the franchise question since 1832. It has passed through three different hands, and has been presented in three different aspects. It first came up as one of the six points of the Charter. But the Chartists and the Anti-Corn Law League were no friends. They bid against each other as popular agitators; and the Chartists coming to misfortune in 1848, the question of extending the franchise slumbered until Lord Russell in 1852 voluntarily, and without any outside agitation, proposed his measure of that

year. As we have already remarked, that measure, which contained a 5l. occupation franchise for boroughs, and a 20l. occupation franchise for counties, was but coldly received by the extreme Liberals; and from that time forward, until Lord Derby's Government of 1858 and the dissolution of 1859, the question was regarded as much more the specialty of the old Whig party than of the more ardent spirits of Birmingham or Manchester. It was only after the meeting in Willis' Rooms in 1859, and the formation of Lord Palmerston's second Administration, that the question of Parliamentary Reform, as it gradually dropped out of the Ministerial programme, began to be cultivated by the Independent or Radical party. But throughout the three phases which it has presented within that period it has entirely failed as a topic of political agitation. It is no longer a spell to conjure with; and as each party by turns has waved the rod, and evoked the elements, have they been disappointed. The last election is no exception. Lord Palmerston obtained a majority numbering in all probability about seventy. But on the whole, the extreme Liberals have rather lost than gained; and as far as we know, all those who went into the lobby against Mr. Baines' Bill have, with the exception of Mr. Black, in Edinburgh, been again returned.

It is easy to be wise after the event; but the retrospect suggests that probably, had the question remained without agitation until now, when an entire generation has arisen since the Reform Bill, with habits, cultivation, intelligence, and material wealth to which the working men of 1830 were utter strangers, its fate would have been different. But it was not sufficiently considered how great a wrench English habits and thought received both by the substance of the great Reform Bill, and the manner in which it was passed into law. The English mind clings with tenacity to accustomed laws, usages, and forms. When convinced of the necessity of change, the Englishman will change; but conviction comes slowly and is received reluctantly. It is with him a sufficient reason for doing a thing that he used to do it, and that his father did it. It is a sufficient reason for not doing it that he never did it before. When therefore he was drawn into the great and overwhelming excitement of 1830 and the two following years, though his constitutional composure was fairly overset, and he cheered and agitated to the end, the consequent reaction was certain to follow. While short-sighted demagogues started instantly with an endeavour to reproduce or imitate an excitement at which many shuddered to look back, the Whig party were simply drifting away from the real

feeling of the country; or to speak more correctly, the feeling of the country was undergoing the natural rebound consequent on the unusual tension of the times. To start on a fresh course of electoral agitation at that time was simply to invite suspicion and distrust; and although Lord Melbourne's Government took no direct step in that direction, the gradual decay which culminated in 1841 was the direct effect not of Conservative but of Liberal reaction.

One could have expected nothing else from the operations of those causes which ordinarily affect opinion. These results had no relation whatever to the merits or demerits of the existing franchise, or of any plans for its amendment; they were effects produced simply by the shock of 1832, which was foreign to the habits and temperament of many who yet shared in the agitation and supported the measure which it produced. While politicians tried to keep the surface ruffled, there was a general desire on the part of the country for repose. They did not wish to hear any more of the franchise, and they closed their ears accordingly.

Nor was this feeling at all lessened by the Chartist agitation and the French Revolution in 1848. On the contrary, the shaking of thrones and constitutions which occurred during that year, and the combination of the question of the suffrage with the other views maintained by the Chartists, along with the premature explosion of the policy of the more violent of their number, considerably increased the disinclination even to consider the question. When Lord Russell proposed his Reform Bill in 1852, the same elements were largely at work, and produced then and continued for many years to produce their natural results.

It is essential, if we desire to walk either wisely or safely through this matter, that we should rightly appreciate without any self-deception the state of the public mind during the period to which we have referred. Since Lord Russell introduced his Reform Bill in 1852, four Parliaments have been elected: one in 1852, one in 1857, one in 1859, and one in 1865. It cannot be said that although no Reform Bill has been hitherto carried, these elections have indicated the slightest excitement consequent on that result. The numbers who voted with Mr. Baines last Session certainly denoted no increase of support to the question. We are therefore constrained to come to the result that be the policy of extending the franchise sound or unsound, it is hopeless to expect, on the part of the great masses of the constituency in regard to it, anything deserving the name of agitation. If the period in

question has not been a period of Conservative reaction, and we do not think it has, it is equally certain that extreme views in regard to organic change have not made progress in the course of it.

But the most earnest friends of this question, if they look at it calmly, can neither be surprised at this result, or wish it to be otherwise. It is not to be expected that those who are in the possession of the franchise, although many of them are willing and anxious to see their numbers increased, should, without any immediate stimulus, agitate for their neighbour with the ardour with which they agitated for themselves. On the other hand, as regards the classes which are not within the limits of the franchise, a very great change has been operated in the course of the five-and-thirty years of which we have been speaking. The first part of that period was occupied in the abortive Chartist agitation. It was a period of great commercial depression and manufacturing distress; labour was cheap, employment precarious, wages low. It seemed to be a problem how the increasing masses in our manufacturing towns were to be fed or housed, and whether the means of subsistence could be made to keep pace with the ratio at which the population was increasing. Since then, time has solved all these problems—the discovery of the gold fields of California and Australia, the absorption caused by the Crimean war, and, latterly, the enormous increase of our commerce and manufactures, resulting from our successful commercial policy, have changed the whole complexion of our labouring classes. Penury has given way to plenty; idleness to employment; disaffection to content. Education, intelligence, and a far higher and more refined tone pervade the great mass of our working men. One natural result of prosperity is that they take politics now as a relaxation and not as a business. The good which they expected to result from the six points of the Charter has descended upon them from an unexpected quarter. Although the feeling among them in regard to their admission to the franchise is genuine and strong, it is altogether different, not in degree only but in kind, from that which animated the Chartist agitators in 1848.

These things being unquestionably so, the question whether the time has arrived at which the franchise, as fixed in 1832, may be advantageously extended, is one which we may come to consider without any of the elements of excitement or agitation. It is not a subject in which excitement has any place; and as little is it a question of abstract philosophy or metaphysics. It is a question mainly depending upon facts, to which no abstract

reasoning will help us, and to be decided by statesmanlike views which philosophers seldom possess. To our mind the question is one which ought to be settled now and not postponed; but that for the simple reason that as the time for settlement must come, it is better to settle it in fair weather than in foul. To those who ask when are you to stop, we might fairly answer, 'when will you begin?' There is growing up outside the franchise a very large and increasing body of intelligent men who cannot be permanently excluded from our electoral limits, and we do not know how soon, under the pressure of commercial and manufacturing distress, the seeds of political disaffection may not again begin to germinate. No doubt we might postpone the question for the present, and probably the public might not make any very earnest demonstration of impatience. But this will not always last, and if the measure be reasonable and right in itself, the sooner it is passed the better.

It is true that the necessity for an alteration in the franchise can hardly be maintained on the ground of existing abuses. Our internal government of course has many imperfections—there are some social and some financial reforms which are loudly required, but in regard to these we suspect the House of Commons is in advance of the country. But our political grievances are not many. Those which have been suggested would weigh but little with any class in the country as a motive for organic legislation. The right of primogeniture is rooted in our customs far more than in our laws. Indirect taxation is a question which may be solved in more ways than one, perhaps quite as effectually in the opinion of an intended constituency, by taxing the profits of trade, as by taxing fixed property. A proposal for a general partition of the soil among the workingmen would astonish none so much as themselves. But we all know that an extension of the suffrage would leave these things very much as they are, and that they have no concern with the question we have in hand. That question we take to be simply, not what we would wish to do, but what is practicable.

Here we have to deal again with the two sections of the Liberal party to whom we have previously referred, the attracting and repelling ends of the magnet—Mr. Bright and Mr. Forster at one end; Lord Elcho, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Horsman at the other. The two classes comprehend those who wish to do nothing, and those who wish to do much.

The debate on Mr. Baines's Bill in the course of last Session, inspired by a lively sense of the coming election, brought out many topics of interest and importance which were enforced with more than usual ability. In particular it elicited from

Mr. Lowe some bold, candid, but to our mind fallacious views on the whole of this question—views which as directed against the individual proposition of Mr. Baines might have more or less weight, but which seemed to go much beyond the necessities of the argument. But as these views were in some degree maintained by Mr. Horsman and Lord Elcho, and were affirmed by the votes of a considerable number of the Liberal party on that occasion, they may probably be introduced in the course of the ensuing Session, and it may be well shortly to consider them.

The substance of the argument maintained by this section of the Liberal party seems to be that a farther extension of the electoral franchise based on the value of houses occupied would be democratic in its nature, and would necessarily lead to universal suffrage, or at least would give one class a preponderating voice in the management of public affairs. They maintained that it was entirely fallacious to speak of the working man having a right to the franchise, and that the analogies of America and Australia were examples of the danger of handing over the government of the country to a constituency in which mere numbers were to preponderate.

We say nothing at present as to the extent to which the occupation franchise might reasonably be reduced. This depends on considerations more of a practical than theoretical nature, and lying very far apart from the views we are now discussing. But we think the general argument contains a vein of obvious fallacy, and proceeds upon a mistaken view of the real position of the question of the franchise, and the constitutional bearing of the proposal to extend it.

We concede that it is too late, and though not too late would be useless, to discuss this question on the footing of individual right or privilege. Mr. Gladstone's celebrated declaration on this subject has been greatly misunderstood. As an abstract proposition it was correct; and it lies at the foundation of all representative government, the theory of which is that the community governs itself. It may be true, abstractly, that the burden of showing that any individual is unfitted to have a share in the self-government of the community may lie upon those who object to his having it. But practically it is quite sufficient that the community have so decided. For no man is entitled to political power: he has rights which are inherent in him, and which the will of governments or communities cannot justly affect; but political power, which means the right of governing your neighbour as well as governing yourself, is certainly not one of them. That depends on the will of the

community among whom the man lives ; and the will of the community, expressed through its organised government, is as conclusive on this matter as on all others.

But it is a totally different matter whether the principle on which our existing franchise is founded be not one which implies that for the public benefit it should be elastic ; and if the question do not involve an element of political right, it may at least involve one of political consistency and expediency. If it be true that the occupant of an 8*l.* or 7*l.*, or 6*l.* house in 1866 be as intelligent and as independent as the occupant of a 10*l.* house was in 1832, it sounds like a reasonable proposition, and one which political expediency would suggest, that the former should be entitled to the privileges which, in 1832, were conferred upon the latter. Whether this be true or not is a question of fact which no abstract reasoning can solve, and if the fact be once ascertained, by the only tests by which such facts admit of being ascertained, our question would be substantially decided.

We have one advantage in making this inquiry over the statesmen of 1832. It is true that we do not know how any new constituency would exercise the franchise. But fortunately we do know how the constituencies of 1832 have exercised that right—a consideration infinitely more important than any abstract formula which a philosopher's brain ever conceived. We know that the Reform Bill of 1832 has not thrown the powers of Government into the hands of one class. We know that it has not, to any appreciable extent, affected the balance of the Constitution, or diminished the legitimate influence of the monarchical or aristocratic elements. On the contrary, we know that it has produced results exactly the reverse. We know that the loyalty of the people, very doubtful in 1820, and not beyond doubt in 1830, is beyond all suspicion now. We know that the House of Peers, which certainly trembled in the balance in 1831, is as strong and powerful, both collectively and individually, as it ever constitutionally was. We know that those institutions which were supposed to be put in danger by the democratic tendency of the measure of 1832 stand more firmly and are more influential than ever. The Church of England, whatever its internal difficulties, may be said to have doubled its influence since 1832. And even the Irish Church, little as it deserves it, and solely by virtue of the power of its elder and sounder sister, is certainly not weaker than it was five-and-thirty years ago. Look where we may, property and wealth still maintain their legitimate influence. The trade of a demagogue is nearly extinct ; the Hunts, and Cobbetts, and Feargus O'Connors have left no successors

in the present Parliament. Whence, then, we may ask, this unreasoning trepidation at the possible effects of a farther diminution of the occupation franchise? Is it at all likely that results which were prophesied indeed, but have been entirely falsified by the experience of the operation of the existing suffrage, are to rush in like a flood, if we carry the principle somewhat farther?

We think experience alone might teach that these fears are altogether visionary, and that what has been will be in regard to this matter. But it is easy to perceive a principle favourable to the stability of our institutions operating directly in consequence of a larger infusion of the popular element into the properly democratic part of the Constitution. The effect of a large popular constituency on a representative assembly is to subject the representatives to a wide and diversified amount of public opinion. It may be fairly predicated that the widening of the base makes the representative assembly more sensitive to the changes and operations of the public feeling outside. Thus the main effect of the Reform Bill of 1832 has simply been to make the House of Commons a more accurate reflex or echo of the public mind. But that which the House of Commons does reflect and echo is not the opinion of 10% householders, but public opinion. But in this country the masses do not lead, but are led by, public opinion. They look to the instructing classes, the powerful, the wealthy, the learned, the press, for the materials on which their own opinion is to be formed. While this is the case—and nothing short of a revolution will make it otherwise—we need fear nothing for our Constitution in the extension of the franchise.

The examples of America and Australia have been largely made use of on both sides in a discussion to which they can have no relation, and into which they should never have been introduced. Nothing has tended to deprive this question of the amount of public favour it might otherwise have excited, so much as the attempts to draw arguments in favour of extending the franchise from the example of America. The attempt indicates an entire misapprehension of the real tendency of public feeling on this question. The people of this country regard the United States, their power, their prosperity, their wealth and their energy, with a pride arising from their common origin and their common love of liberty. But the same instinct which has refused to deal with the question of the extension of the suffrage, as if it were a Reform in Parliament, prompts the country absolutely to refuse to be guided by America in constitutional changes. In any circumstances the people would

distrust a constitution not ninety years old, and they believe that we are better qualified to teach our younger sister than she is to instruct us. But Mr. Lowe showed very ably, and a very little reflection would demonstrate, that as we cannot import the natural resources of America—its lakes and rivers, its boundless unexhausted soil, its primeval forests and vast prairies—it is folly to speak of importing its institutions. We never could import their results, nine-tenths of which are the fruits of these natural advantages.

But, on the other hand, as America cannot teach us, neither can she warn us; and as little can Australia. The conditions are entirely dissonant, and nothing can ever make them otherwise. In neither country is to be found the moving power which actuates politics and society in Great Britain; which, stronger than laws, above and beyond the outer mechanism of the Constitution, is the vital principle of the whole; we mean the unseen but universal power of tradition—the reverence for that old inheritance handed down to us from our forefathers—the ways and usages which we follow because through many centuries of conflict they have been transmitted to us along with our freedom and our greatness. Till these can be produced in America or Australia these countries can be neither examples nor warnings to us. We are still essentially a feudal people. The orders and gradations of society are engrained in all our associations, bound up with our history, fixed deep in our habits and memories. No laws can root them out, no Act of Parliament can supersede them. It may be that in some of the great centres of labour, where large masses, detached from their ordinary associations, are grouped together, less store is set by these things. If so, these are but exceptions to the rule. But we doubt if it be so even there. In spite of all discouragement and remonstrance on the part of those who profess to be the friends of the artisan, they joined warmly in the volunteer movement, and with an enthusiasm which indicated how truly the old fire warmed their veins. Thus it is the influence of old tradition which gives so much stability to our constitutional mechanism; and this is the reason why it cannot be transplanted. We cannot create an old people, or old associations, or an old aristocracy, or the pride of old memories. The Reform Bill of 1832 did nothing to uproot or diminish these, but only brought back the Constitution to its ancient form, and restored to its functions their legitimate action. The extension of that measure, as far as the franchise is concerned, will be simply following the same course, and without doubt with the same result.

It is, we imagine, somewhat hasty to take for granted that the extension of the occupation franchise, even if carried as far as Lord Russell proposed in 1852, or as Mr. Baines' proposal of last year, would necessarily tend to increase the democratic element in the House of Commons. It is difficult to prophesy on such matters, as the most sagacious are generally the most at fault. But, judging by the past, we should think that an unlikely result to any appreciable extent. It seems to be forgotten that what is proposed to be conferred on the unenfranchised is not the right of legislation, but the right of taking part in the choice of legislators. That choice must necessarily, while this country remains what it is, be confined to a very limited number of candidates. After the Reform Bill a few political adventurers did creep into the House; but the air of the place did not agree with them; and the trade of a political adventurer was never at so low an ebb as at present. But the result was that almost all these representative men, who entered the gates of the restored temple in a cloud of popular incense, in a very short time joined the Tory ranks. And we may look for much the same effects from the same causes for the future.

We should not anticipate that even although the franchise were so lowered as to admit a large portion of the working classes, they would elect, or try to elect, working men. Even if they did, we should think that the presence of twenty or thirty working men, having the confidence of their fellows, would be productive of nothing but good in that Assembly, where all that is real or true never fails to receive its due amount of attentive consideration. But it would not be so, simply because it is impossible. As long as the position of a member of Parliament is what it must continue to be in this country, a certain amount of wealth, of education, and social rank is essential to the representative. The working men prefer being led by those above them, and this is found strongly exemplified in the army and the volunteer corps. Exceptions every now and then occur, and the more vigorous, if strong-headed and born with the natural gift, overcome the difficulties of their position; but for the most part the exceptions are failures. The man feels himself out of his element, and there is an atmospheric influence in the great Assembly of the nation which prevents pretension, or assumption, or hypocrisy, or hollow speciousness, from ever obtaining influence there. And therefore we thoroughly believe that let the franchise be fixed as it may, the class and stamp of persons who will be sent to represent the people in the House of Commons will probably remain identical.

But is it certain that the artisan class will necessarily be inclined to support the more extreme views of the existing Liberal party? We doubt that very much. On the contrary, we have the strongest impression that, in a party sense, the extension of the suffrage will be a measure on the whole rather in favour of the Conservatives than the Liberals—not, indeed, in favour of old Tory principles, but in favour of those who are clothed with the garb of modern Conservatism. Probably at the first election after an extension of the suffrage, the result might be otherwise; but gradually, as far as the new constituencies acted together, they would act upon those opinions and interests and motives which are distinctive of the class. These are necessarily the relations of employment and labour; the relations of workmen and master; the remuneration and the hours of labour, and all the great social questions of which these are the centre. Now on these questions the other party is necessarily the master or the employer of labour; and as the masters or employers of labour for the most part belong to the large Liberal party, it is at least not an impossible result, that, as a mere matter of party strength, in many individual cases the vote of the artisan would be thrown into the Conservative ranks.

To our mind, then, there is in the extension of the suffrage no danger whatever in the direction in which so great an apprehension seems to be felt. Neither do we think that the prevalence of trades' unions, or their effect in producing combinations among the artisan class, have the slightest bearing upon the question which we are now in the course of considering, excepting in so far as they may relate to the favour with which in isolated elections one or another candidate may be viewed. The artisans are persons very much of the same feelings, motives, and habits as the rest of the community. They, like their neighbours, will split into parties, coteries, and committees. They will have their favourites and their enemies; they will be Liberals and Conservatives as their humour or their natural tendencies prompt them; and they will no more combine against the upper ranks, or the candidates of the upper ranks, than the 10*l.* householders or the 40*s.* freeholders have combined to upset the aristocracy.

The real practical question is very far removed indeed, as we imagine, from all these speculations, and it divides itself into two. The first is: To what extent can the property or occupation franchise be lowered with a reasonable prospect of admitting intelligent and independent electors? The second is: To what extent is it at all likely that a measure proposing

such extension will receive the support of the present Parliament? These are the two questions which Her Majesty's Government have at present before them for decision. They are entirely practical questions. How they may be solved it is impossible to say. Even as these pages appear, we should think the solution remains in doubt. But we may say a word or two on each of them.

As to the first, viz., To what extent the franchise can be lowered with a reasonable prospect of including in it a large average of intelligent and independent voters? we may say that the only difficulty which strikes our mind is the question of the independence of the voter. There will, beyond all doubt, be a considerable tendency in the larger constituencies, after the first blush and bloom of the new franchise has departed, to make elections very much a matter of money—not indeed by corruption, but by so extensive a system of agency, such an organised pressure on the individual voter by all the influences that are likely to attract him, as to place the representation of such communities beyond the reach of any but those who can afford to maintain so expensive an establishment. This, indeed, is the only fear which, as far as practical result is concerned, we entertain in regard to the extension of the occupation franchise; and, after all, even if we were right in our apprehensions, the amount to which it could operate on the aggregate of the House of Commons would be inconsiderable, so much so as hardly to make it an element in the question of enfranchisement. Still, the whole of this matter must be judged of upon a broad and general view of the position of the different classes of the community. It is utterly impossible to bring such a question to minute analysis, or to weigh masses of men in very fine scales. Abstract reasoning can do very little for us in such a matter. What it would be useful for us to know is to what extent any given figure at which the occupation franchise may be fixed, either in counties or boroughs, will or will not admit a reasonable or preponderating average of those who are known, from our general acquaintance with their social condition, to be capable of exercising the right with intelligence and independence; how far these conditions vary in different boroughs and counties; how they operate in the manufacturing as compared with less populous districts; to what extent individual constituencies will be increased; and how far the addition made to them may be expected to consist of only one class, or to embrace varieties of classes and opinions. We cannot expect to bring an inquiry of this kind to any

specific result: all we can hope for is to obtain general data sufficient to enable us to arrive at an approximation to the truth.

If we come to nice and narrow analysis, there is no doubt that to measure a man's intelligence, or manliness, or honesty, by the amount of rent which he pays, is a very rough and rude process. Of course it is fallacious in many instances, and is unequal in all. It must exclude many who are qualified, and admit many who are not. It must exclude classes in one part of the country which it admits in another. It must be productive of anomalies on every hand, and must be entirely unscientific. Yet in all these respects it resembles what all Government must be, and what the Constitution of which it forms a part necessarily is. All we can say of it is that blocks are not to be cut with a razor, and that the rough machine suits the rough work it has to do.

Mr. Disraeli invented a form of expression in the debate of last Session which has taken considerable hold on the weaker and shallower speculators on such subjects. He was in favour of lateral as contrasted with vertical Reform—an ingenious but affected nomenclature used to mean a very simple thing. Lateral Reform, put into English, simply means enfranchising those of the same rank, position, and intelligence with the existing constituencies, who are excluded by the letter of the test by which the electors are at present selected. But why this should be thought to contrast with what he calls vertical Reform, it is hard to see. If the classes who inhabit houses rented at less than 10*l.*, or land and houses in counties rented at less than 50*l.*, are fitted to vote for members of Parliament, how can it affect the propriety of admitting them to the franchise that there are others as ill off as themselves? The expediency of so varying the test for admission as to include the latter class may be conceded, provided it can be done; but whether it be done or not, the question of the extension of the franchise will remain exactly where it was.

The real difficulty of inventing a new and additional electoral test, so as to admit those who possess position, education, and intelligence equal to that of the existing electors, but are now excluded by the nature, not the amount, of the existing test, is not one of principle, but only one of machinery. We are all in favour of the object, provided it can be accomplished. A test other than that of rental, sufficiently broad, marked, and definite for the work, we should consider a valuable addition to our electoral system. But nothing has ever yet been suggested which fulfilled these conditions. This, however, is a

point of very inferior importance. It assists us in no degree in determining how far we should enlarge our electoral bounds. What we have to do, if we resolve to go forward at all, is to follow out the principle of the Act of 1832, and decide, as men of practical experience, to what extent it may be reasonable, for the present, that these bounds should be enlarged.

It is said, and said with a great deal of truth, that a gradual extension of the franchise has been in progress since 1832; that the rise in the value of house property, and the fall in the value of money, has, in point of fact, admitted to the franchise a large class of those who were excluded at the time of the Reform Bill. It is said also, that the position of the artisan is now such that, with economy, sobriety and industry, the franchise is within his reach, if he chooses to avail himself of his opportunities. It is impossible to deny the importance of this observation. That it is true to a certain extent has not been disputed, nor can the artisan complain, as far as he has any interest in this matter, that the consideration is used to his prejudice. But then the extension of the franchise is for the public benefit, not for the individual. The artisan is to be admitted, if admitted at all, not from any peculiar benefit to be derived by himself, but because the benefit of the Commonwealth demands that he too shall have a share in voting for the representatives of the people; and this is the only ground upon which the proposal can be defended. It is not the proper function of the franchise to be an incentive to exertion. That which the Commonwealth is concerned with is, to have within the constituency those who are capable of exercising the public duty which the franchise imposes upon them, and the Legislature is bound to see to this, whatever be the individual position of those on whom the privilege is conferred. On the other hand, we are far from saying that this consideration is not one entitled to weight in the ultimate adjustment of this somewhat difficult question; because the probability is, as far as we can judge by appearances, and looking to the rapid strides by which the progress of this country is marked year by year, that this element will continue to operate. It is much too exceptional, and varies too much in different localities to afford anything like an argument against extending the suffrage; but when the question is at what point the new franchise ought to be fixed, it is a consideration not undeserving of attention.

We take for granted, that before Parliament is again called upon to consider this question in the shape of a Bill, the probable results of any proposal for lowering the franchise will

have been reasonably ascertained. Whether the Government will think it right to adopt the suggestion made by Lord Elcho last Session, of a Commission to inquire into these details, or will satisfy themselves by their own inquiries into the necessary statistics, of course cannot be known until their intentions are declared in Parliament. Whatever is done in this respect will probably be so thorough and authentic as to place beyond doubt, as far as inquiry can accomplish that object, the probable result of any measure of extension that may be submitted to the consideration of Parliament. We have the strongest impression that the result of such an inquiry will be to confirm to a very large extent the view which we have endeavoured to illustrate, viz., that this question of electoral extension is purely a matter of detail; that it is not fraught on either side with the evils or the advantages which the extremes of the Liberal party attribute to it; that it is a matter that may be safely undertaken without the apprehension of its resulting in any violent changes; and that all experience has taught us that the principle on which it will necessarily be based is sound and salutary in itself, and is likely to operate, as it has operated, to confirm and increase the stability of our institutions.

The second practical question we suggested above was, 'What chance has any proposal for an extension of the suffrage of being supported and passed in Parliament?' Of all the topics we have considered, none are nearly so important as this one, either for the Government or the Liberal party. The more abstract questions were settled by the Liberal party for itself as far back as 1852; and they may be safely left to the harmless manipulations of speculators. That which has hitherto baffled successive Governments has not been what to propose, but how to carry any proposal; and the causes which have led to this difficulty we have endeavoured to shadow forth. It is, however, of the last importance to the Liberal party how it is to be solved. It is disparaging to the position of the leaders of affairs that a question such as this should be used as a political shuttlecock, and allowed to drop between the players when their arms are tired. If we are again to buckle on our armour and fight this battle of the representation, it must be in earnest, and once for all. It would be better, undoubtedly, that the suffrage should be adjusted anew with the consent of both sides. If the Liberals have hitherto gained little in a party sense by supporting the extension of the suffrage, the Conservatives have gained and can gain nothing by resisting it. But of this we see no symptoms, and therefore we must accoutre ourselves for the combat.

The first symptom of earnestness and coming success which we hope to see is honest, loyal, and hearty support, from the more advanced ranks of the Liberal party, to any proposition which may be made in the direction which they profess to desire. It is needless to say, for the country, the constituencies, and the House of Commons know it well, that nothing has so much tended to discredit this question and retard its progress, as the endeavour which some politicians of that school have made to identify its success with objects entirely foreign to it, and in the main distasteful to the country. While these pages are passing through the press Mr. Bright's speech at Rochdale has indicated that the lessons of the past have not been thrown away upon him, and that he now recognises the absolute necessity of moderation, concert, and union. Had he never spoken otherwise on the question of the Franchise than he did at Rochdale, his present support would have been more effective, and perhaps the past history of the question might have been altered. But any assistance hitherto which he has rendered to efforts in this direction has been so marred by conditions, prophecies, and doubts, so full of grudging praise and implied censure, and so linked with his peculiar views, as to have had far more effect in cooling friends, alarming the timid, and alienating the moderate, than in conciliating the elements of success.

He cannot, of course, undo the past, or unspeak his spoken words. The progress which he made through the country in 1858 is not yet forgotten; and will meet him when he least desires it, and both he and the Government to which he tenders his support will suffer by the recollection of it. He has now learnt, and manfully avows it, that to insist on discrediting a measure for the Extension of the Franchise, because it does not deal with the Ballot, is not the way to promote the cause he has at heart; and has given to his party very earnest, sensible, and well-meant advice as the only means by which such a measure as he hopes for can be carried. To ensure success will require all the moderation and all the cordiality with which he can inspire his friends. They are not more numerous in this Parliament than they were in the last. They may be strong enough to upset a government, but are far from being in a position to prescribe a policy, and can only be strong for action by hearty and united co-operation with the Government.

Mr. Bright's speech at Rochdale would have been more useful, although we appreciate the difficulties of his position, had he not held out the prospect of future agitation. It is not the

way to induce a man to co-operate with you in what he wishes or consents to, to tell him that you will use the act when accomplished to help you to do what he dislikes and dissents from. The bugbear of the Ballot, it is true, is no very awful phantom now. Familiarity has robbed it of its terrors, and has bred the proverbial contempt. The sooner it is discarded from any position in the Liberal creed the better. It was a mistake from the first, and nothing will now inspire it with animation. The redistribution of seats is a very different question; but it stands entirely apart from the Extension of the Suffrage, and may very properly wait for its period of solution.

Meanwhile let us hope that the reason and moderation of one extreme of the Liberal ranks, and liberality and love of the people on the part of the other, may render Earl Russell's supporters a compact phalanx on the meeting of Parliament. The difficulties which we have indicated cannot be concealed. They lie on the surface of political society, and in one shape or other they must be met and surmounted. Any proposal on the part of Government may exceed or may fall short of what either section would desire. But the object to be attained is great; it is truly a question in which individual opinion may fitly bend to harmonious action. Without this, the Liberal party will simply invite another failure, and throw away the benefit which the recent election has bestowed on them.

The question could not be in more appropriate hands than those of Earl Russell. We shall watch with anxiety and interest the declaration of the policy of the Government. The crisis is far from presenting the elements of danger which prevailed in 1832; but with a desire to accept what is practicable on the one side, and reasonable confidence in the people on the other, we trust that the ensuing Session may see the problem of the Extension of the Suffrage happily solved.

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ART. I.—*Plato and the other Companions of Sokrates.* By
GEORGE GROTE, F.R.S., &c. 8vo. 3 vols. London: 1865.

THE readers of Mr. Grote's 'History of Greece' were not likely to forget the hope held out in its concluding volume, that he who had so well interpreted the political life of Hellas would delineate and judge that great outburst of speculative thought, by which, as much as by her freedom, Greece has been to the world what Athens according to Pericles was to Greece, a course of education. It might have been safely predicted, that the same conscientious research, the same skilful discrimination of authenticated fact from traditional misapprehension or uncertified conjecture, and the same rare power of realising different intellectual and moral points of view, which were conspicuous in the History, and nowhere more than in the memorable chapters on the Sophists and on Sokrates, would find congenial occupation in tracing out the genuine lineaments of Plato, Aristotle, and their compeers. But the present work does more than merely keep the promise of Mr. Grote's previous achievements—it reveals new powers: had it not been written the world at large might never have known, except on trust, the whole range of his capacities and endowments. Though intellects exercised in the higher philosophy might well perceive that such a book as the 'History of Greece' could not have been produced but by a mind similarly disciplined, the instruction which lay on the surface of that great work was chiefly civic and political; while the speculations of the Grecian philosophers, and emphatically of Plato, range over the whole domain of human thought and curiosity, from etymology up to cosmogony, and from the discipline of the music-school and the gymnasium to the most

vast problems of metaphysics and ontology. Many even of Mr. Grote's admirers may not have been prepared to find, that he would be as much at home in the most abstract metaphysical speculations as among the concrete realities of political institutions—would move through the one region with the same easy mastery as through the other—and would bring before us, along with the clearest and fullest explanation of ancient thought, mature and well-weighed opinions of his own, manifesting a command of the entire field of speculative philosophy which places him in the small number of the eminent psychologists and metaphysicians of the age.

The work of which we now give an account, though complete in itself, brings down the history of Greek philosophy only to Plato and his generation; but a continuation is promised, embracing at least the generation of Aristotle; which, by the analogy of the concluding chapters of the present work, may be construed as implying an estimate of the Stoics and Epicureans. If to this were added a summary of what is known to us concerning the Pythagorean revival and the later Academy, no portion of purely Greek thought would remain untreated of; for Neoplatonism, an aftergrowth of late date and little intrinsic value, was a hybrid product of Greek and Oriental speculation, and its place in history is by the side of Gnosticism. What contact it has with the Greek mind is with that mind in its decadence; as the little in Plato which is allied to it belongs chiefly to the decadence of Plato's own mind. We are quite reconciled to the exclusion from Mr. Grote's plan, of this tedious and unsatisfactory chapter in the history of human intellect. But such an exposition as he is capable of giving of Aristotle, will be hardly inferior in value to that of Plato. The latter, however, was the most needed; for Plato presents greater difficulties than Aristotle to the modern mind; more of our knowledge of the master, than of the pupil, is only apparent, and requires to be unlearned; and much more use has been made of what the later philosopher can teach us, than of the earlier.

Though the writings of Plato supply the principal material of Mr. Grote's three volumes, the portion of them which does not relate directly to Plato is of great interest and value. The first two chapters contain as full an account as our information admits, of the forms of Greek philosophy which preceded Sokrates; and the two which conclude the work recount the little which is known (except in the case of Xenophon it is very little) of the other 'Socratici viri' and their speculations: the Megaric school, commencing with

Eukleides, the Cynic, with Antisthenes, the Cyrenaic or Hedonistic, with Aristippus. All these were personal companions of Sokrates, and their various and conflicting streams of thought did not flow out of a primitive intellectual fountain opened by him, but issued from the rock in different places at the touch of his magical wand; for it was his profession and practice to make others think, not to think for them. Concerning Sokrates himself, though in one sense nearly the whole book relates to him, there is no express notice in these volumes, the narrative and estimate which we read in the 'History of Greece' being sufficient.

Some knowledge of the earlier Hellenic thinkers is necessary to a full understanding of Plato. Unfortunately the materials are defective, and almost wholly second-hand, a few fragments only of the original authors having been preserved by the citations of later writers. We are in possession, however, of what were regarded by their successors as the fundamental doctrines of each; but there is some difficulty in knowing what to make of them. These first gropings of the speculative intellect have so little in common with modern scientific habits, that the modern mind does not easily accommodate itself to them. The physical theories seem so absurd, and the metaphysical ones so unintelligible, that there needs some stress of thought to enable us to perceive how eminently natural they were. Multiplied failures have taught us the unwelcome lesson, that man can only arrive at an understanding of nature by a very circuitous route; that the great questions are not accessible directly, but through a multitude of smaller ones, which in the first ardour of their investigations men overlooked and despised—though they are the only questions sufficiently simple and near at hand to disclose the real laws and processes of nature, with which as keys we are afterwards enabled to unlock such of her greater mysteries as are really within our reach. This process, which human impatience was late in thinking of, and slow in learning to endure, is an eminently artificial one; and the mind which has been trained to it has become, happily for mankind, so highly artificialised, that it has forgotten its own natural mode of procedure. The natural man, in the words of Bacon's emphatic condemnation, *naturam rei in ipsâ re perscrutatur*. He neither can nor will lay a regular siege to his object, approach it by a series of intermediate positions, and possess himself first of the outworks; he will make but one leap into the citadel: and since, to his freshly awakened curiosity, no inquiry seems worth pursuing which promises less than an explanation of the

entire universe, he makes a plausible guess which explains or seems to explain a few obvious facts, and stretches or twists this into a theory of the whole. Such theories were thrown up in considerable number and variety by the early Hellenic mind. Mr. Grote has recounted what is known of them, and by the application of a clear philosophic intellect to the results of his own and of German erudition, has made out as much of their meaning as any one can well hope to do. To render that meaning intelligible without a considerable effort of thought, exceeds even his powers; for the terms which embody it have no exact equivalents in modern language, which, having fitted itself to more definite conceptions of the problems, and to a certain number of ascertained solutions, has got rid of many of the vaguenesses and ambiguities to which the early conjectural solutions were principally indebted for such plausibility as they possessed.

These early theories, as we said, may be distinguished into physical and metaphysical, though the physical hypotheses could not always dispense with metaphysical aid, and the metaphysical ones were employed to account for physical phenomena. In the physical, some one or more substances familiar to experience were assumed as the element or elements which, variously transformed, are the material of the entire universe; and all the phenomena of nature were supposed to be produced by the powers, properties, or essences of these elements, or by hidden forces residing in them. Thales ascribed this cosmic universality to water, Anaximenes to air: we must remember that the ancients called many things water and air which are not so styled in modern physics. Empedokles explained all things by the mixture and mutual action of earth, water, air, and fire. These material substances were usually supposed to require the concurrence of certain abstract entities called Wet and Dry, Cold and Hot, Soft and Hard, Heavy and Light, &c., which were the immediate if not ultimate agents in the generation of phenomena.* It would be a mistake were we to imagine that these and similar hypotheses were really absurd, until proved so by the subsequent course of inductive investigation. A more artful examination of nature has since shown that the supposed elements are not real elements but compounds, and that the generalised properties, which were mistaken for causative agencies, are the products of incorrect generalisation

* *Τά πάντα ἀρχαὶ τῶν ὄντων*, 'an axiom,' says Mr. Grote (vol. i. p. 15, *note*), 'occupying a great place in the minds of the Greek philosophers.'

and abstraction—*notiones temerè à rebus abstractæ*. But this was not and could not be known at the time when the hypotheses were framed. In the meanwhile, they served as first steps in that comparison of phenomena in respect of their likenesses and differences, which is the preparation for the discovery of their laws; and the process of applying the hypotheses to the explanation of facts other than those which had suggested them, was continually bringing into view fresh points of likeness and difference, and laying the foundation for less imperfect hypotheses. The metaphysical theories, on the other hand, which grounded their conception of the universe not on physical agencies, but on the largest and vaguest abstractions—the One, the Same, the Different, that which Is, that which Becomes—seem, to us, not so much erroneous as unmeaning: we find it difficult to conceive what can have been in the thoughts of men who could offer matter like this as an explanation of anything. By *we*, must be understood the physicists, the experimentalists, the Baconians; since the German Transcendentalists find much more signification in these than in the physical hypotheses. For, indeed, their Ontology is essentially a return to this first stage of human speculation—a reproduction of the same methods, the same questions, and to a great degree the same answers, sometimes under a superficial varnish of modern inductive philosophy. Hegel moves among the same vague abstractions as the earliest tyros in metaphysical thought; his dialectics recall the Parmenides of Plato's dialogue, while his substantive doctrines are in great part a reproduction of Herakleitus. If we turn back to Anaximander, the earliest known speculative philosopher after his townsman Thales, we find already the fundamental notions of Transcendentalism. 'He adopted * as the foundation of his hypothesis a substance which he called the Infinite or Indeterminate. Under this name he conceived Body simply, without any positive or determinate properties, yet including the fundamental contraries Hot, Cold, Moist, Dry, &c. in a potential or latent state, including further a self-changing and self-developing force, and being moreover immortal and indestructible. By this inherent force, and by the evolution of one or more of these dormant contrary qualities, were generated the various definite substances of nature—Air, Fire, Water, &c.' We have here the fundamental antithesis of the Transcendentalists, Matter and Form; while the conception of an abstract Body, devoid of properties, but with a

* Grote, vol. i. p. 5.

potentiality of evolving them from itself by an indwelling force, is the transcendental Noumenon, as contrasted with Phenomenon. Again, the Ens of Parmenides, Being in General, 'which *is* always, and cannot properly be called either 'past or future,' which is not 'really generated or destroyed, 'but only in appearance to us, or relatively to our apprehension,' which 'is essentially One, and cannot be divided,'* what is it (as Mr. Grote remarks †) but the Absolute of the modern Ontologists? a little in advance of them, however, for the Eleatic philosopher left to his Absolute one quality cognisable by man, that of Extension, but the Transcendentalists refuse it even that, and yet maintain (some of them at least) that it is knowable. Even the almost Asiatic mysticism of Pythagoras respecting Number, has, as Mr. Grote points out ‡, its exact equivalent in German nineteenth-century philosophy. When numbers, mere abstract properties of things, are mistaken for actual things, they are soon supposed to exert powers, and have as good a chance as anything else of finding a philosopher to instal them as the ruling power of the universe.

Both these veins of speculation—the physical and the metaphysical—were temporarily thrown into the shade by the new turn given to the philosophic mind by Sokrates: but for a short time only; for the ambitious striving for a theory of the universe reappears in its most metaphysical form in the later productions of his greatest disciple, Plato. The originality of Sokrates, which was of the highest order, consisted chiefly in his method. Yet his principal instrument had been in part prepared for him by the pupil of Parmenides, Zeno of Elea, 'who § stands announced on the authority of Aristotle as the 'inventor of dialectic; that is, as the first person, of whose 'skill in the art of cross-examination and refutation conspicuous illustrative specimens were preserved.' The speciality of Zeno consisted in bringing prominently forward the difficulties and objections to which a theory was liable: not in the modern manner, by producing facts inconsistent with it, but rather by tracing its consequences, and reducing it to a logical contradiction; a mode of arguing which he more particularly employed against those who opposed his master's doctrine of the Absolute and Indivisible One, and maintained with Herakleitus that the universe is not One but Many. The celebrated paradoxes by which Zeno is best known, his arguments against the reality of Motion, Mr. Grote || considers neither as sceptical

* Grote, vol. i. p. 21.

† Ibid. p. 22.

‡ Ibid. p. 10, note.

§ Ibid. p. 96.

|| Ibid. pp. 103, 104.

fallacies nor logical puzzles, but as *bonâ fide* arguments, not intended to disprove motion as a phenomenal fact, but to assert its relative character, as a state of our own consciousness—in-capable of being, in any true and consistent meaning, predicated of the *Ens Unum*, or Absolute, which the Parmenidean doctrine regarded as immoveable. However this may be, these arguments were quite in keeping with the vocation of Zeno for what Mr. Grote happily terms the negative arm of philosophy—that which tests the truth of theories by the difficulties which they are bound to meet; and if he often mistook verbal difficulties for real, this was inevitable at first, and Plato frequently did the same.

It was reserved for Sokrates, and for Plato, who, whether as the interpreter or continuator of Sokrates can never be severed from him, to exalt this negative arm of philosophy to a perfection never since surpassed, and to provide it with its greatest, most interesting, and most indispensable field of exercise, the generalities relating to life and conduct. These great men originated the thought, that, like every other part of the practice of life, morals and politics are an affair of science, to be understood only after severe study and special training; an indispensable part of which consists in acquiring the habit of considering, not merely what can be said in favour of a doctrine, but what can be said against it; of sifting opinions, and never accepting any until it has emerged victorious over every logical, still more than over every practical objection. These two principles—the necessity of a scientific basis and method for ethics and politics, and of rigorous negative dialectics as a part of that method, are the greatest of the many lessons to be learnt from Plato; and it is because the modern mind has in a great measure laid both these lessons, especially the latter of them, aside, that we regard the Platonic writings as among the most precious of the intellectual treasures bequeathed to us by antiquity. Mr. Grote is of the same opinion, and has rendered, by the work before us, an inappreciable service, in facilitating the study to those who can read the original, and making the results accessible to those who cannot.

He first relates the biography of Plato, as far as it can be constructed from the extant authorities. He then treats of the Platonic Canon; and after a comparison and ponderation of evidence, equal in merit to any in his History, accepts as works of Plato the entire list recognised by the Alexandrian critics, and admitted by all scholars until for the first time disputed by German editors and commentators in the present century.

A chapter is next devoted to a general view of the Platonic writings; and the remainder of the work (except the final chapters on the minor Sokratics), consists of a minute analysis and *compte rendu* of each dialogue separately. In this analysis are comprehended the following elements, which are far from being kept as separate in fact as we must keep them in description. First, a complete abstract of the dialogue, omitting no idea, and no important development. Attention is next drawn to the light which the dialogue throws on Plato's doctrine or method, and the bearing which it has upon the author's general conception of Plato and his writings. Lastly, the thoughts on which the particular dialogue turns, or which are struck out in the course of it, are disentangled from the context, and critically examined, sometimes at considerable length, both from Plato's point of view and from the author's; and when the verdict is adverse, we are shown the author's own view of the same questions, and its justification. The book is thus a perfect treasury of instructive discussions on the most important questions of philosophy, speculative and practical; while at the same time it is a quite complete account of Plato. Plato himself, not anybody's interpretation of him, is brought before us. Nothing needs be taken on trust, except the fidelity of the abstract, which is perfect. We lose, of course, Plato's dramatic power, his refined comedy, and the magic of his style, the reproduction of which (could any one hope to succeed in it) would be the work, not of an expositor, but of a translator. But the thoughts are there, exactly as they are, and exactly where they are, in the Platonic writings. The account of each dialogue is thus a kind of complete work in itself—a plan necessarily involving much repetition, as the same idea or Platonic peculiarity, being manifested in several dialogues, gives fresh occasion for the same line of remark. These repetitions have been censured by some critics from a literary point of view, as signs of want of skill in composition; but this is to mistake the author's purpose. He does not lay himself open to the reproach from carelessness or awkwardness; he altogether disregards and defies it. What would be imperfections in a picture of Plato addressed to the imagination, are merits in what is meant to be an aid or substitute for the study of the philosopher in detail. Mr. Grote intended the reader to judge of Plato for himself—to find in each chapter what he would have found in the corresponding dialogue, together with all that is necessary for understanding it and estimating its value. His own opinions on Plato and the Platonic topics turn up often, because every dialogue contains

fresh evidence bearing on them. The alternative was indeed open to him of using references instead of repetitions, and had he cared more for his literary reputation and less for his subject, he would have adopted it. But those who read for instruction will generally prefer that the things they need to be reminded of should be told over again in a form and language adapted to the special occasion, rather than be compelled to search for them in another chapter, where they are exhibited in a quite different framework of circumstances. Even in an artistic point of view, it is too narrow a conception of art, to exclude that which produces its effect by an accumulation of small touches. Besides, many of Mr. Grote's views being contrary to received opinion, he was bound to give some idea of the mass of evidence on which they rest. Those who find it tiresome to have this evidence noted *en passant* where it occurs, would have far more reason to complain if it had been culled out and laid in a single heap, in which case we may surmise that few of them would have taken the trouble even to look at it.

In truth, there are few, if any, ancient authors concerning whose mind and purpose so many demonstrably false opinions are current, as concerning Plato; and there is probably no writer, of merit comparable to his, and of whom so many writings survive, who leaves us in so much real uncertainty respecting his opinions. His works—except a few letters, which (allowing them, with Mr. Grote, to be authentic) were written late in life, and have mostly a biographic rather than a philosophical interest—are exclusively in the form of dialogue, and he himself is never one of the interlocutors. Not one of the opinions contained in them is presented as his own, nor in any connexion with himself. There certainly is, in almost every dialogue, one principal speaker, who either as confuter or instructor carries off the honours of the discussion. But this chief speaker, in the great majority of cases, is not a fictitious or unknown person, who could only be looked on as the author's own spokesman, but a philosopher with a well-marked intellectual individuality of his own, and regarded by Plato himself with the deepest reverence. The question arises, how far the opinions put into the mouth of Sokrates are those of the real Sokrates, or of Plato speaking in his name? and if the former, whether Plato desired to be considered as adopting them? But, again, Sokrates, though generally the leading speaker, is not always so. In one dialogue, the *Parmenides*, he takes part in the discussion, but only to be powerfully confuted by that veteran philosopher. In the *Sophistes* and the *Politikos* he is a mere listener, while the place usually filled by him is

occupied by a nameless stranger from Elea ; though these two dialogues are an avowed continuation of the *Theætetus*, in which Sokrates takes the leading part. In *Timæus* and *Kritias*, the persons bearing those names are the teachers, and Sokrates an approving and admiring hearer. In the *Leges* and *Epinomis* he does not appear at all. Some reason there must have been for these diversities, but it neither shows itself in the dialogues, nor is known by external evidence. All this would have been of little consequence, if the dialogues had exhibited a consistent system of opinions, always adhered to and always coming out victorious. But so far is this from being the case, that the result of a large proportion of them is merely negative, many opinions in succession being tried and rejected, and the question finally left unsolved. When an opinion does seem to prevail, it almost always happens that in some other dialogue that same opinion is either refuted, or shown to involve difficulties which, though frequently passed over, are never resolved. Some of the ancient critics were hence led to suspect that Plato had, as his master professed to have, no positive opinions ; a supposition for which plausible arguments might be drawn from many of the dialogues, but which is quite inconsistent with the spirit of others. Besides, a philosopher who for nearly forty years lectured in open school to numerous audiences, must have had something positive to teach them : mere negation and confutation raise up imitators, but not disciples.

To these various puzzles the German editors and critics add another—namely, which of the writings ascribed to Plato are really his own. They relieve their author from the responsibility of contradictory opinions, by rejecting many dialogues as spurious, on account of something in them that is inconsistent with what is said in some other dialogue, or with what the critic is of opinion that Plato must have thought, or on the mere ground of inferior merit as a composition ; for of Plato alone, among writers or artists, it seems to be imagined that he cannot have produced any work not equal to his finest. Mr. Grote gains a triumphant victory over these critics, by exhibiting the overwhelming strength of the external testimony ; showing that the rejections grounded on internal evidence proceed on an ideal of Plato which is a mere imagination of the critic ; and pointing out that what are deemed evidences of unauthenticity in the rejected dialogues, are equally found in those which no one rejects, or could reject, since they are the type itself, which the others are thrown out for not conforming to. If we could add to our knowledge of what Plato's writings were, any authentic information respecting the order in which they were written,

their inconsistencies might be found to correspond with successive stages of the progress of his own mind. But we have nothing on this subject save conjectures, each founded on an antecedent theory of the very matter which it is intended to clear up. The imperfect publicity which ancient writings obtained at their first appearance, consisting chiefly in being read aloud by the author, or by some one whom he had allowed to take a copy, makes it impossible to fix the chronological succession of a writer's works, when they are at all numerous. Several dialogues, by their allusions to historical events, give indication of a date to which it is supposed that they must have been subsequent; but even this supposition is uncertain, since, as we are informed by Dionysius, Plato retouched and corrected his writings up to the latest period of his life. When a dialogue professes to be a continuation of another dialogue, it was probably, though not certainly, the latest composed of the two. There is a presumption that the dialogues of mere search preceded those which expound and enforce some definite doctrine; though, as one of the best German critics of Plato remarks*, this must be taken with a limitation, since he may have continued to produce dialogues of search after those of exposition began. Finally, direct testimony combines with internal probability in placing the *Leges* after the *Republic*, and near the end of Plato's career. This is nearly all the help which the works themselves give towards ascertaining the order of their composition; but we have a precious though limited item of information from Aristotle, respecting some metaphysical doctrines taught by Plato in his latest lectures, varying considerably from those we read in any of the dialogues, but towards which the line of thought in several of them seems to be leading up. We may, therefore, place those particular dialogues among the last of his compositions, and in the order of their approach to what we are told of his final teachings. This indication, agreeing with other internal evidence, gives the following as the latest terms of the series:—*Republic*, *Timæus* (with its unfinished appendage *Kritias*), *Leges*, with its supplement the *Epinomis*—the first probably separated by a considerable interval of time from the two last, and the *Philebus*, which we believe to be later than the *Republic*, probably coming in at some intermediate point.

Such being the paucity of direct evidence of Plato's opinions and purposes, there was no check to the latitude which readers and admirers might give themselves in deducing theories from

* Ueberweg. See Grote, vol. i. p. 184.

the general tone of his writings. Much, no doubt, may be thence inferred, but it requires more than a knowledge of Plato to distinguish what. Great men and great writers outlive the ideas and most of the monuments of their time, and descend to posterity disjoined from the element in which they lived, and by which their thoughts ought to be interpreted. This is especially the case with great reformers. How continually we should misunderstand the deliverances of Luther, of Fichte, of Bentham, of Voltaire, of Rousseau, Fourier, Owen—may we add of Carlyle? if we knew nothing of their age, and of the men and things they attacked, but what they themselves tell us. Men who are in open quarrel with the whole body of their cotemporaries, do not make the discriminations which posterity is bound to make; and their sweeping denunciations do not imply, from them, what such statements would mean from persons perhaps greatly their inferiors, but not standing so far off from the rest of the world as to efface all differences of distance. This caution has been disregarded and ignored in Plato's case, yet none of the great thinkers and writers who have come down to us require it more. When Plato says hard things of his countrymen, or of any class or profession among them, he is judging them by their divergence from his own standard, which was, no doubt, in many respects superior to theirs (though by no means so in all respects), but which he himself proclaimed to be a new and original one, and which certainly differed as widely from the modern European or English standard as from the Athenian. But the denunciations which he levels at them from his own point of view, are almost always interpreted as from ours, and we fancy that their conduct and feelings, if known to us in detail, would appear to us as blameable and contemptible as Plato deemed them; whereas we should find them, with a few superficial differences, very like our own; and it is most certain that Plato, if he returned to life, would be to the full as contemptuous of our statesmen, lawyers, clergy, professors, authors, and all others among us who lay claim to mental superiority, as he ever was of the corresponding classes at Athens; while they, on their part, would regard him very much as they regard other freethinkers, socialists, and visionary reformers of the world.

The opinion which commonly prevails about Plato is something like the following. The Athenians, and the other Greeks, had become deeply demoralised by a set of impostors called Sophists—pretenders to universal knowledge, and adepts at disconcerting simple minds by entangling them in a mesh of words—who corrupted young men of fortune, by denying moral dis-

inctions, and teaching the art of misleading a popular assembly. The lives and intellectual activity of Socrates and Plato had for their chief object to counteract the doctrines and influence of these men. They devoted themselves to vindicating the cause of virtue against immoral subtleties; but they came too late; the evil was too far advanced for cure, and the ruin of Greece was ultimately the consequence of the corruption engendered by the Sophists. In Philosophy proper, the speculations of Plato are supposed to have been guided by a similar purpose. He was the founder and chief of the Idealist or Spiritualist school, against the Materialistic or Sensational, which, under the auspices of the Sophists, is asserted to have been generally prevalent; and was the champion of the intuitive or *à priori* character of moral truth, against what is regarded, by most of the Platonic critics, as the low and degrading doctrine of Utility.

Readers of Mr. Grote's History are acquainted with the strong case which is there made out against this common theory. Mr. Grote disbelieves the alleged moral corruption as a fact; and denies positively that the Sophists were the cause of it, or that the persons so called had any doctrines in common, much less the immoral ones imputed to them. He affirms that there is no evidence that any one of them taught the opinions alleged, and full proof that some taught the reverse: That the Sophists were not a sect, but the general body of teachers by profession, and, as is everywhere the case with professional teachers as a class, the moral and prudential opinions they taught were the common and orthodox ones of their country: That Plato's quarrel was precisely with those common opinions, and his antagonism to the Sophists a mere consequence of this; and his testimony, were it far stronger than it is, has no value against them, unless we are willing to extend our condemnation, as he did, to the ways of mankind in general. These views of Mr. Grote, which we are satisfied are true to the letter, receive continual confirmation from his survey of the Platonic writings; and we think it possible even to strengthen his argument, by showing that the case presented against the Sophists on Plato's authority, is contradicted by Plato's own representation of them.

First, who were the Sophists? In the more lax use of the word it was a name for speculative men in general. All the early philosophers whose theories are presented in Mr. Grote's first two chapters, were Sophists in ordinary parlance; especially when, as was probably the case with all of them, they taught orally, and took money for their teaching. M. Boeckh says of one of Plato's cotemporaries, the famous mathematician

Eudoxus, 'he lived as a Sophist, which means, he taught and 'gave lectures.'* Against these men, as a body, no accusation is brought, nor had Plato any hostility to them. But the Sophists, emphatically so called, were those who speculated on human as distinguished from cosmic questions; who made profession of civil wisdom, and undertook to instruct men in the knowledge which qualifies for social or political life. As one whose whole time was passed in discussing these topics, Sokrates was counted among Sophists, both during his life and after his death. Æschines, in the oration against Timarchus, gives him that title. Isokrates, himself called a Sophist in an oration of Demosthenes†, alludes distinctly to Plato as being one.‡ A Sophist named Mikkus is introduced in the Platonic *Lysis* as a companion and eulogist (*ἑπαινετής*) of Sokrates. But the most conspicuous Sophists cotemporary with Sokrates, the supposed chiefs of the immoral and corrupting teachers against whom he is said to have warred, were Protagoras, Prodikus, and Hippias. They are all three introduced into the great and many-sided Platonic composition called *Protagoras*, and are often referred to by name in other dialogues, Hippias even having two to himself. Now, while there is an undisguised purpose on Plato's part to lower the reputation of these men, and convict them of not understanding what they professed to teach, not a thought or a sentiment is ascribed to them of any immoral tendency, while they often appear in the character of serious and impressive exhorters to virtue.

With regard to Protagoras in particular, the discourse which he is made to deliver on the moral virtues is justly considered by Mr. Grote§ as 'one of the best parts of the Platonic 'writings.' It springs out of a doubt raised, seriously or ironically, by Sokrates, whether virtue is teachable, on the ground that there are no recognised teachers of it, as there are of other things. Protagoras admits the fact, and says that the reason why there are no express teachers of virtue is that all mankind teach it. Artistic or professional skill in any special department needs only be possessed by a few, for the benefit of the rest; but social and civic virtue, consisting in justice and self-restraint, is indispensable in every one; and as the welfare of each imperatively requires this virtue in others, every one inculcates it on all. A highly philosophical as well as eloquent exposition follows||.

* Grote, vol. i. p. 123, *note*.

† *Contra Lacritum*. Grote, vol. iii. p. 178, *note*.

‡ In his *Oratio ad Philippum*. See Grote, vol. iii. p. 462.

§ Grote, vol. ii. p. 45.

|| *Ibid*.

‘of the growth and propagation of common sense—the common, established, ethical and social sentiment among a community; sentiment neither dictated in the beginning by any scientific or artistic lawgiver; nor personified in any special guild of craftsmen apart from the remaining community; nor inculcated by any formal professional teachers; nor tested by analysis; nor verified by comparison with any objective standard; but self-sown and self-asserting, stamped, multiplied, and kept in circulation by the unpremeditated conspiracy of the general public—the omnipresent agency of King *Nómos** and his numerous volunteers.’ This common standard of virtue Protagoras fully accepts. He takes it † ‘for granted that justice, virtue, good, evil, &c., are known, indisputable, determinate data, fully understood and unanimously interpreted.’ He pretends not to set right the general opinion, but ‡ ‘teaches in his eloquent expositions and interpretations the same morality, public and private, that every one else teaches; while he can perform the work of teaching somewhat more effectively than they:’ and § ‘what he pretends to do, beyond the general public, he really can do.’ Sokrates (or Plato under his name) not accepting this common standard, and not considering justice, virtue, good, and evil as things understood, but as things whose essence, and the proper meaning of the words, remain to be found out, of course contests the point with Protagoras; and bringing to bear on him the whole power of the Sokratic cross-examination, convicts him of being unable to give any definition or theory of these things; an incapacity which, in Platonic speech, goes by the name of not knowing what they are. The inability of Protagoras to discuss, and of his opinions to resist logical scrutiny, is driven home against the Sophist with great force. But it is remarkable that Protagoras, in answering the questions of Sokrates, whenever required to choose between two opinions, one of which is really or apparently the more moral or elevating, not only chooses the loftier

* *Nóμος ὁ πάντων βασιλεύς*, an expression of Pindar, cited by Herodotus (as well as by Plato himself in the *Gorgias*), and very happily applied, on many occasions, by Mr. Grote. ‘The large sense of the word *Nóμος*, as received by Pindar and Herodotus, must be kept in mind, comprising positive morality, religious ritual, consecrated habits, the local turns of sympathy and antipathy, &c.’ (*Grote*, vol. i. p. 252, *note*.) *Nóμος*, thus understood, includes all that is enjoined by law, custom, or the general sentiment, and all that is voluntarily accepted in reliance on these.

† *Grote*, vol. ii. p. 47.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 44.

§ *Ibid.* p. 73.

doctrine, but declares that no other choice would be agreeable to his past life, to which he repeatedly appeals as not permitting him to concede anything that would lower the claims or dignity of virtue; thus proving (as far as anything put into his mouth by Plato can prove it), not only that he had never taught other than virtuous doctrines, but that he had an established reputation both for virtuous teaching, and for an exemplary and dignified life. Finally, it is Sokrates who, in this dialogue, maintains the 'degrading' doctrine of Utilitarianism—at least the part most odious to its impugners, the doctrine of Hedonism, that Pleasure and the absence of Pain are the ends of morality; in opposition to Protagoras, to whom that opinion is repugnant; a reversal of the parts assigned to the two teachers by the German commentators, very embarrassing to some of them, who, rather than impute to Plato so 'low' a doctrine, resort to the absurd supposition that one of the finest specimens of analysis in all his writings is ironical, intended to ridicule a Sophist who is not even represented as agreeing with it. Let us add, that though at first sore under his confutation by Sokrates, Protagoras parts with him on excellent terms, and predicts for him, at the conclusion of the dialogue, great eminence in wisdom.

Prodikus of Keios has no dialogue devoted to himself, nor is Sokrates ever introduced as confuting him. Except a few touches of good-humoured ridicule on his subtle verbal distinctions, chiefly found in the Protagoras, and probably intended not so much for disparagement as to heighten the dramatic interest of that eminently dramatic dialogue; and except that he comes in for his share of the raillery kept up against the Sophists generally about the money they took from their pupils, Prodikus is treated by Plato with marked respect. Sokrates not only confesses intellectual obligations to him, but speaks of him more than once, at least semi-seriously, as his teacher; and is made to say in the *Theætetus**, that in conversing with young men, he is apt at discerning those to whom he can be of no use, and judging by whom they will be benefited, and that he has handed over many to Prodikus—a sure proof that in Plato's opinion Prodikus was not only no corruptor of youth, but improving to them. As a matter of fact, we know that Prodikus was the author of the celebrated mythe or apologue called 'The Choice of Hercules,' one of the most impressive exhortations in ancient literature to a life of labour and self-denial in preference to one of ease and pleasure.

* Plato, *Theætetus*, 151 B.

The substance of this composition is preserved by Xenophon, who, in his 'Memorabilia,' introduces Sokrates repeating it to Aristippus, and declaring that it was a favourite lecture of Prodikus, one of those which he oftenest delivered *; and it bears a nearer resemblance than anything in Plato to the moral teachings ascribed by Xenophon to the real Sokrates. Prodikus, therefore, is out of the question in any charge against the Sophists of immoral teaching or influence.

Hippias, a man conspicuous among his cotemporaries for the rare variety of his accomplishments, is treated by Plato more disrespectfully. The two dialogues called by his name not only exhibit him as (like Protagoras) unable to cope with Sokrates in close discussion, or give a philosophic theory of the subjects on which he was accustomed to discourse, but load him with ridicule, of a less refined character than usual with Plato, for his naïf vanity and self-confidence. It is possible that the real Hippias may have been open to ridicule on this account; but from any vestige of immoral or corrupt teaching the Hippias of Plato is as clear as his Protagoras and his Prodikus. In the Second Hippias, that Sophist is introduced as having just finished delivering, with great applause, an encomium on the character of Achilles in the Iliad, as contrasted with Ulysses in the Odyssey, asserting the great moral superiority of the former. Now, even the better Greeks did not usually give so marked a preference to the direct, frank, and outspoken type of character, over one which aimed at good objects by skilful craft and dissimulation; so that Hippias stands represented by Plato as one whose moral standard, so far as it differed from the common one, was exceptionally high and noble—as that of Sophokles is shown to have been by the character of Neoptolemus, contrasted with that of Ulysses, in the 'Philoktetes.' The Sophist maintains this high estimate of veracity and sincerity throughout the dialogue; while the only ethical doctrine which is *malè sonans* is assigned to Sokrates himself, who, by a series of arguments which Hippias is totally unable to refute, contends that one who speaks falsehood knowingly is less bad than one who speaks it unknowingly, and (as a general thesis) that 'those who hurt mankind, or cheat, or lie, or do wrong wilfully, are better than those who do the same unwillingly.'† Mr. Grote may well say that 'if this dialogue had come down to us with the parts inverted, and with the reasoning of Sokrates assigned to Hippias, most critics would probably have produced

* *Ὅπερ δὴ καὶ πλείστοις ἐπιδείκνυται.* (*Xen. Mem. lib. ii. cap. i.*)

† Grote, vol. i. p. 390.

‘ it as a tissue of sophistry, justifying the harsh epithets which they bestow upon the Athenian Sophists, as persons who considered truth and falsehood to be on a par—subverters of morality, and corruptors of the youth of Athens. But as we read it, all that, which in the mouth of Hippias would have passed for sophistry, is here put forward by Sokrates; while Hippias not only resists his conclusions, and adheres to the received ethical sentiment tenaciously, even when he is unable to defend it, but hates the propositions forced upon him, protests against the perverse captiousness of Sokrates, and requires much pressing to induce him to continue the debate.’* It is obvious what advantage Melêtus and Anytus might have derived from this thesis of Sokrates, if they had brought it up against him before the Dikasts; though it is merely a paradoxical form which, as we know from Xenophon, the real Sokrates gave to one of his favourite opinions, adopted and strenuously maintained by Plato, that the root of all moral excellence is knowledge.

Except these three distinguished men, the only other Sophists, in the more limited sense, who are shown up by Plato, or brought by him into collision with Sokrates, are the two brothers in the *Euthydemus*; who are not represented as persons of any celebrity (though somebody of the name of *Euthydemus* is mentioned in the *Kratylus* in connexion with a philosophical paradox), but as old men who have passed their lives in teaching gymnastic and military exercises, together with rhetoric, and have only quite lately turned their attention to dialectics, or the art of discussion. We know nothing otherwise of these persons, who may have been entirely fictitious, and in any case the care taken to describe them as novices in their art precludes the supposition of their being intended as representative men. The purpose of the dialogue is obviously to rebut the accusation brought against Sokrates, and doubtless also against Plato, of being jugglers with words and dealers in logical puzzles; which is done by exhibiting, on the one hand, a caricature of the most absurd logical juggling in the persons of *Euthydemus* and *Dionysodorus*, and on the other, an illustrative specimen of Plato’s ideal of the genuinely Sokratic process—real Dialectic, contrasted with Eristic; the one, merely embarrassing and humiliating an ingenuous student, by involving him through verbal ambiguities in obvious absurdities; the other, encouraging and stimulating him to vigorous exercise of his own mind in clearing his thoughts from

* Grote, vol. i. p. 394.

confusion. Mr. Grote's comments on this dialogue, as on most of the others, are singularly interesting and valuable. It suffices here to observe that the purpose of the *Euthydemus* is not to discredit anybody, but to repel the attacks made on dialectic, by exhibiting the good form of it in marked opposition to the bad.

There is thus absolutely nothing in Plato's representation of particular Sophists that gives countenance to the reproaches usually cast upon them. There is, however, another class of teachers on whom he is more severe, and into whose mouth he does, though but in one instance, put immoral doctrines. These are the Rhetoricians, or teachers of oratory, a vocation sometimes combined with that of Sophist, but carefully distinguished from it by Plato, in that one of his works in which rhetoric is most depreciated. The types exhibited of the class are Gorgias, Polus, and Thrasymachus, all of whom Sokrates is introduced as triumphantly confuting. As there is thus something more of foundation for the common interpretation of Plato's attacks on the rhetoricians than of those on the Sophists, it is worth showing how very little that something amounts to.

Rhetoric, being the art of persuasion, is necessarily open to the reproach that it may be used indifferently in behalf of wrong and right, and may avail to 'make the worse appear the better reason.' But so far was it in Greece from being taught or recommended for this purpose by its popular teachers, that Gorgias, the most celebrated of them, in the dialogue bearing his name and intended to lay rhetoric and the rhetoricians prostrate in the dust, is represented as emphatically deprecating such a use of it. After extolling, in magnificent terms, the value of his art, the general power it gives of attaining objects, and the ascendancy it confers in the State, he proceeds to say that, like all other powers, it should be used justly; and as gymnastic teachers are not blamed, or expelled from the city, if any one trained by them abuses the bodily strength he has acquired, by assaulting his parents or his friends, so the teachers of rhetoric are not in fault if their pupils make an unjust use of the valuable talent bestowed upon them; 'for they (the teachers) bestowed it to be rightly used, against the enemies of the State and against evil-doers, not in aggression, but in defence.' Thus far Gorgias; who, even in this most polemic dialogue, is treated with considerable respect, and has his dignity saved by being withdrawn from the Sokratic cross-examination when the conflict begins to grow serious. We may fairly presume that his teaching was as far above all moral reproach as that of Isokrates, the most famous and

successful Grecian rhetorical teacher whose works have come down to us—to whose earnest and impressive inculcation of the moral virtues it is sufficient to allude.

The dispute is taken up by Polus, another teacher of rhetoric, represented as a much younger and very petulant man, between whom and Sokrates there is a discussion of a very dramatic character, with much vehemence on one side and sarcasm and irony on the other. Sokrates asserts that to do injustice is the greatest of evils—a far worse one than to be unjustly done by: while Polus maintains, on the contrary, that an unjust man who escapes punishment, and practises injustice on so great a scale as to achieve signal success—especially he who can make himself despot of his city—is supremely enviable. Now this, which seems to be evidence on the side of the common theory, is really a strong confirmation of Mr. Grote's; for no reader of Plato can be unaware that what Polus here expresses (though disclaimed by the Platonic Protagoras as a vulgar prejudice*) was the received opinion and established sentiment of the Grecian world. Polus appeals to it, and says—'Ask any of the persons present:' to which Sokrates answers—'Instead of refuting me by argument, you, like a pleader in a court of justice, overwhelm me with witnesses. No doubt all the testimony is on your side. If you ask Nicias' (the most morally respected citizen and politician of his time), 'or Aristokrates, 'or the whole family of Pericles, or any family you think fit—in short, any Athenian or any foreigner, they will all assent; but I, one man, do not assent, and the only witness I will call is yourself; unless I can convince *you* that I am in the right, I shall consider myself to have done nothing.' Similar evidence of the universal opinion appears at every turn in the Platonic dialogues. Whether it is the ambitious and unprincipled Alcibiades, or the youthful and inquiring Theages, or the two grave and reverend elders from Crete and Lacedæmon who figure in the *Leges*, they all speak with the same voice: the usurping despot, and every one who is eminently successful in injustice, is a man to be envied—such a man (they usually add) as we, and all the world, and you yourself, Sokrates, if you could, would wish to be. Sokrates claims complete originality in the contrary opinion, that injustice is an evil, and the greatest that can befall any one—a doctrine which, through the teachings of Plato himself, of the Stoics, and of some of the forms of Christianity, has grown so familiar to us, that it has become a truism, and even a cant; and moderns are ready

* Plato, Protagoras, 333 C, D, and 359 E.

to conclude offhand that not to profess it implies a denial of moral obligation. But look at Polus himself in the dialogue. He is asked by Sokrates—‘ You think it a worse thing (*κάκιον*) ‘ to be injured, than to injure. Do you also think it a baser, ‘ or more shameful thing (*αἰσχίον*)?’ Polus acknowledges the reverse: and Sokrates goes on to prove (by a fallacious argument, however), that whatever is more *αἰσχρόν* must be more *κακόν*. Now this distinction of Polus is exactly that which the Greeks drew. Their opinion, that a wicked man would be happy if he could succeed in his wickedness, did not make them less abhor the bad man. He was to be restrained, punished, and, if need be, extirpated, not because his guilt was an evil to himself, but because it was an evil to others. He was looked upon as one who sought, and, if successful, obtained, good to himself by the damage and suffering of other people, and who was therefore not to be tolerated by them unless on compulsion. This is a different doctrine from the common one of modern moralists, but not an immoral doctrine; and even if it were, the Sophists and rhetoricians did not invent it, but found it universal. The speeches of Glaukon and Adeimantus, in the Second Book of the Republic, set forth this view of the case. Both these speakers strenuously disapprove the unjust life, and are anxious to be convinced that it is a calamity to the evil-doer. But, according to them, all mankind, even those who most inculcate justice, inculcate it as self-sacrifice, describing the life of the just man as hard and difficult, that of the unjust as pleasant and easy. The very best of them represent justice as personally desirable only on account of the good reputation and social consideration which attend it, implying that one who could acquire the reputation and rewards of justice without the reality would be supremely fortunate, possessing the prize without the sacrifices, while he who had the reality, but missed the rewards, would be utterly miserable. Any man would be unjust if he possessed the ring of Gyges, which rendered the wearer invisible at pleasure. With this memorable testimony as to what was the general belief, it is mere ignorance to throw the responsibility on the Sophists and rhetoricians. We may add that even Polus is so far from being put in an odious light, that his petulance abates under the Sokratic cross-examination; he is not uncandid, does not obstinately resist conviction, and ends by confessing himself refuted. The speaker in this dialogue who really professes immoral doctrines, who denies that injustice is *αἰσχρόν*, and asserts that right and wrong are matters of convention, is Kallikles: neither a Sophist nor a rhetorician, but an active and ambitious political man, who, though he frequents

the rhetoricians, proclaims his contempt of the Sophists, and represents a type of character doubtless frequent among Grecian politicians, though we may doubt their having ever publicly professed the principles they acted on.

The other rhetorical teacher shown up by Plato is Thrasymachus in the *Republic*, who is presented as rude, overbearing, even insolent in his manner of discussing, and who undoubtedly is made to profess, with a not very material difference, essentially the same immoral doctrine as Kallikles. He is accordingly confuted and put to shame; but even Thrasymachus ends better than he began, and though he takes no share in the long sequel of the dialogue, joins with others in pressing Sokrates to go on, and parts with him on friendly terms. This single exhibition of Thrasymachus, made, not by himself, but by Plato when he wants a spokesman for an immoral doctrine, is the solitary case that can be cited from Plato in support of the opinion which imputes immoral teaching to the Sophists; and Thrasymachus was not a Sophist, but a rhetorician.*

Nevertheless, it neither needs nor can be denied, not only that Plato had an unfavourable opinion of the Sophists generally, but that his writings contain much evidence of their being looked upon, in Athenian society, with a widespread sentiment of aversion. Their unpopularity may be accounted for, without supposing it to have been, in a moral point of view, deserved. In the first place, the disapprobation was far from being unanimous. Though the name Sophist was already a term of reproach, it was also one of praise: Plato himself † speaks of 'the genuine Sophistic art' (ἡ γένηι γενναία σοφιστικῆ) as a thing which he cannot completely distinguish from something laudable, and asks, 'Have we not, in seeking for the Sophist, unexpectedly found the Philosopher?' ‡ In another place, when speaking of the skilful adaptations of Creative Power, he says

* In the *Leges*, certain persons are mentioned, in a style of invective, as maintaining the doctrines put into the mouths of Kallikles and Thrasymachus; but they are nowhere called Sophists, and seem to be identified with the physical inquirers who denied the sun, moon, and planets to be gods, and alleged them to be γῆν καὶ λίθους (*Legg.* 886, D). As the person most notorious for asserting this was Anaxagoras, who has obtained from subsequent ages about the highest moral and religious reputation of all these early inquirers, we regard this denunciation by Plato as merely a specimen of that *odium theologicum*, which was a stranger to his better days, but comes out forcibly in the *Leges*, his latest production.

† Plato, *Sophistes*, 231 B.

‡ *Ibid.* 253 C.

that the gods are admirable Sophists. The term, when applied to any one, was an insult or a compliment according to the person who used it; like metaphysician, or political economist, or Malthusian, in our own day. And this double tradition was prolonged into the latest period of Grecian culture. It lasted even after the word philosopher had come into use as the designation which all kinds of speculative men took to themselves; when this name might have been expected to engross all the favourable associations, leaving only the unfavourable to the word sophist. In one of the dialogues of Lucian, who was cotemporary with Marcus Aurelius, the sophist is identified with the philosopher, and described as the chosen and professional inculcator and guardian of virtue.* Those who are chiefly brought forward by Plato as thinking ill of the Sophists, are either practical politicians, whose contempt for theorists is no rare or abnormal phenomenon in any age, or elderly and respectable fathers of families, who had passed through life with credit and success without the acquirements which they now found the younger generation running after. The character in Plato who exhibits the strongest example of mingled hatred and contempt for the Sophists, is Anytus, in the *Menon*. This man, a politician of influence and repute, no sooner hears them mentioned than he bursts into a torrent of abuse, calling them people whom it is madness to have anything to do with, and whose presence no city ought to tolerate; though he admits, when questioned, that he has never conversed with any of them, nor has any personal knowledge of what they taught, but does not the less indignantly denounce them as 'corruptors of youth,' the charge on which afterwards, in conjunction with Melétus, he indicted Sokrates, with the result we all know. It is worth mentioning, that Xenophon † relates, on the authority of Sokrates himself, the origin of the offence which Anytus had taken against him: it was because he criticised the education which Anytus was giving to his son, saying that a man who

* The supposed speaker is Solon, and he is celebrating to Anacharsis, in a strain like that of Pericles in his funeral oration, the excellence of the Athenian customs: 'Ρυθμιζομεν οὖν τὰς γνώμας αὐτῶν (of the youth), νόμους τε τοὺς κοινούς ἐκδιδάσκοντες, οἱ δημόσια πᾶσι πρόκεινται ἀναγινώσκειν μεγάλοις γράμμασιν ἅμα ἀναγεγραμμένοι, κελύοντες ἅτε χρῆ ποιεῖν, καὶ ὧν ἀπέχεσθαι, καὶ ἀγαθῶν ἀνδρῶν συνουσίας, παρ' ὧν λέγειν τὰ δέοντα ἐκμανθάνουσι, καὶ πράττειν τὰ δίκαια, καὶ ἐκ τοῦ ἴσου ἀλλήλοις συμπολιτεύεσθαι, καὶ μὴ ἐφίεσθαι τῶν αἰσχυρῶν, καὶ ὀρέγεσθαι τῶν καλῶν, βίαιον δὲ μηδὲν ποιεῖν. οἱ δὲ ἄνδρες οὗτοι, σοφισταὶ, καὶ φιλόσοφοι πρὸς ἡμῶν ὀνομάζονται. (*Luc. de Gymnasiis.*)

† Xen. *Apol. Socr.*

sought for himself the greatest honours of the state ought to have brought up this promising youth to a higher occupation than his own business of a tanner. This is probably a fair example of the feeling which indisposed respectable elderly Athenians towards 'Sokrates the Sophist,' and towards the other Sophists. When the charge of corrupting youth comes to be particularised, it always resolves itself into making them think themselves wiser than the laws, and fail in proper respect to their fathers and their seniors. And this is a true charge: only it ought to fall, not on the Sophists, but on intellectual culture generally. Whatever encourages young men to think for themselves, does lead them to criticise the laws of their country—does shake their faith in the infallibility of their fathers and their elders, and make them think their own speculations preferable. It is beyond doubt that the teaching of Sokrates, and of Plato after him, produced these effects in an extraordinary degree. Accordingly, we learn from Xenophon that the youths of rich families who frequented Sokrates, did so, for the most part, against the severe disapprobation of their relatives. In every age and state of society, fathers and the elder citizens have been suspicious and jealous of all freedom of thought and all intellectual cultivation (not strictly professional) in their sons and juniors, unless they can get it controlled and regulated by some civil or ecclesiastical authority in which they have confidence. But it had not occurred to Athenian legislators to have an established Sophistical Church, or State Universities. The teaching of the Sophists was all on the voluntary principle; and the dislike of it was of the same nature with the outcry against 'godless colleges,' or the objection of most of our higher and middle classes to any schools but denominational ones. They disapproved of any teaching, unless they could be certain that all their own opinions would be taught. It mattered not that the instructors taught no heresy; the mere fact that they accustomed the mind to ask questions, and require other reasons than use and wont, sufficed at Athens, as it does in most other places, to make the teaching dangerous in the eyes of self-satisfied respectability. Accordingly, respectability, as Plato himself tells us, looked with at least as evil an eye on Philosophers as on Sophists. Sokrates, in the *Apologia*, speaks of the reproach of atheism, of making the worse appear the better cause, and so forth, as the charges always at hand to be flung at those who philosophise; τὰ κατὰ πάντων τῶν φιλοσοφούντων πρόχειρα ταῦτα. Xenophon also*

* Xen. Memor. i. 2, 31.

calls the teaching of an art of words 'the common reproach of the multitude against philosophers.' There is nothing in all Plato more impressive than his picture, in the *Gorgias* and the *Republic*, of the solitary and despised position of the philosopher in every existing society, and the universal impression against him, as at best an useless person, but more frequently an eminently wicked one (*παμπονήρους, κακούς πᾶσαν κακίαν*). He takes pains to point out the causes which gave to this unfavourable opinion of philosophers a colour of truth, and admits that it was not unfrequently justified by the conduct of those who were so called; which is more than he ever says of the Sophists.

Plato's own dislike of the Sophists was probably quite as intense as that to which he testifies on the part of the Athenian public: but was it of the same nature? Did he regard them as corruptors of youth? Not if the Sokrates of the *Republic* expresses Plato's opinions. In one of the most weighty passages of that majestic dialogue, Sokrates is made to say—People fancy that it is Sophists and such people that are corruptors of youth; but this is a mistake. The real corruptor of the young is society itself; their families, their associates, all whom they see and converse with, the applauses and hootings of the public assembly, the sentences of the court of justice. These are what pervert young men, by holding up to them a false standard of good and evil, and giving an entirely wrong direction to their desires. As for the Sophists, they merely repeat the people's own opinions. 'Do you imagine (he asks)*, like the many, that young men are corrupted by Sophists—that there are private Sophists who corrupt them in any degree worth talking about (*ὅτι καὶ ἄξιον λόγου*)? Are not the very men who assert this, themselves the greatest Sophists, educating and training in the most thorough manner both young and old, men and women, to be such as they wish them to be? Those fee-taking individuals whom they call Sophists, and regard as their rivals, teach nothing but these very opinions of the multitude, and call them wisdom.' And it is these false opinions of the multitude, as he proceeds to show, which corrupt so many minds originally well fitted for philosophy, and divert them to the paths of vulgar ambition. If there is a class from whom he deems the multitude to have imbibed these false opinions, and whom he consequently makes accountable for them, it is the poets, who, in the religion of Hellas, were also the theologians.

* Plato, *Rep.* Book V. p. 492 A and 493 A.

Why, then, is Plato so merciless in running down the Sophists? The reasons are plain enough in many parts of his writings: let us look for them where we may be sure of finding them, in the dialogue devoted to defining what a Sophist is. The *Sophistes* is an elaborate investigation into the Sophist's nature and essence, and, besides its direct purpose, is intended as an example of the most thorough mode of conducting such investigations. From a succession of different points of view, Plato arrives at several definitions of the Sophist, some of which want so little of being complimentary, that he confesses a difficulty in distinguishing the Sophist from the Dialectician. Others are condemnatory, but the grounds of condemnation which emerge are limited to two; the same which compose the definition by his pupil Aristotle, of a Sophist in the unfavourable sense: *χρηματιστῆς ἀπὸ φαινομένης σοφίας ἀλλ' οὐκ οἴσῃ*. The first and principal topic of disparagement (which recurs in almost every dialogue where they are mentioned) is that they took money for their teaching. And everything proves that whatever antipathy he had to the Sophists specially, as distinguished from other influential classes in Greece, was grounded on that circumstance alone. This will perhaps be hardly credible to many readers. In modern times, when everybody takes pay for everything (legislators and county magistrates alone excepted), and it is thought quite natural and creditable that men should be paid in money even for saving souls, it is difficult to realise the point of view from which Plato and Sokrates looked on this subject. Sokrates, we are told by Xenophon, compared those who sell their wisdom to those who sell their caresses*, and maintained that both alike ought only to be given in exchange for love. Nor is this inconsistent with the fact that Plato certainly, and Sokrates probably, though they took no fees, accepted presents from their admirers: for to minister to the needs of a friend was a duty of friendship; and the Platonic Sokrates † expresses his whole sentiment on the question by saying, that the teachers of any special art may consistently and reasonably demand payment for their instructions, because they profess to make people good artists or artificers, not good men; but that it is the height of inconsistency in a professed teacher of virtue to grumble because those whom he has pretended to instruct do not pay him sufficiently, since his complaint of their injustice is the clearest

* Καὶ τὴν σοφίαν ὡσαύτως τοὺς μὲν ἀργυρίου τῷ βουλομένῳ πωλοῦντας, σοφιστὰς, ὡσπερ πόρνους, ἀποκαλοῦσιν. (*Xen. Memor.* i. 6, 13.)

† Plato, *Gorgias*, p. 519 C.

proof that the instruction has been of no use.* Nor is it difficult to find arguments, tenable even from the modern point of view, which might be, and have been, brought to prove the mischief of erecting the commerce of ideas into a money-getting trade. In the brilliant dialogue entitled *Gorgias*, in which the hardest things are said that are to be found in all Plato both against the sophistic and the rhetorical profession, he classes them as two branches of one comprehensive, not art but knack, that of adulation (*κολακεία*). They attain their purposes, he affirms, not by making people wiser or better, but by conforming to their opinions, pandering to their existing desires, and making them better pleased with themselves and with their errors and vices than they were before. And is not this the really formidable temptation of all popular teaching and all literature? necessarily aggravated when these are practised for their pecuniary fruits. We may picture to ourselves Plato, judging from this point of view the teachers of the present day. Every established elergy, he might say, are directly bribed to profess an existing set of opinions, whether they believe them or not, and however remote they may be from truth. The ministers of every non-established sect are no less bound by their pecuniary interest to preach, not what is true, but what their flocks already believe. Of lawyers it is unnecessary to speak, who must either give up their profession, or accept a brief without scruple from what they know to be the wrong side. Schoolmasters, and the teachers and governors of universities, must, on every subject on which opinions differ, provide the teaching which will be acceptable to those who can give them pupils, not that which is really the best. Statesmen, he might say, have renounced even the pretence that anything ought to be required from them but to give to the public, not what is best for it, but what it wishes to have. The press, especially the most influential part of it, the newspapers and periodicals—by what incessant evidence does it prove that it considers as its business to be of the same mind with the public—to court, assent to, adulate, Public Opinion, and instead of disagreeable truths, ply it with the things it likes to

* It is worth noting that the most renowned of the Sophists, Protagoras, according to Plato's representation of him, had anticipated this censure, and taken care that it should not be applicable to himself. For he is made to say that if any one to whom he had given instruction disputed its price, he made him go to a temple and declare on oath what he himself considered the instruction to be worth, and make payment on that valuation. Plato, *Protagoras*, p. 328 B.

hear? There is so much groundwork of reality for a representation like this, that some in our own day draw the same practical inference with Plato, and think there should be no law of copyright, that writers may no longer be tempted to prepare opinions for the market, and no one may write aught but what he feels impelled to put forth from pure zeal for his convictions. We think this opinion wrong, not because nothing can be said for it, but because there is much more to be said on the opposite side. It is, however, a substantially correct expression of Plato's sentiments, and shows that his bitterness against the Sophists for being paid teachers was far from being the mere sentimentality which we might be apt to think it.

The other ground of disapproval of the Sophists which comes out in the *Sophistes*, and wherever else Plato discusses them, is, that the doctrines in which they dealt were apparent, not real wisdom; Opinion only, and not Knowledge. Whoever is aware of what Plato meant by knowledge, and of the attitude which he and his master assumed towards what passed for such among their cotemporaries, will admit that what is here said of the Sophists was true; but not truer of them than of all other persons in that age. If there is one thing more than another which Plato represents Sokrates as maintaining, it is that knowledge, on the subjects most important to man, did not yet exist, though everybody was living under the false persuasion of possessing it. He, Sokrates, did not pretend to know anything, except his own ignorance; but inasmuch as other people did not know even that, Sokrates, who did, deserved the palm of wisdom assigned to him by the Delphian Oracle. In the *Apologia*, which is either the real speech of Sokrates, or Plato's idealisation of his life and character, he represents himself as driven by a religious obligation to cross-examine all men, and discover if any of them had attained that real knowledge which he himself was conscious of not possessing. For this purpose, as he says, he sought the conversation of those who seemed, or were considered, wise; beginning with the politicians, all of whom he found to be in a state of gross ignorance, and in general more profoundly so in proportion to their reputation, but puffed up in the extreme by a false opinion of their own knowledge. He next tested the poets, but found that though they composed splendid things, doubtless by a divine *afflatus*, they were unable to give any rational account of the works which, or of the subjects on which, they composed. Last, he tried the artificers, and these, he found, did possess real knowledge, each concerning his special art; but fell into the error

of imagining that they knew other things besides, which false opinion put them on the whole in a worse condition than his own conscious ignorance. It is noticeable that he does not here mention the Sophists among those whom he had cross-examined, and convicted of not knowing what they pretended to know. It is evident, however, that one who had this opinion concerning all the world, would come first and most into collision with the teachers. Those who not only fancied that they knew what they knew not, but professed to teach it, would be the very first persons whom it would fall in his way to convict of ignorance; and this is the exact position of Plato with regard to the Sophists. He attacks them not as the perverters of society, but as marked representatives of society itself, and compelled, by the law of their existence as its paid instructors, to sum up in themselves all that is bad in its tendencies.

The enemy against whom Plato really fought, and the warfare against whom was the incessant occupation of the greater part of his life and writings, was not Sophistry, either in the ancient or the modern sense of the term, but *Commonplace*. It was the acceptance of traditional opinions and current sentiments as an ultimate fact; and bandying of the abstract terms which express approbation and disapprobation, desire and aversion, admiration and disgust, as if they had a meaning thoroughly understood and universally assented to. The men of his day (like those of ours) thought that they knew what Good and Evil, Just and Unjust, Honourable and Shameful, were, because they could use the words glibly, and affirm them of this and of that, in agreement with existing custom. But what the property was, which these several instances possessed in common, justifying the application of the term, nobody had considered; neither the Sophists, nor the rhetoricians, nor the statesmen, nor any of those who set themselves up or were set up by others as wise. Yet whoever could not answer this question was wandering in darkness; had no standard by which his judgments were regulated, and which kept them consistent with one another; no rule which he knew and could stand by for the guidance of his life. Not knowing what Justice and Virtue are, it was impossible to be just and virtuous; not knowing what Good is, we not only fail to reach it, but are certain to embrace Evil instead. Such a condition, to any one capable of thought, made life not worth having. The grand business of human intellect ought to consist in subjecting these general terms to the most rigorous scrutiny, and bringing to light the ideas that lie at the bottom of them. Even if this cannot be done, and real knowledge be attained, it is already no

small benefit to expel the false opinion of knowledge ; to make men conscious of their ignorance of the things most needful to be known, fill them with shame and uneasiness at their own state, and rouse a pungent internal stimulus, summoning up all their mental energies to attack these greatest of all problems, and never rest until, as far as possible, the true solutions are reached. This is Plato's notion of the condition of the human mind in his time, and of what philosophy could do to help it ; and any one who does not think the description applicable, with slight modifications, to the majority even of educated minds in our own and in all times known to us, certainly has not brought either the teachers or the practical men of any time to the Platonic test.*

The sole means by which, in Plato's opinion, the minds of men could be delivered from this intolerable state, and put in the way of obtaining the real knowledge which has power to make them wise and virtuous, is what he terms *Dialectics* ; and the philosopher, as conceived by him, is almost synonymous with the *Dialectician*. What Plato understood by this name consisted of two parts. One is, the testing every opinion by a negative scrutiny, eliciting every objection or difficulty that could be raised against it, and demanding, before it was adopted, that they should be successfully met. This could only be done effectually by way of oral discussion ; pressing the respondent by questions, to which he was generally unable to make replies that were not in contradiction either to admitted fact, or to his own original hypothesis. This cross-examination is the *Socratic Elenchus* ; which, wielded by a master such as *Sokrates* was, and as we can ourselves appreciate in Plato, no mere appearance of knowledge without the reality was able to resist. Its pressure was certain, in an honest mind, to dissipate the false opinion of knowledge, and make the confuted respon-

* 'Such terms as Nature, Law, Freedom, Necessity, Body, Substance, Matter, Church, State, Revelation, Inspiration, Knowledge, Belief, are tossed about in the wars of words as if everybody knew what they meant, and as if everybody used them exactly in the same sense ; whereas most people, and particularly those who represent public opinion, pick up these complicated terms as children, beginning with the vaguest conceptions, adding to them from time to time, perhaps correcting likewise at haphazard some of their involuntary errors, but never taking stock, never either inquiring into the history of the terms which they handle so freely, or realising the fullness of their meaning according to the strict rules of logical definition.' (*Max Müller, Lectures on the Science of Language, Second Series, pp. 526, 527.*)

dent sensible of his own ignorance, while it at once helped and stimulated him to the mental effort by which alone that ignorance could be exchanged for knowledge. Dialectics, thus understood, is one branch of an art which is a main portion of the Art of Living—that of not believing except on sufficient evidence; its function being that of compelling a man to put his belief into precise terms, and take a defensible position against all the objections that can be made to it. The other, or positive arm of Plato's dialectics, of which he and Sokrates may be regarded as the originators, is the direct search for the common feature of things that are classed together, or, in other words, for the meaning of the class-name. It comprehends the logical processes of Definition and Division or Classification; the theory and systematic employment of which were a new thing in Plato's day: indeed Aristotle says that the former of the operations was first introduced by Sokrates. They are indissolubly connected, Division being, as Plato inculcates, the only road to Definition. To find what a thing is, it is necessary to set out from Being in general, or from some large and known Kind which includes the thing sought—to dismember the kind into its component parts, and these into others, each division being, if possible, only into two members (an anticipation of Ramus and Bentham), marking at each stage the distinctive feature which differentiates one member from the other. By the time we have divided down to the thing of which we are in quest, we have remarked its points of agreement with all the things to which it is allied, and the points that constitute its differences from them; and are thus enabled to produce a definition of it, which is a compendium of its whole nature. This mode of arriving at a definition is elaborately exemplified, first on an insignificant subject, then on a great and difficult one, in the *Sophistes* and *Politikos*; two of the most important of the Platonic dialogues, because in both of them the conception of this part of the process of philosophising is purely Baconian, unincumbered by the ontological theory which Plato in other writings superinduces on his pure logic.* Without this theory, however, a very insufficient conception would be formed of the Platonic philosophy. The bond of union among the particulars comprised in a class, as understood by Plato, is not a mental Concept framed by abstraction, and having no

* The transition in Plato's mind from the simple to the transcendental doctrine is represented in a tolerably intelligible manner in his Seventh Epistle, of which an abstract is given by Mr. Grote (vol. i. p. 223, *et seq.*).

existence outside the mind, but a Form or Idea, existing by itself, belonging to another world than ours—with which Form or Idea, concrete objects have a communion or participation of nature, and in the likeness of which (though a very imperfect likeness) they have been made. When this mode of conceiving the process of generalisation had been received into Plato's mind, he was led to think that the Ideas were the real existences, which were alone permanent, alone the object of knowledge. Individual objects, if they could be said to be knowable at all, were only knowable through the Ideas, which, therefore, it was the characteristic function of the philosopher to cognise; thus exalting the philosopher to a region above nature and the earth, and making him of kin to the gods, who, being the possessors of supreme wisdom, must live in the perpetual contemplation of these glorious and superterrene existences. We have here reached the mystical and poetical side of Plato's philosophy; and the dialectic process being the only road by which an earthly nature can approach these divine essences (for he by no means regards their apprehension as intuitive), we begin to understand how that process acquires the poetical and religious halo which surrounds it in his mind; how the dialectician becomes a kind of divine person—the nearest approach possible for man to the celestial nature.

The real merits, however, of the Platonic dialectics are not dependent on this religious and metaphysical superstructure; and before we follow Plato farther on that slippery ground, we must dwell a little on the debt mankind owe to him for this, incomparably his greatest gift.

The larger half of the Platonic compositions is directly devoted to the exemplification and application of the dialectic art; the investigation, in conversation between two persons, of the definition of some term in general use, connected with emotional sentiments and practical impulses and restraints. Sometimes the inquiry takes the shape of confutation of an opinion maintained by some admired teacher or self-confident dogmatist; sometimes the interlocutor is a friend or companion, usually an ingenuous youth, who is encouraged to attempt a definition, and as the definitions he hazards are successively shown to be insufficient, looks out for another, free from the particular fault which has been pointed out. An idea of the variety of topics embraced by these inquiries may be conveyed to those unacquainted with Plato, by the following catalogue:—

- Euthyphron*. —What is Holiness?
Laches. —What is Courage?
Charmides. —What is Temperance (or self-restraint, or moderation, or orderliness, or sobriety)?

- Lysis*. —What is Friendship (or affection, or liking, or attachment, or attraction, or preference)? Or rather, what is the natural object of this sentiment?
- Hippias Major*.—What is the Beautiful (or the Honourable, or the Fine, or the Admirable)?
- Erastæ*. —What is Philosophy?
- Hipparchus*. —What is τὸ φιλοκαρδές (meanness, sordidness, graspingness, greed of gain)?
- Minos*. —What is a Law?
- Menon*. —What is Virtue?
- Theætetus*. —What is Knowledge?
- Sophistes*. —What is a Sophist?
- Politikos*. —What is a Statesman?

All these dialogues have for their sole object the investigation of Definitions, either in the way of confutation or of simple search. If we add those of which an important part is directed to this purpose, though the dialogue has other objects besides, we include the four greatest masterpieces of Plato's genius:—

Protagoras.—A manifold and magnificent display of the Sokratic and Platonic mind, a great part of which consists of an inquiry into the definitions of the cardinal virtues, and especially of Courage.

Phædrus.—Equally multifarious; part of which is a discussion respecting the nature and definition of Rhetoric.

Gorgias.—What is Rhetoric? With this inquiry the dialogue sets out, but leads through it into an ethical controversy on the superiority of the just over the unjust life.

Republic.—The inquiry, What is Justice? is the starting point of this great work, which widens out into a complete treatise on the Platonic ethics, and on the constitution of a perfect commonwealth.

A series of investigations worthy to be attributed to the philosopher who, as we hear from Xenophon *, 'never ceased considering, along with his companions, what each existing thing is,' being of opinion 'that those who know what each thing is, are able to exhibit it to other people; but when men know it not, it is no wonder that they themselves go astray and mislead others.'

In casting our eyes over this list, we are forcibly reminded what a curious thing Mixed Modes are; if we may venture to borrow from the Lockian psychology a phrase which has fallen into undeserved disuse, signifying those complex ideas which the mind

* Memor. iv. 61.

makes up for itself, not by directly copying an original in nature, but by combination of elements more or less arbitrarily selected from experience. Of this kind are the various concepts connected with praise and blame, which, being mostly compounded of elements having little to hold them together except a common emotion, are differently composed in different ages and countries, and the words which represent them in one language have no synonyms in another. We found it impossible to express the subjects of several of Plato's dialogues in English, except by heaping together a number of names, no one of which is an exact equivalent of the Greek word, and which even in combination are only an approximate expression of the same collection of attributes. The subject of the *Lysis* is *φιλία*, translated Friendship; and the inquiry into the nature of *φιλία* has to give an account of friendship, but it has also to give an account of a man's *φιλία* for horses, and dogs, and wine, of the *φιλία* of a sick body for health and medicine, that of a philosopher for wisdom, even the imaginary attraction of Dry for Moist, Cold for Hot, Bitter for Sweet, Empty for Full, and contraries in general for one another. *Σωφροσύνη*, the subject of the *Charmides*, is one of the most difficult words to translate in the whole Greek language. The common rendering, Temperance, corresponds to a part of the meaning, but is ridiculously inadequate to the whole. Continnence, Modesty, Moderation, are all short of the mark; Self-Restraint and Self-Control are better, but imply the coercion of the character by the will, while what is required is rather a character not needing coercion. There is also in the Greek word an implied idea of order, of measure, and, as may be seen from this very dialogue, of deliberateness, which are wanting in the nearest English equivalents. Unobtrusiveness, too, is an essential part of the concept; and there is a connotation besides of Judgment or Intelligence, (let us say Reasonableness), otherwise Plato could not, as he does in the *Protagoras*, found an apparent argument on the antithesis between *σωφροσύνη* and *ἀφροσύνη*. Sobriety, a word used several times in this connexion by Mr. Grote, perhaps comes nearest to the Greek word in its variety of applications; but even this hardly admits of being substituted for it in discourse, without a perpetual running comment. A still more illustrative case, interesting as an example of the relation between national language and national character, is the Greek employment of the words which we translate by Beautiful and Ugly: *καλόν* and *αἰσχρόν*. These terms, derived from purely physical characteristics, and never ceasing to carry that meaning, became the

symbols, both in speculation and in daily life, of the æsthetic or artistic view of human actions and qualities, as distinguished from the useful and the simply dutiful; an aspect prominent, and even predominant, in the susceptible Grecian mind, but which to our exclusively practical turn of thought, confirmed by monachism and puritanism, is scarcely intelligible, and our translators bungle with their 'honourable' and 'shameful' in a vain attempt to express the complicated sentiment of the Greeks on matters of conduct and character, or to understand what their writers meant. The French, whose ethical sentiment retains more of the æsthetic element, sometimes indeed out of due proportion to the prudential and the dutiful, realise better the Hellenic feeling, and can often, even in moral discussion, translate τὸ καλόν by 'le beau'; though there is no similar correlation of 'le laid' with αἰσχρόν.*

In spite, however, of these divergences between Plato's world and our own in the composition of the complex ideas to which emotions are attached, whoever has a due value for the Method will often learn as much from these cases, as from the more frequent ones in which the subject of inquiry is a Mixed Mode identical or very similar to one familiar to ourselves; as Virtue, Justice, Courage, Knowledge, Law.

In many of these investigations, the person questioned does not at first exactly know what is expected from him, and instead of a genuine definition, replies by specimens of particular things commonly included under the name; the pretentious and practised teacher Hippias, as represented in the dialogue, being as unfamiliar with the sort of investigation intended, and more inexperienced and clumsy when he attempts it, than the respectable and competent man of action Laches, the opulent Thessalian patrician Menon, or the youth Theætetus. Sokrates labours, by a profusion of illustrative examples (showing how little familiar the notion then was), to make them understand that what is wanted is not any particular cases of the beautiful, or of virtue, or of knowledge, but what Beauty, or Virtue, or Knowledge, in

* We do not pretend that καλόν, any more than its French equivalent, was always used in a distinctly æsthetic meaning. As commonly happens, the fine edge of its signification was blunted by use, and it was often little more than an ornamental expression for ἀγαθόν, as when we speak in English of 'a fine thing;' so that Sokrates, in a conversation recorded by Xenophon (Memor. iii. 8) and referred to by Mr. Grote (vol. iii. p. 540), could maintain that everything is καλόν which is well adapted to its purpose, and that a well-made manure-basket is as truly καλόν as Virtue.

themselves are. The respondent is then encouraged, or, if in an antagonistic position, compelled, to point out some feature or circumstance which is always present along with the notion or predicate into the meaning of which they are inquiring. The part of Sokrates is, to show either that this feature or circumstance is not present in all the cases, or, more frequently, that it is present in many more than the cases to which the word is applicable; thus obliging the respondent either to withdraw his definition and try another, or to limit the first by some circumstance intended to exclude the particulars which had been unguardedly left within the boundary. Many definitions are tried and shown to be untenable, and the dialogue often concludes without any result but the confession of ignorance. Even when one of the definitions examined seems to be accepted in one dialogue, it is often contested, and apparently refuted, in another; so that the result, on the whole, is rather one of method than of doctrine; though striking fragments of truth come to the surface, in the general turning up of the subject which the process involves. The confutations, too, though of marvellous ingenuity, are frequently, to us, obvious fallacies. Yet the process is the true and only mode of acquiring abstract notions which are both clear, and correspond to points of identity among real facts; and the manifold and masterly exemplification of it in the Platonic dialogues is a discipline in precise thinking, to which there is even now nothing *simile aut secundum* in philosophy. To suppose that dialectic training only trains dialecticians, is great ignorance of its power and virtue. Such training is an indispensable education for dogmatic thinkers: and it is quite in the course of nature that Plato should have been the master of Aristotle. But the many first-rate minds which have owed much of their clearness and vigour to the Platonic dialectic, have shown what it had done for them by the fruits it brought forth in themselves, rather than by creating any fresh models of it. The dialogues, therefore, are the still unrivalled types of the dialectic process; made captivating by all the grace and felicity of execution which gave to the author the title of the Attic Bee; and afford an example, once in all literature, of the union between an eminent genius for philosophy and the most consummate skill and feeling of the artist.

Much, however, as the modern world owes to the Platonic dialectics, it is seldom duly sensible of the obligation. The testing and cross-examining process is never popular.

'In the natural process of growth in the human mind, belief does not follow proof, but springs up apart from and independent of it;

an immature intelligence believes first, and proves (if indeed it ever seeks proof) afterwards. This mental tendency is further confirmed by the pressure and authority of King Nomos; who is peremptory in exacting belief, but neither furnishes nor requires proof. The community, themselves deeply persuaded, will not hear with calmness the voice of a solitary reasoner, adverse to opinions thus established; nor do they like to be required to explain, analyse, or reconcile those opinions. They disapprove especially that dialectic debate which gives free play and efficacious prominence to the negative arm.*

‘Nothing † can be more repugnant to an ordinary mind than ‘the thorough sifting of deep-seated, long familiarised notions.’ Scarcely any modern would endure to submit himself to the Sokratic interrogation, which, to Plato’s apprehension, was so emphatically the only sufficient Elenchus or test, that he entertained a very poor opinion of the value either of long speeches, or of written discourse, where the discourser was not at hand to be questioned and to question—*διδόναι καὶ δέχεσθαι λόγον*. Even such approach to the Sokratic method as written composition admits of, the confutation of adversaries behind their backs, is seldom regarded with much favour; even those who agree with the writer caring little for it, beyond what pleasure they may take in seeing their opponents humiliated. For themselves, they are content to be convinced by their own reasons, without troubling themselves about counter-arguments which they are sure must be fallacious. Yet truth, in everything but mathematics, is not a single but a double question; not what can be said for an opinion, but whether more can be said for it than against it. There is no knowledge, and no assurance of right belief, but with him who can both confute the opposite opinion, and successfully defend his own against confutation. But this, the principal lesson of Plato’s writings, the world and many of its admired teachers have very imperfectly learned. We have to thank our free Parliament and the publicity of our courts of justice for whatever feeling we have of the value of debate. The Athenians, who were incessantly engaged in hearing both sides of every deliberative and judicial question, had a far stronger sense of it.

The other, or positive half of the Platonic dialectic, is equally far from being appreciated; that, namely, whereby the vague generalities which serve as the standard of censure or applause in common discourse, are put on the logical rack, and compelled to declare what definite signification lies in them. This two-fold obligation, to be able to maintain our opinions against the

* Grote, vol. i. p. 258.

† Ibid. vol. ii. p. 12.

criticism of opponents and refute theirs, and never to use a term in serious discourse without a precise meaning, has always been odious to the classes who compose nearly the whole of mankind; dogmatists of all persuasions, and merely practical people. Hence it is that human intellect improves so slowly, and even in acquiring more and more of the results of wisdom, grows so little wiser. In things that depend on natural sagacity, which is about equally abundant at all times, we are not inferior to our forefathers; in knowledge of observed facts we are far beyond them; but we cast off particular errors without extirpating the causes of error; the Idols of the Tribe, and even of the Den, infest us almost as much as formerly; the discipline which purges the intellect itself, protects it from false generalisation, inconclusive inference, and simple nonsense, on subjects which it imperfectly knows, is still absent from all but a few minds. We have been disabused of many false and pernicious opinions by the evidence of fact, but not by correcting the mental habits which engendered them; and we are almost as ready as ever to receive new errors, when our senses and memory do not supply us with truths which those particular erroneous opinions would contradict.

It is singular that Plato himself did not fully profit by the principal lesson of his own teaching. This is one of the inconsistencies by which he is such a puzzle to posterity. No one can read many of the works of Plato, and doubt that he had positive opinions. But he does not bring his own opinions to the test which he applies to others. 'It depends on the actual argumentative purpose which Plato has in hand, whether he chooses to multiply objections and give them effect, or to ignore them altogether.'* 'The affirmative Sokrates only stands his ground because no negative Sokrates is allowed to attack him.'† Or, what is worse, Plato applies the test, and disregards its indications; states clearly and strongly the objections to the opinion he favours, and goes his way as if they did not exist. If there is a doctrine which is the guide of his deepest speculations, which he invests with all the plausibility that his wonderful power of illustration can give, and clothes in the most brilliant colours of his poetic imagination, it is the theory of Self-Existent Ideas—the essential groundwork of some of his grandest dialogues, especially the *Phædrus*, the *Phædon*, and an important portion of the *Republic*. Yet there is in his writings no specimen of logical confutation more remark-

* Grote, vol. ii. p. 108.

† Ibid. vol. i. p. 323.

able than that by which Parmenides, in the dialogue so called, overthrows this very doctrine, put into the mouth of the youthful Sokrates. Some of the Platonic critics consequently decide the Parmenides not to be a work of Plato, but one directed against Plato, by a disciple of the Eleatic school; forgetting that Parmenides, in the dialogue, gives an equally peremptory refutation of his own principal doctrine, the Unity of Being, and moreover winds up his refutation of the theory of Ideas by saying that, liable as it is to these great difficulties, philosophy and dialectics would be impossible unless it were admitted.* One would expect that so important a theory would not be left in this predicament, suspended between opposite reasons deemed equally irresistible. We should have supposed that the great master of dialectics, since he accepted the doctrine, would have held himself bound to refute its seeming refutation. Yet he never does this, and, we venture to think, could not have done it. The objections are repeated, in a more abridged form, in the Philebus, and are equally left unanswered, Sokrates merely remarking, that the subject will probably always continue to be a theme for the ingenuity of young dialecticians.† The dogmatic Plato seems a different person from the eletic Plato:—

‘The † two currents of his speculation, the affirmative and the negative, are distinct and independent of each other. Where the affirmative is especially present (as in *Timæus*) the negative altogether disappears. *Timæus* is made to proclaim the most sweeping theories, not one of which the real Sokrates would have suffered to pass without abundant cross-examination; but the Platonic Sokrates hears them with respectful silence, and commends afterwards. When Plato comes forward to affirm, his dogmas are altogether *a priori*; they enunciate preconceptions or hypotheses, which derive their hold upon his belief not from any aptitude for solving the objections which he has raised, but from deep and solemn sentiment of some kind or other—religious, ethical, æsthetical, poetical, &c., the worship of numerical symmetry or exactness, &c. The dogmas are enunciations of some grand sentiment of the divine, good, just, beautiful, symmetrical, &c., which Plato follows out into corollaries. But this is a process of itself; and while he is performing it, the doubts previously raised are not called up to be solved, but are forgotten or kept out of sight.’ ‘Plato § was sceptic, dogmatist, religious mystic and inquisitor, mathematician, philosopher, poet (erotic as well as satirical), rhetor, artist, all in one, or, at least, all in succession, throughout the fifty years of his philosophical life. At one time his exuberant dialectical impulse claims satisfaction, manifesting itself

* Plato, *Parmenides*, p. 155 B.
 † Grote, vol. i. p. 270.

† Plato, *Philebus*, p. 15 D.
 § *Ibid.* pp. 214, 215.

in a string of ingenious doubts and unsolved contradictions; at another time he is full of theological antipathy against those who libel Helios and Selênê, or who deny the universal providence of the gods: here we have unqualified confessions of ignorance, and protestations against the false persuasion of knowledge, as alike widespread and deplorable; there we find a description of the process of building up the Kosmos from the beginning, as if the author had been privy to the inmost purposes of the Demiurgus. In one dialogue the erotic fever is in the ascendant, distributed between beautiful youths and philosophical concepts, and confounded with a religious inspiration and *furor* which supersedes and transcends human sobriety (Phædrus); in another, all vehement impulses of the soul are stigmatised and repudiated, no honourable scope being left for anything but the calm and passionless Nous (Philêbus, Phædon). Satire is exchanged for dithyramb and mythe, and one ethical point of view for another (Protagoras, Gorgias). The all-sufficient dramatising power of the master gives full effect to each of these multifarious tendencies. On the whole—to use a comparison of Plato himself—the Platonic sum total somewhat resembles those fanciful combinations of animals imagined in the Hellenic mythology—an aggregate of distinct and disparate individuals, which look like one because they are packed in the same external wrapper.'

The most important, though not the whole, of these varieties of tone and sentiment, seem to us to be explained by the philosopher's advance in years, and growth in positive convictions. The first alone will account for much. There needs little argument to prove that the warfare against the intenser pleasures, and condemnation of all mental perturbations, of the Philebus, the Leges, and even the Republic, belong to a later time of life than the amatory enthusiasm of the Phædrus and the Symposium. Again, the works which bear the strongest marks of having been written in Plato's later years, show a great modification in his estimation of the Elenctic process. He had apparently met the not unfrequent fate of great reformers, so strikingly exemplified in the career of Luther, who, precisely because he had succeeded beyond all reasonable expectation in his original purpose, had to expend his principal energies during the latter part of his life in driving back followers who had outrun their leader. In the dialogues of mere Search, which were probably written by Plato while the influence of Sokrates over his mind was still predominant, there is nothing he oftener repeats, in the person of his hero, than that the mere awakening of a sense of ignorance, the mere destruction of the false persuasion of knowledge which is universal among mankind, is in itself, though nothing further come of it, a highly valuable result of Dialectics. But as he advanced in

life, and acquired a persuasion of knowledge of his own; when, to use a metaphor of Mr. Grote's, he ceased to be leader of opposition, and passed over to the ministerial benches, he came to think that the Sokratic cross-examination is a dangerous edge-tool. Already in the *Republic* we find him dwelling on the mischiefs of a purely negative state of mind, and complaining that Dialectics are placed too early in the course of education, and are taken up by 'immature youths', who abuse the license 'of interrogation, find all their home-grown opinions uncertain, and end by losing all positive convictions.' In the Platonic commonwealth, this pursuit only commences at the age of thirty, in order that Plato's own dogmatic opinions may have a long start before being exposed to the dangers of the elenctic test. Dialectic, with its logical cross-examination, is still, however, the grand instrument of philosophising, and those trained in it are alone considered fit to rule. But as Plato advanced still further in years and in dogmatism, he seems to have lost his relish and value for Dialectic altogether. In his second imaginary commonwealth—that of the *Leges*—it is no longer mentioned; it forms no part of the education either of the rulers or of the ruled, but in lieu of it is substituted a rigid and immutable orthodoxy of Plato's own making, any disloyalty to which, or any dream of trying it by the *Elenchus*, is repressed with *Torquemada*-like severity. With regard to his omission to fortify his opinions in his own mind, against the difficulties raised by himself, our suspicion is, that he had come to despair of the efficacy of the dialectic process as a means of discriminating truth; that his inability to solve his own objections had brought him to the persuasion that objections insoluble by dialectics could be made against all truths; and, the ethical and political tendencies of his mind becoming predominant over the purely speculative, he came to think that the doctrines which had the best ethical tendency should be taught, with little or no regard to whether they could be proved true, and even at the risk of their being false.

There are thus, independently of minor discrepancies, two complete *Platos* in Plato—the Sokratist and the Dogmatist—of whom the former is by far the more valuable to mankind, but the latter has obtained from them much the greater honour. And no wonder; for the one was capable of being a useful prop to many a man's moral and religious dogmas, while the other could only clear and invigorate the human understanding.

There is, indeed, ample justification for the homage which

* Grote, vol. iii. p. 103.

all cultivated ages have rendered to Plato simply as a moralist—as one of the most powerful masters of virtue who have appeared among mankind. Amid all his changes, there is one thing to which he is ever constant—the transcendent worth of virtue and wisdom (which he invariably identifies), and the infinitely superior eligibility of the just life, even if calumniated and persecuted, over the unjust, however honoured by men, and by whatever power and grandeur surrounded. And what he thus feels, no one ever had a power superior to his of making felt by his readers. It is this element which completes in him the character of a Great Teacher. Others can instruct, but Plato is of those who form great men, by the combination of moral enthusiasm and logical discipline. ‘Aristotle,’ says Mr. Grote*, ‘in one of his lost dialogues, made honourable mention of a Corinthian cultivator, who in reading the Platonic *Gorgias*, was smitten with such vehement admiration, that he abandoned his fields and his vines, came to Athens forthwith, and committed himself to the tuition of Plato.’ It was not, we may be assured, by its arguments, that the *Gorgias* produced this striking manifestation of psychagogic efficacy; for they are nearly all of them fallacies, and could not have resisted the first touch of the cross-examining *Elenchus*, so unsparingly applied to their impugners. This great dialogue, full of just thoughts, and fine observations on human nature, is, in mere argument, one of the weakest of Plato’s works. It is not by its logic but by its *ῥητορ* that it produces its effects; not by instructing the understanding, but by working on the feelings and imagination. Nor is this strange; for the disinterested love of virtue is an affair of feeling. It is impossible to prove to any one Plato’s thesis, that justice is supreme happiness, unless he can be made to feel it as such. The external inducements which recommend it he may be taught to appreciate; the favourable regards and good offices of other people, and the rewards of another life. These considerations, however, though Plato has recourse to them in other places, are not available in the *Gorgias*. The posthumous recompense he only ventures to introduce in the form of a mythe; and the earthly one is opposed to the whole scheme of the dialogue, which represents the virtuous and wise man as in every existing society a solitary being, misjudged, persecuted, and having no more chance with the Many against their adulators, than (to use Plato’s comparison) a physician would have, if indicted before a jury of children by a confectioner for giving them

* Grote, vol. ii. p. 90.

nauseous drugs instead of delicious sweetmeats. It is precisely this picture of the moral hero, still *tenax propositi* against the hostility and contempt of the world, which makes the splendour and power of the *Gorgias*. The Sokrates of the dialogue makes us feel all other evils to be more tolerable than injustice in the soul, not by proving it, but by the sympathy he calls forth with his own intense feeling of it. He inspires heroism because he shows himself a hero. And his failures in logic do not prevent the step marked by the *Gorgias* from being one of the greatest ever made in moral culture—the cultivation of a disinterested preference of duty for its own sake, as a higher state than that of sacrificing selfish preferences to a more distant self-interest.

In the *Republic*, the excellence and inherent felicity of the just life are as impressively insisted on, and enforced by arguments of greater substance. But, as Mr. Grote justly remarks, those arguments, even if conclusive, are addressed to the wrong point; for the life they suppose is not that of the simply just man, but of the philosopher. They are not applicable to the typical just man—to such a person as Aristeides, who is no dialectician, soars to no speculative heights, and is no nearer than other people to a vision of the Self-Existent Ideas, but who, at every personal sacrifice, persistently acts up to the rules of virtue acknowledged by the worthiest of his countrymen. It is not obvious what place there was for Aristeides in the Platonic theory of virtue, nor how he was to be adjusted to the doctrine of Plato and of the historical Sokrates, that virtue is a branch of knowledge, and that no one is unjust willingly. Aristeides probably had the same notions of justice as his cotemporaries, and could as little as any of them have answered Sokratic interrogatories by a definition of it, which would have been proof against all objections. The conformity of his will to it, the never being unjust willingly, was probably the chief moral difference between him and ordinary men. Plato might indeed have said that Aristeides had the most indispensable point of knowledge—he knew that the just man must be the happiest. But Aristeides was not the kind of man of whom Plato has, more or less successfully, proved this; and the true Platonic doctrine is that it is impossible to be just, without knowing (in the high Platonic meaning of knowledge) what justice is.*

* The historical Sokrates of the *Memorabilia* (iv. 4), being challenged by the Sophist Hippias to give over merely tormenting others, and commit himself to a positive opinion about justice,

When we try Plato, as a moralist, by this test of his own; when, from the inspired apostle of virtue, we pass to the philosophic teacher of it, and ask for his criterion of virtue, we find it different in different works. In the Protagoras, it is completely utilitarian, in all that is stigmatised by some people as 'low' and 'degrading;' though justly condemned by Mr. Grote from the utilitarian point of view, because destitute of the unselfish element. According to the Sokrates of the Protagoras, there is nothing good as an end except pleasure and the absence of pain; all other good things are but means to these. Virtue is an affair of calculation, and the sole elements of the calculation are pains and pleasures. But the elements computed are the agent's own pains and pleasures, omitting those of other people

replies by a definition which would have included Aristeides, but not the Platonic ruler or philosopher: Justice, he says, is τὸ νόμιμον—conformity to the laws of the country. This definition, which exactly suited the unideal and practical Xenophon, does not satisfy the Sophist, who is here again represented as contending for a higher law. He objects, that the laws cannot be the standard of virtue, since the communities which enact them often change their mind, and abrogate the laws they have made. To which Sokrates makes the ingenious and not un-Sokratic answer, that communities also make war, and again peace, yet we do not disparage a good tactician or soldier because peace may come. The only work of Plato in which the vein of sentiment corresponds with this, is the Kriton, in which Sokrates, after his condemnation, refuses to accept an offer made to contrive his escape. He here insists powerfully on the duties which a man owes to his country and its laws, even when these are unjustly applied against himself, and personifies the laws as reproaching him, if he flies from his doom, for ingratitude in accepting through life all the benefits they gave, and now refusing to submit to their obligations. Judged by Plato's standard in other places, the answer of the Xenophontic Sokrates to the question of Hippias is very un-Platonic, yet we suspect that Plato would have given the same answer to some persons and in some circumstances; that King Nomos was in his mind the sufficient and proper ruler for the generality of mankind; that laws, together with established customs (the ἀγραφοὶ νόμοι of the same Xenophontic conversation, those common to all mankind) were his real rule of justice for the citizen, though the legislator and the philosopher required a more scientific standard. Among many passages pointing to this conclusion, we may refer to two in Theætetus (172 A and 177 D), and Leges (i. 637–8), where the point of view of the private citizen, taking the laws of his own country for the test of virtue, is distinguished from that of the philosopher, as represented by the characters in the dialogue, who are investigating what constitutes the virtue of the legislators themselves.

and of mankind. The system is thus a selfish one; though only theoretically, since its propounder would have held fast to the doctrine that the just is the only happy life, *i. e.* (according to the theory of this dialogue) the one which affords to the agent himself the greatest excess of pleasure over pain. The standard of the Protagoras agrees with that of the historical Sokrates, who throughout the *Memorabilia* inculcates the ordinary duties of life on hedonistic grounds, and recommends them by the ordinary hedonistic inducements, the good opinion and praise of fellow-citizens, reciprocity of good treatment, and the favour of benevolent deities. Even in the *Leges*, Plato affirms that people will never be persuaded to prefer virtue unless convinced of its being the path of greatest pleasure, and that whether it is so or not (though he fully believes that it is), they must not only be taught to believe this, but no approach to a doubt of it must be tolerated within the country. The Sokrates of the *Gorgias*, however, dissents both from the Sokrates of the Protagoras and from the real Sokrates. Good is, with him, no longer synonymous with Pleasurable, nor Evil with Painful. To constitute anything a Good, it must be either pleasurable or beneficial (*ὠφέλιμον*), and Justice belongs to the category of Beneficial; but beneficial to what end, is not explained, except that the end certainly is not Pleasure. Justice is assimilated to the health of the soul, injustice to a disease: and since the health of the body is its greatest good, and disease its greatest evil, the same estimate is extended by analogy to the mind. There is no attempt, in the *Gorgias*, to define Justice. In the *Republic*, which has this definition for its express purpose, and travels through the whole process of constructing an ideal commonwealth to arrive at it, the result is brought out, that Justice is synonymous with the complete supremacy of Reason in the soul. The human mind is analysed into the celebrated three elements, Reason, Spirit or Passion (*τὸ θυμοειδές*, another troublesome Mixed Mode) and Appetite. The just mind is that in which each of the three keeps its proper place; in which Reason governs, Passion makes itself the aid and instrument of Reason, and the two combined keep Appetite in a state of willing subjection. In the *Philebus*, which is professedly *De Bono* (or rather *De Summo Bono*), the subject is more discriminatingly scrutinised. After a long discussion, in which those who uphold Pleasure, and those who contend for wisdom or intelligence (*φρόνησις*), as the ultimate end, are both confuted; Good, or that which is worthy of being desired, is found to consist of five things, desirable in unequal degrees. We shall not quote the whole list, as, from the vagueness of

some of the conceptions, and the extremely abstract nature of the phraseology, even Mr. Grote confesses how hard it is to be understood. The first four, however, have exclusive reference to the rational elements of the mind, while the fifth, placed far below the others, consists of the few pleasures which are gentle and unmixed with pain; all others, and especially the intenser pleasures, having been eliminated, as belonging to a distempered mental condition. All these theories lay themselves open to Mr. Grote's criticism, by defining virtue with reference to the good only of the agent himself; even justice, preeminently the social virtue, being resolved into the supremacy of reason within our own minds: in disregard of the fact that the idea and sentiment of virtue have their foundation not exclusively in the self-regarding, but also, and even more directly, in the social feelings: a truth first fully accepted by the Stoics, who have the glory of being the earliest thinkers who grounded the obligation of morals on the brotherhood, the *συγγένεια*, of the whole human race. The grand defect of Plato's ethical conceptions (excellently discussed in Mr. Grote's remarks on the Republic) was in overlooking, what was completely seized by Aristotle—that the essential part of the virtue of justice is the recognition and observance of the rights of other people.*

It is noticeable that even in the Republic, the governing and controlling principle of the mind, which we have translated Reason, and whose unresisted authority constitutes the essence of virtue, is τὸ λογιστικόν—literally the calculating principle (λογιστική being used by Plato himself in the Gorgias, to denote a portion of Arithmetic). This is the very doctrine of the Protagoras, except that the elements to be calculated are different. And, through the whole series of the dialogues, a Measuring Art, *μετρητικὴ τέχνη*, as a means of distinguishing the truth of things from their superficial appearance, is everywhere desiderated as the great requisite both of wisdom and of virtue. When, however, the test of Pain and Pleasure is abandoned, no other elements are shown

* Grote, vol. iii. pp. 133–159. The only vestige we find in Plato of the conception of morality which refers it to the *general* happiness is when, in answering the remark that the guardians of his ideal republic, being denied all the interests to which human life is generally devoted, would have a poor and undesirable existence, he says, 'Perhaps it may turn out that theirs would be the happiest of all; but even if what you say is true, our object is not that one portion of the community may be as happy as possible, but that the whole community may be so.'

to us which the Measuring Art is to be employed to measure. Of course it has to measure our minds and actions themselves; but we measure anything, to make it conform to, or agree with, the dimensions of something else; and Plato does not tell us of what else. Our life is to be regulated, but we are not told what it is to be regulated by. The measuring process is supposed to have a virtue in itself. The analogy used is that of the untrue magnitudes and proportions of objects as seen by the eye, and their rectification by measurement; Plato overlooking that it is not the act of measuring which rectifies them, but the perceptions of touch which the measuring only ascertains. The idea of Measure as a good in itself, independent of any end beyond it, seems to have grown upon Plato as he advanced in life. Mere conformity to a fixed rule, especially if accompanied by regularity of numerical proportion, became his principal standard of excellence. This answered to a powerful sentiment in the Hellenic mind, which, combining with vehement impulses a high sense of personal dignity, demanded harmonious proportion in mind and deportment as much as in architecture, and to which anything inordinate, dissonant, unrhythmical, even in voice or demeanour, was not only distasteful*, but seemed an indication of an ill-regulated mind; as it is expressly affirmed to be by Plato in the Republic.† In Plato's own mind we know that Measure and Regularity were the very footprints of divinity; that they, and only they, were the marks of design in the Kosmos, and where they ceased, the share of Deity ended too; the Kosmos altogether being but a compromise with *ἀνάγκη* or Necessity; which, by an inversion of the modern idea, stood for the capricious portion of the agencies in Nature—those in which the same consequent did *not* invariably follow the same antecedent.‡ In the Philebus, Measure and the Measured, *μέτρον καὶ τὸ μέτρον καὶ κείριον*, stand as the first elements of Good, even

* Tennyson, in one of his finest poems, the *Eleanore*, has entered well into this peculiarity of Grecian feeling:—

‘ For in thee
Is nothing sudden, nothing single.
Like two streams of incense free
From one censer, in one shrine
Thought and motion mingle,
Mingle ever. Motions flow
To one another, even as though
They were modulated so
To an unheard melody.’

† Plato, *Rep.* iii. pp. 400–402, and Grote, vol. iii. pp. 58, 59.

‡ See the *Timæus*, throughout.

Intelligence being only the third, and Pleasure (limited to the unexciting pleasures) the fifth and hindmost. In Plato's later speculations, from the *Republic* to the *Epinomis*, the sciences of measure and proportion, Arithmetic, Geometry, and Astronomy, gradually take the place of Dialectics as the proper education of a ruler and philosopher. We learn from Aristotle that this was even more emphatically the case in his lectures, during the latter years of his life. Those which he delivered on the *Ipsum Bonum*, or Idea of Good, to the surprise of hearers, turned on transcendental properties of numbers. Number was resolved into two elementary factors—The One, and the Dyad or Two, this last being identified with the Indeterminate; and the Good was affirmed to be identical with the One, while Evil was the Unbounded or Undetermined, *ἀόριστον* and *ἄπειρον*.* Thus did the noble light of philosophy in Plato go out in a fog of mystical Pythagoreanism.

In this Pythagorean morass, as we learn from the same authority, the brilliant doctrine of Ideas was submerged and quenched. Yet that doctrine stands, and will stand to posterity, as the purest type of the Platonic metaphysics. It is true of Plato, as of all his countrymen with the partial exception of Aristotle, that while their moral and political thoughts abound in a wisdom both practical and of permanent application, their metaphysical speculations are only interesting as the first efforts of original and inventive minds to let in light on a dark subject. The Platonic Ideas are nothing more; but, of all theories which have arisen in ingenious minds from an imperfect conception of the processes of abstraction and generalisation, they are surely among the most plausible as well as beautiful. Men already abstracted and generalised before Plato wrote, or they would not have been human beings; but they did so by an unconscious working of the laws of association, which resembled an instinct: no theory of the operations was in existence till Plato formed one, and the mere direction of consciousness upon the processes themselves was a new thing, which, as we see in many of the dialogues, even an intelligent pupil required to be assisted to do by a great prodigality of illustration. Now a contemplative mind soon perceived that all the objects of sense, whether substances, attributes, or events—and the noblest objects most—are that which they are, in only an imperfect manner, and suggest to the mind a type of what they are, far more perfect than themselves; a 'something far

* Grote, vol. i. pp. 217, 218.

'more deeply interfused,' which eye has not seen nor ear heard, but of which that which can be seen or heard is an imperfect, and often very distant, resemblance. Psychology in its infancy did not yet enable men to perceive that the mind itself creates this more perfect type, by comparison and abstraction from the imperfect materials of its experience; but they perceived that the types embodied the unattainable perfection of all other things, and were the models which Nature itself seemed to strive to approach. What, then, could be more natural than to regard the types as real objects, concealed from sense but cognisable directly by the mind—which, once conceived as external to us, seemed more real than anything else, all other things resembling imperfect attempts to copy them? The Self-Beautiful, the Self-Good, which not only were to all beautiful and good things as the ideal is to the actual, but united in themselves the separate perfections of all the various kinds of beauty and goodness—these forms or essences, from a participation in which all concrete things derive what they possess of goodness and beauty, but paled and disfigured by the turbid element in which they are immersed—these existences, so vastly more splendid than their feeble earthly representatives, and not, like them, subject to injury or decay—must not they be Realities in a far higher sense than the particulars which are within sensible cognisance? particulars which indeed are not realities: for there is no particular good or beautiful or just thing, which is not, in some case that may be supposed, unjust, evil, and unbeautiful. Was it not then to be presumed that the part of our nature which apprehends these Real Existences would perceive them far more clearly but for the veil of sense interposed; and that it is only when the veil is removed that we pass out of the world of images and likenesses into that of the Things themselves, and contemplate the splendid vision in all its brightness? But even in this world of shadows, the mind of the philosopher, trained by the dialectic process to see 'the One in the Many,' can achieve, by arduous labour, such a perception of the Ideal Forms, as qualifies him for admission to a nearer and more satisfactory view of them in a life after death.

The mode in which Plato was led, by the same train of thought, to another of his opinions, the famous doctrine of Reminiscence, is not left for us to divine. It is shown to us in the *Menon*, in which more that is characteristic of Plato is brought together in a smaller space than in any other dialogue: if the *Phædon* and the *Gorgias* are noble statues, the *Menon* is a gem. Why is it, asks Sokrates, that when we seek for something we do not know, we yet know what we are seeking?

and how comes it that we are able to recognise it when found? This, it seems, had been one of the puzzles of these early thinkers, resembling others of which great notice is taken in the Platonic writings: not quibbles of captious sophists, as commentators and historians of philosophy pretend, but difficulties really embarrassing to those who were trying to understand their own mental operations. Why (asks Sokrates) does truth (so hard to find) when found, approve itself to us, often instantaneously, as truth? He can think of no explanation, but that we had known it in a former life, and need only to be reminded of our knowledge. Modern thinkers who have stopped short at Plato's point of view, resolve the difficulty by pronouncing the knowledge to be intuitive. But Plato could not put up with this explanation; he knew too well how slowly, painfully, and at last imperfectly, the knowledge is acquired. The whole process of philosophising was conceived by him as a laborious effort to call former knowledge back to mind. His doctrine is related to that of Wordsworth's ode, erroneously called Platonic, not as identical but as opposite: with Wordsworth our life here is 'a sleep and a forgetting,' with Plato it is a recollecting. We at once perceive the support which this doctrine gives to Plato's conception of the process of instruction (a conception supremely important in his own and in all time) that 'teaching and learning are words without meaning; * that knowledge is 'to be evolved out of the mind, not 'poured into it from without.' † The intimate connexion between the doctrine of Reminiscence and that of Ideas, even were it not obvious, would be shown by the *Phædon*, in which the Reminiscence theory is maintained on the express ground that every existing thing, in itself incomplete, brings to mind a type of its own nature more perfect than itself; and as we can only be reminded of that which we once knew, we must have known the type in a former life. The two doctrines are inseparably blended in the poetic mythe delivered by Sokrates in the *Phædrus*; and when in Plato's later years the one doctrine drops out of his speculations, so does the other.

The doctrine of Pre-existence is naturally connected with that of Immortality; and in the *Phædon* the arguments for the latter are mostly grounded on the former. That wonderful dialogue, which divides with perhaps the *Gorgias* alone, the honour of being the most finished and consummate prose composition in Plato, if not in all literature—which combines in itself more sources of the grandest interest, more artistically

* Grote, vol. ii. p. 18.

† *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 230, *note*.

fused together, than any other of Plato's works—contains not one argument which is not a fallacy, or which could convince any one not anxiously desirous to be convinced. Plato himself, when he approaches the subject in other dialogues, resorts to quite different arguments, more resembling those on which recent schools of metaphysics have grounded the doctrines of Spiritualism. For instance, in the *Leges*, he argues that Mind or Soul, the principle of Life, is the only thing which originates motion—inanimate objects only carrying on and transmitting force communicated to them from elsewhere; that Mind, therefore, rules Matter, and must be anterior to it (*πρῶτον*), and not subject to its laws. This argument, though adduced only as proof of a Divine government, is available for the other purpose, and though we are far from thinking it conclusive, is worth all those of the *Phædon* put together. As Mr. Grote remarks, though the personal incidents of the *Phædon* are Sokratic, and are probably those which really happened, its doctrines and arguments are exclusively Platonic. Sokrates, it is well known, professed no dogmatic certainty about another life. It is all the more worthy of note, that Plato had not yet abandoned the Sokratic canon of belief—viz. that it ought to be the genuine, unbiassed, untampered with, conviction of the individual reason, after giving an impartial hearing to every argument that can be thought of. As the *Gorgias* proclaims, with an energy and solemnity never surpassed, the rights of the individual intellect, and the obligation on every one, though the whole world should be on the contrary side, to stand firm, he alone, in asserting what recommends itself to his own reason; so in the *Phædon*, as Mr. Grote observes in one of his many valuable remarks on that dialogue* :—

‘Freedom of debate and fulness of search, the paramount value of “reasoned truth”—the necessity of keeping up the force of individual reason by constant argumentative exercise—and the right of independent judgment for hearer as well as speaker—stand emphatically proclaimed in these last words of the dying philosopher. He does not announce the immortality of the soul as a dogma of imperative orthodoxy; which men, whether satisfied with the proofs or not, must believe, or make profession of believing, on pain of being shunned as a moral pestilence, and disqualified from giving testimony in a court of justice. He sets forth his own conviction, with the grounds on which he adopts it. But he expressly recognises the existence of dissentient opinions; he invites his companions to bring forward every objection; he disclaims all special purpose of impressing his own conclusions upon their minds; nay, he expressly

* Grote, vol. ii. pp. 155, 156.

warns them not to be biased by their personal sympathies, then wound up to the highest pitch, towards himself. He entreats them to preserve themselves from being tinged with *misology*, or the hatred of free argumentative discussion, and he ascribes this mental vice to the early habit of easy, uninquiring, implicit belief; since a man thus ready of faith, embracing opinions without any discriminating test, presently finds himself driven to abandon one opinion after another, until at last he mistrusts all opinions, and hates the process of discussing them, laying the blame on philosophy instead of upon his own intellect. . . . Sokrates is depicted as having not only an affirmative opinion, but even strong conviction, on a subject of great moment; which conviction, moreover, he is specially desirous of preserving unimpaired, during his few remaining hours of life. Yet even here he manifests no anxiety to get that conviction into the minds of his friends, except as a result of their own independent scrutiny and self-working reason. Not only he does not attempt to terrify them into believing, by menace of evil consequences if they do not, but he repudiates pointedly even the gentler machinery of conversion, which might work on their minds through attachment to himself and reverence for his authority. His devotion is to "reasoned truth;" he challenges his friends to the fullest scrutiny by their own independent reason; he recognises the sentence that they pronounce afterwards as valid for them, whether concurrent with himself or adverse. Their reason is for them what his reason is for him; requiring, both alike (as Sokrates here proclaims) to be stimulated as well as controlled by all-searching debate, but postulating equal liberty of final decision for each one of the debaters.'

One of the things for which Plato has been most applauded by those modern schools which pique themselves on counting him among their precursors, is the warfare which he is supposed to have made on a sceptical philosophy, attributed, totally without evidence, to the Sophists generally, and considered, as one of the means by which they demoralised the Greeks. The doctrines meant are two. One is the special tenet of Herakleitus (who was not a Sophist, except in the loose sense in which all speculative thinkers were so called), that the universe is in a state of perpetual flux, in which nothing is, but all things become (*εἶναι, γίνεσθαι*; the Hegelian *Seyn* and *Werden*). The other is the doctrine of Protagoras, that 'Man is the measure of all things: of things which are, that they are, and of things which are not, that they are not. As things appear to me, so they are to me: as they appear to you, such they really are to you.' In other words, the doctrine of the Subjective nature of truth: which is a scandal to philosophers, as seeming to make all opinions equally true, and truth 'that which each man troweth.'

Now, what the Herakleitean doctrine affirms of all things, is what Plato himself believed of the phenomenal world—of things cognisable by sense. The only thing which he regarded as really existing, τὸ ὄντως ὄν, was the Intelligible World, the world of Self-existent Forms; the extramundane prototypes of that, in the visible universe, which seems, but is not, real existence, and which is considered by him as something intermediate between Ens and Non-Ens.* Herakleitus did not believe in these Forms, and that was the amount of difference between him and Plato. When they both refused to the world of sense what they called Real Existence, they did not mean to deny what we, but only what the ancient thinkers, understood by the term. What they denied of the visible universe, was Existence in a transcendent sense—the Existence *per se* which Plato ascribed to his Ideas, and Xenophanes and Parmenides to their Ens Unum. In modern phrase, Herakleitus denied the Absolute; though his doctrine of a really existent Principle of Change, and his other tenet of an Universal Reason apart from individual minds, a doctrine much in favour with some modern Transcendentalists, reintroduced an Absolute of another kind. Now it may safely be affirmed that no scepticism, limited to the Absolute, ever did anybody harm, or made the smallest practical difference to any human being. The doctrine of Protagoras requires a little more consideration. Though we may reasonably suppose that Plato, in the *Theætetus*, gives it in that Sophist's words, we are

* Such, at least, is the thesis maintained in most of the dialogues by the speaker who appears to be Plato's representative, and poetically symbolized in the famous simile of the Cave. But in one of the most important passages of his works, the parenthetical discussion in the *Sophistes*, the Eleatic Stranger directly impugns this doctrine, maintaining against certain thinkers who are called 'the friends of Forms,' that the Forms are not the only real existences; are not eternally and unchangeably the same, there being Forms of change itself; and that the objects of Perception as well as Conception really exist; Existence being here defined as consisting in Power. To exist, is to have a power of any kind—to be capable of acting, or even of being acted upon. Λέγω δὴ τὸ καὶ ὅποιαν οὖν κεκτήμενον δύναμιν, εἴτ' εἰς τὸ ποιεῖν ἕτερον ὄντων πεφυκὸς, εἴτ' εἰς τὸ παθεῖν καὶ σμικρότατον ὑπὸ τοῦ φανλοτάτου, κἄν εἰ μόνον εἰσάπαξ—πᾶν τοῦτο ὄντως εἶναι τίθεμαι γὰρ ὄρον ὀρίζειν τὰ ὄντα, ὡς ἔστιν οὐκ ἄλλο τι πλὴν δύναμις.

We regard this as one of the most remarkable anticipations of the latest and best results of modern thought, to be found in all ancient philosophy. It is one of the most memorable of the striking *aperçus* which abound in Plato.

ignorant by what reasons Protagoras defended it, or in what sense he explained it. Sir William Hamilton considered it to mean his own doctrine of the Relativity of human knowledge, and placed Protagoras at the head of his list of early authorities in support of that doctrine. Mr. Grote interprets the maxim *Homo Mensura* in the same sense, but includes also in its meaning the autonomy of the individual intellect. That everything is true to me, which appears so to me, he understands to mean, that my reception of it as truth depends, and ought to depend, on the impression which the evidence makes upon my own mind. Mr. Grote, therefore, defends the Protagorean doctrine against the Sokrates of the *Theætetus*; but his defence, though useful and instructive, does not satisfy us, and is the only important point in the whole work on which we find ourselves differing from Mr. Grote. For the truth of an opinion, even to myself, is a different thing from my reception of it as true, since it implies reference to an external standard. My mind, on the evidence before it, may accept as truth that I am five miles from London; but when I set out to walk the distance, and find it ten, the ten miles were all along as true for me as for other people. Protagoras cannot well have intended to deny this, but he cannot be acquitted of an incorrect and misleading mode of expression. His proposition is valid as to our present feelings or states of consciousness, the truth of which has no meaning except that we are actually feeling them; and this is probably the reason why Plato (erroneously in Mr. Grote's opinion) identifies it with the doctrine that knowledge is sensible perception (*αἰσθησις*), the truth of the one doctrine being coextensive with the sphere of the other. But it is not true of the past, the future, the absent, or anything present except the feeling in our mind. It is invalid as to all that are called matters of belief or opinion: for a belief or opinion is relative not only to the believing mind, but to something else—namely, the matter-of-fact which the belief is about. The truth of the belief is its agreement with that fact. Mr. Grote says*: 'To say that all men recognise one and the same objective distinction between truth and falsehood, would be to contradict palpable facts. Each man has a standard, an ideal of truth in his own mind; but different men have different standards.' Of the proof of truth, yes: but not, we apprehend, of truth itself. No one means anything by truth, but the agreement of a belief with the fact which it purports to represent. We grant that, according to the philosophy

* Grote, vol. ii. p. 512.

which we hold in common with Mr. Grote, the fact itself, if knowable by us, is relative to our perceptions—to our senses or our internal consciousness; and our opinion about the fact is so too; but the truth of the opinion is a question of relation between these two relatives, one of which is an objective standard for the other. Justice is not done to Plato's attack on 'Homo Mensura' without considering this aspect of the matter; the rather as he himself brings forward these very arguments. Sokrates asks, Since man is the measure of all things, and has the criterion of truth in himself, whatever he thinks or perceives being true to him, will the criterion serve for things yet to come? If he thinks he shall catch a fever and feel hot, and a physician thinks the contrary, will he be feverish and hot to himself, but not to the physician? A fair *reductio ad absurdum*, and a just criticism on Protagoras, though, if Mr. Grote is right in his interpretation of the Protagorean dictum, the error is in language, not in thought. But in philosophy, especially where it touches the ultimate foundations of our reason, wrong language is as misleading as a wrong opinion.

This dialogue, the *Theætetus*, though it ends without any conclusion, leaving the question proposed in it unanswered, is one of the most suggestive in all Plato by the number of points of view it brings forward, and is among the finest examples in his writings of genuine honest Search, in which the confutation of any one, even when it falls in his way, is only incidental, and even then the greatest pains are taken to put in the most forcible manner whatever the confuted person could say. In arguing against Protagoras (who is treated with a respect in marked contrast with the manner in which the Herakleiteans, and some materialistic philosophers, supposed to be the school of Demokritos, are referred to,) Sokrates laments the necessity of disputing his opinion when he is not present nor even alive to defend it; says that as he and his friends are not here to help their doctrine, the obligation lies on their adversaries to do it; and fulfils that obligation by a discourse of some length, which, like those of Glaukon and Adeimantus in the *Republic*, is a monument of the essential fairness of Plato's mind. The *Theætetus* contains some of Plato's acutest examinations of certain speculative questions which often recur in other dialogues: among others the difference between Knowledge and True Opinion, ὀρθή or ἀληθὴς δόξα. This distinction gave Plato great trouble, and the whole subject of the truth and falsity of opinions was full of intricacy and logical embarrassment to him and to his cotemporaries. Among other points, it

appears to have been a serious puzzle to them, in what manner false opinions could be possible; how we can think that which is not—a non-entity—any more than we can touch, or eat, or drink that which is not. It is surprising how often Plato returns to this perplexity. More than half the *Sophistes* is devoted to the discussion of it, merely in a parenthesis. As a specimen of the stumbling-blocks which the early metaphysical inquirers found in their path, as well as a striking example of the diversity of the points of view of different dialogues, we will quote a passage from Mr. Grote on this subject* :—

‘How is a false proposition possible? Many held that a false proposition and a false name were impossible, that you could not speak the thing that is not, or Non-Ens (*τὸ μὴ ὄν*): that such a proposition would be an empty sound, without meaning or signification; that speech may be significant or insignificant, but could not be false, except in the sense of being unmeaning. Now this doctrine is dealt with in the *Theætétus*, *Sophistês*, and *Kratylus*. In the *Theætétus*, Sokratês examines it at great length, and proposes several different hypotheses to explain how a false proposition might be possible; but ends in pronouncing them all inadmissible. He declares himself incompetent, and passes on to something else. Again, in the *Sophistês*, the same point is taken up, and discussed there also very copiously. The Eleate in that dialogue ends by finding a solution which satisfies him (*viz.* that *τὸ μὴ ὄν = τὸ ἔτερον τοῦ ὄντος*). But what is remarkable is, that the solution does not meet any of the difficulties propounded in the *Theætétus*; nor are these difficulties at all adverted to in the *Sophistês*. Finally in the *Kratylus*, we have the very same doctrine, that false affirmations are impossible,—which both in the *Theætétus* and in the *Sophistês* is enunciated, not as the decided opinion of the speaker, but as a problem which embarrasses him—we have this same doctrine averred unequivocally by *Kratylus* as his own full conviction. And Sokratês finds that a very short argument, and a very simple comparison, suffice to refute him. The supposed “aggressive cross-examiner,” who presses Sokratês so hard in the *Theætétus*, is not allowed to put his puzzling questions in the *Kratylus*.

‘How are we to explain these three different modes of handling the same question by the same philosopher? If the question about Non-Ens can be disposed of in the summary way which we read in the *Kratylus*, what is gained by the string of unsolved puzzles in the *Theætétus*, or by the long discursive argument in the *Sophistês*, ushering in a new solution no way satisfactory? If, on the contrary, the difficulties which are unsolved in the *Theætétus*, and imperfectly solved in the *Sophistês*, are real and pertinent,—how are we to explain the proceeding of Plato in the *Kratylus*, when he puts into the mouth of *Kratylus* a distinct averment of the

* Grote, vol. ii. pp. 548–551.

opinion about Non-Ens, yet without allowing him, when it is impugned by Sokratês, to urge any of these pertinent arguments in defence of it? If the peculiar solution given in the *Sophistês* be the really genuine and triumphant solution, why is it left unnoticed both in the *Kratylus* and the *Theatêtus*, and why is it contradicted in other dialogues? Which of the three dialogues represents Plato's real opinion on the question?

'To these questions, and to many others of like bearing, connected with the Platonic writings, I see no satisfactory reply, if we are to consider Plato as a positive philosopher, with a scheme and edifice of methodised opinions in his mind; and as composing all his dialogues with a set purpose, either of inculcating these opinions on the reader, or of refuting the opinions opposed to them. This supposition is what most Platonic critics have in their minds, even when professedly modifying it. Their admiration for Plato is not satisfied unless they conceive him in the professorial chair as a teacher, surrounded by a crowd of learners, all under the obligation (incumbent on learners generally) to believe what they hear. Reasoning upon such a basis, the Platonic dialogues present themselves to me as a mystery. They exhibit neither identity of the teacher, nor identity of the matter taught: the composer (to use various Platonic comparisons) is Many, and not One—he is more complex than Typhôs.'

There is a similar discrepancy in the view taken by Plato, in different dialogues, of the distinction between True Opinion and Knowledge. In the *Menon*, it would seem as if the two were much the same, except that Opinion* is 'evanescent, and will not stay in the mind, while Knowledge is permanent and ineffaceable.' True Opinion is converted into Knowledge, when bound down (*δεδεμένον*) 'by a chain of causal reasoning' (*αἰτίας λογισμῷ*). This binding process, it is added, is *ἀνάμνησις*, or reminding, and can only be accomplished by questioning, sufficiently repeated and diversified. What the *ἀνάμνησις* does is rather differently defined in the *Phædrus*; it there generates the apprehension of the general Concept †, which in that dialogue means the Self-existent Idea. In other dialogues the view taken is very similar, minus the idea of Reminiscence. Knowledge is that of which a rational explanation can be given; that which is guaranteed by both arms of the dialectic process, being able to resist all confutation, and having been arrived at by a correct use of the logical process of Division, *διαιρέσις κατ' εἶδη*, terminating in an unimpeachable Definition. Anything short of this is only Opinion. We here have

* Grote, vol. ii. p. 10.

† *Ἰνυιέναι κατ' εἶδος λεγόμενον, ἐκ πολλῶν ἰὸν αἰσθήσεων εἰς ἓν λογισμῷ ξυναίρουμένον.* (*Plato, Phædrus*, p. 249.)

what is rightly regarded as the characteristically Platonic view of the subject; but it is remarkable that this very definition of knowledge, *ἀληθῆς δόξα μετὰ λόγου*, is one of those propounded by Theætetus, and, after a long discussion between him and Sokrates, abandoned. The most elaborate, but the obscurest exposition we find of this subject, is in the sixth and seventh books of the Republic. We cannot give it at length, but its leading point is, that knowledge is of Forms or Ideas, while Opinion relates to the world of sense, composed of mere images of those Forms.* But the knowledge of Forms is only to be acquired by Dialectics.†

Among views so contradictory, and in which no common conviction or purpose appears, what worth, it may be asked, is there to us in the investigations? Besides the worth of their Method, they have, though in unequal degrees, a value in their substance; 'not † in the conclusion, but in the premises for and against it. In this sense all the dialogues have value, and all the same sort of value, though not all equal in amount. In different dialogues, the subject is set before you in different ways; with remarks and illustrations sometimes tending towards one theory, sometimes towards another. It is for you to compare and balance them, and to elicit such result as your reason approves. The Platonic dialogues require, in order to produce their effect, a supplementary responsive force, and a strong effective reaction, from the individual reason of the reader: they require moreover that he shall have a genuine interest in the process of dialectic scrutiny (*τὸ φιλομαθῆς, φιλόλογον*), which will enable him to perceive beauties in what would be tiresome to others.'

As regards Plato himself, the probability is that there was a period in his life when he was, on merely speculative points, a real Seeker, testing every opinion, and bringing prominently forward the difficulties which adhere to them all; and that during this period many of his principal dialogues were written, from points of view extremely various, embodying in each the latest trains of thought which had passed through his mind on the particular subject. That the difficulties of his own suggesting, even after he had definitively identified himself with the opinions to which they apply, are hardly ever solved, seems only explicable on the supposition that he had ceased to care about solving them, having come to think that insoluble difficulties were always to be expected. He certainly, if we

* Grote, vol. iii. pp. 84-93.

† Ibid. pp. 101, 102.

‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 551.

trust his Seventh Epistle, was then of opinion that no verbal definition of anything can precisely hit the mark, and that the knowledge of what a thing is, though not attainable till after a long and varied course of dialectic debate, is never the direct result of discussion, but comes out at last (and only in the happier natures) by a sort of instantaneous flash. He probably became indifferent to speculation for its own sake, ceased to expect that any theoretical position would be found unassailable, and no longer cared for anything but practical results. In his latest compositions there is no abatement of ethical earnestness, but 'the * love of dialectic, and the taste for enunciating difficulties even when he could not clear them up, died out within him.' He almost became infected with the misology so impressively deprecated in his own Phædon, and an example among many, that this misology is not always, as there represented, the road to scepticism, but still oftener to the most intolerant affirmative dogmatism.

The ethical and political doctrines of Plato are really the only ones which can be regarded as serious and deeply-rooted convictions. At the head of these, or only second after his faith in the exclusive eligibility of the just life, must be placed the opinion common to him with Sokrates, that Virtue is a branch of Intelligence, or Knowledge. His best argument for this opinion is, that not only all the external things we value, such as health, strength, and pecuniary means, but all that we regard as virtues—courage, temperance, and the rest—may be so used as to do harm instead of good: they all require a discriminating faculty to decide when they ought to be employed and when not; and this, which is the distinctive element of virtue, is a part of Knowledge. Though the premises of this argument are profoundly true, they only prove that the knowledge in question is one of the conditions of virtue, but not that it is virtue itself; something else besides the knowledge of what is right being necessary to induce us to practise it. We know what would have been Plato's answer to this objection. He would have said, that the further condition required is also a knowledge, the knowledge that to do right is good; no one desires evil knowing it to be evil; it is desired because it is believed to be good. But even if Plato had proved, as completely as he thought he had, that to do wrong is the greatest evil which can befall the wrong-doer, it would have remained a question whether the habitually vicious man is capable of having this belief impressed upon him; whether the evidence

* Grote, vol. ii. p. 394.

that happiness is to be found in virtue alone, can reach a mind not prepared for it by already possessing the virtues of courage, temperance, &c., not to mention justice, the most fundamental of all.

This exaltation of Knowledge—not Intellect or mere mental ability, of which there is no idolatry at all in Plato, but scientific knowledge, and scientifically-acquired craftsmanship, as the one thing needful in every concern of life, and pre-eminently in government—is the pervading idea in Plato's practical doctrines. He derived it from Sokrates, who (says Xenophon *) 'considered as kings and rulers not those who wield the sceptre, or those who have been chosen by the incompetent (*ὑπὸ τῶν τυχόντων*), nor those who have drawn the successful lot, or who by force or deceit have got into the highest place, but those who *know how* to rule.' What constitutes the man who knows how to rule, is the subject of an important dialogue, the *Politikos*. We there learn that he is one of the rarest of human beings; that the greatest concern of a State is to obtain such a man, and place him at the head of it; that when so placed, his power cannot be too absolute; to limit him by laws, even of his own making, being as absurd as if a scientific physician were required never to deviate from his own prescriptions. This exclusive right of the most capable person to rule—a principle strenuously asserted by Plato against the theory and practice of all governments (modern as well as ancient); and the doctrine that when this Capable Person has been obtained, the rest of the community have nothing to do but to obey him, form a theory of government which must be quite to the taste of Mr. Carlyle; but he is probably less pleased with the further proposition added by Plato, that the depository of this divine right is not found, but made, and that his qualification is Science; a philosophic and reasoned knowledge of human affairs—of what is best for mankind. When this is possessed, it is a far surer guide than laws, which cannot possibly be adapted to all individual cases; but when this scientific wisdom cannot be had, laws are better than any mere counterfeit of it:—

'The † true government of mankind is the scientific or artistic; whether it be carried on by one, or a few, or many—whether by poor or rich, by force or consent—whether according to law, or without law.' But 'true science or art is not attainable by many persons, whether rich or poor; scarcely even by a few, and probably by One alone; since the science or art of governing men is more difficult

* Memor. ii. 9, 10.

† Grote, vol. ii. pp. 483–6.

than any other science or art. But the government of this One is the only true and right government, whether he proclaims law or governs without law, whether he employs severity or mildness—provided only he adheres to his art, and achieves its purpose, the good and improvement of the governed. He is like the true physician, who cuts and burns patients, when his art commands, for the purpose of curing them. He will not be disposed to fetter himself by fixed general laws; for the variety of situations and the fluctuation of circumstances is so perpetual, that no law can possibly fit all cases. He will recognise no other law but his art. If he lays down any general formula or law, it will only be from necessity, because he cannot be always at hand to watch and direct each individual case; but he will not hesitate to depart from his own formula whenever Art enjoins it. That alone is base, evil, unjust, which he with his political science or art declares to be so. If in any particular case he departs from his own declaration, and orders such a thing to be done, the public have no right to complain that he does injustice. No patient can complain of his physician if the latter, acting upon the counsels of his art, disregards a therapeutic formula. All the acts of the true Governor are right, whether according or contrary to law, so long as he conducts himself with art and intelligence—aiming exclusively to preserve the people, and to render them better instead of worse. How mischievous would it be . . . if we prescribed by fixed laws how the physician and the steersman should practise their respective arts; if we held them bound to peremptory rules, punishing them whenever they departed from those rules, and making them accountable before the Dikastery, whenever any one accused them of doing so—if we consecrated these rules and dogmas, forbidding all criticism or censure upon them, and putting to death the free inquirer as a dreaming, prosy Sophist, corrupting the youth and inciting lawless discontent! How absurd, if we pretended that every citizen did know, or might or ought to know, these two arts; because the matters concerning them were enrolled in the laws, and because no one ought to be wiser than the laws! Who would think of imposing any such fetters on other arts, such as those of the general, the painter, the husbandman, the carpenter, the prophet, the cattle-dealer? To impose them would be to render life, hard as it is even now, altogether intolerable. Yet these are the trammels under which in actual cities the political Art is exercised.

‘Such are the mischiefs inseparable, in greater or less degree, from fixed and peremptory laws. Yet grave as these mischiefs are, there are others yet graver, which such laws tend to obviate. If the Magistrate appointed to guard and enforce the laws, ventures to break or contravene them, simulating, but not really possessing, the Art or science of the genuine Ruler, he will make matters far worse. The laws at any rate are such as the citizens have been accustomed to, and such as give a certain measure of satisfaction. But the arbitrary rule of this violent and unscientific Governor is a tyranny, which is greatly worse than the laws. Fixed laws are thus a second-best; assuming that you cannot obtain a true scientific, artistic

Governor. If such a man could be obtained, men would be delighted to live under him. But they despair of ever seeing such a character, and they therefore cling to fixed laws, in spite of the numerous concomitant mischiefs. These mischiefs are indeed so serious that when we look at actual cities, we are astonished how they get on under such a system; and we cannot but feel how firm and deeply-rooted a city naturally is. We see therefore . . . that there is no true polity—nothing which deserves the name of a genuine political society—except the government of one chief, scientific or artistic. With him laws are superfluous, and even inconvenient. All other polities are counterfeits; factions and cabals rather than governments, delusions carried on by tricksters and conjurors. But among these other polities or sham-polities, there is a material difference as to greater or less badness; and the difference turns upon the presence or absence of good laws. Thus, the single-headed government, called monarchy (assuming the Prince not to be a man of science or art) is the best of all the sham-polities, if the Prince rules along with and in observance of known good laws; but it is the worst of them all, if he rules without such laws, as a despot or tyrant. Oligarchy, or the government of a few, if under good laws, is less good than that of the Prince under the same circumstances—if without such laws, is less bad than that of the despot. Lastly, the government of the many is less good under the one supposition, and less bad under the other. It is less effective, either for good or for evil. It is in fact less of a government; the administrative force being lost by dissipation among many hands for short intervals; and more free play being thus left to individuals. Accordingly, assuming the absence of laws, democracy is the least bad or most tolerable of the six varieties of sham-polity. Assuming the presence of laws, it is the worst of them.'

The ideal of government expressed in this passage, though expanded and minutely applied in other works, is never materially varied. Of the two detailed treatises on Government, in the dialogue form, which we have from Plato, the *Republic* and the *Leges*, the former is a delineation of his best form of society, under the unrestricted authority of one or a very small number, scientifically trained and fitted for the function of rulers. The *Leges* must be understood (and that is its best excuse) as a set of directions for the construction and preservation of his second-best State, in which, the scientific ruler not being forthcoming, an imperfect substitute is provided in the form of laws, which he seems to have thought would only answer the purpose by being not only inviolable but unalterable. Accordingly, in the ideal commonwealth of the *Republic*, there is no responsibility of any kind, no provision for written laws or courts of justice, the wisdom of the scientific rulers being wholly trusted to for doing without such

things, or providing them as far as required. The whole energy of Plato's constructive intellect is concentrated on the means of sifting the most gifted natures out of the body of citizens, and educating them from the earliest infancy to the age of fifty, by which time, and not before, it is expected that a very few, or at least one, competent scientific governor may be met with among them. This, and the intellectual and emotional training of the remainder of the people, so that they shall willingly obey and second these rightful chiefs, compose the whole machinery of the Republic. In *Leges*, on the contrary, where no such scientific rulers are looked for, there is an elaborate and minute system of positive laws, carrying legal regulation down to the details of common life, and accompanied by all the ordinary apparatus of courts of justice; magistrates of various kinds chosen for short periods, by processes from which even the democratic Lot is not wholly excluded, and systematic accountability of all persons in office, in the Athenian manner, after the expiration of their term, to an authority in which the whole body of citizens have a qualified participation. The author does not disguise that his government is not the abstractedly best; and records his persistence, on some principal points, in those doctrines of the Republic which are put in abeyance in the *Leges*, where the community ostensibly contemplated is an actual Cretan colony.

While Plato has thus two independent plans for the constitution of a political society, his notion of the end to be aimed at never varies. The business of rulers is to make the people whom they govern wise and virtuous. No political object but this is worth consideration. Respecting the other things usually desired by men and communities, he does not indeed always maintain the scornful tone assumed in the *Gorgias*, where all the statesmen of Athens, even the eminent ones of old—Miltiades, Themistokles, Kimon, Perikles—are reproached for having 'filled the city with harbours, and docks, and fortifications, and tributes, and similar rubbish' (*φλοαριῶν*), instead of improving their desires, 'the only business of a good citizen.'* In other places (as in the *Second Alcibiades*, *Euthydemus*, *Menon*, *Leges*,) he contents himself with saying, that it is better not to have such things at all, than to have them, if devoid of the wisdom without which they cannot profit the possessor; or, with Sokrates in the *Apologia*, that wealth does not produce virtue, but virtue wealth, and all other things that are desirable. But, either as the sole desirable thing, or as

* Plato, *Gorgias*, pp. 517 C, 519 A.

the means of obtaining all others, the wisdom and virtue of the citizens (considered as identical) are the only proper end of government.

In the political theory thus conceived by Plato,—confining ourselves to his scheme of the ideally best, and neglecting his compromise with existing obstacles in the comparatively tame production of his decline,—there are two things specially deserving of remark. First, the vigorous assertion of a truth, of transcendent importance and universal application—that the work of government is a *Skilled Employment*; that governing is not a thing which can be done at odd times, or by the way, in conjunction with a hundred other pursuits, nor to which a person can be competent without a large and liberal general education, followed by special and professional study, laborious and of long duration, directed to acquiring, not mere practical dexterity, but a scientific mastery of the subject. This is the strong side of the Platonic theory. Its weak side is, that it postulates infallibility, or something near it, in rulers thus prepared; or else ascribes such a depth of comparative imbecility to the rest of mankind, as to unfit them for any voice whatever in their own government, or any power of calling their scientific ruler to account. The error of Plato, like most of the errors of profound thinkers, consisted in seeing only one half of the truth; and (as is also usual with such thinkers) the half which he asserted, was that which he found neglected and left in the background by the institutions and customs of his country. His doctrine was an exaggerated protest against the notion that any man is fit for any duty; a phrase which is the extreme formula of that indifference to special qualifications, and to the superiority of one mind over another, to which there is more or less tendency in all popular governments, and doubtless at Athens, as well as in the United States and in Great Britain, though it would be a mistake to regard it in any of them as either universal or incurable.

But though Plato had no hesitation in allowing absolute power to the scientific ruler when he had got one, the superiority of his genius is displayed in his clear perception of the difficulties with which this scheme of government was beset, and in the boldness with which he grappled with the problem; daring all things, however opposed to the common notions of his time (and of ours), if he could see his way to removing the rocks and shoals which threatened to be fatal to his commonwealth. The mental superiority which gives the divine right to rule, did not, in his opinion, consist in being able forcibly to seize the powers of government, and retain them by sternly

repressing all active opposition and silencing every disapproving voice. This was a common enough phenomenon in Plato's time, not quite unknown in ours; but the superiority which Plato required in his ruler was of a very different kind. According to him, it was precisely the young men most gifted by nature, and most capable of being trained to the character of genuine rulers, that when perverted by the false standard of good and evil prevailing in existing society, and delivering themselves up to selfish and lawless ambition, fall into the deep-dyed iniquity of the Tyrannus. In that combination of profound philosophy with sublime eloquence and rich poetic imagination which composes the later books of the Republic, there is a moving picture of the mode in which society, by its temptations and its wrongly-placed applauses and condemnations, corrupts these originally fine natures: and the portraiture of the full-blown Tyrannus, in the consummation of his guilt, his hatefulness to gods and men, the depth of his inward misery, and the retribution that awaits him, generally in this life, but certainly in a world to come, is one of the best known and most impressive passages in Plato. The Platonic ruler or rulers, as already remarked, are not found, but made; and the problem of making them was conceived by him in all its magnitude and difficulty. It could only be achieved by centering upon them, and upon the class from whom they were to be selected, every kind of tuition and training, intellectual, emotional, and practical, that could help to form the character required, and withdrawing them utterly from the influence of those conditions of ordinary life, which give rise to inclinations and to a type of character disqualifying for the pure and noble use of irresponsible power.

To this purpose belongs the proscription of all such tales and legends of the gods (legends as sacred to the Greeks as the narratives of the Old and New Testaments to the ordinary Christian) as represented them to be the authors of any evil, or imputed to them unjust commands, or human weaknesses, or ascribed to them, or their descendants the Heroes, any acts which would be wicked or disreputable if done by ordinary human beings. These stories, Plato affirms, are not true; but were they so, they should not be suffered to be repeated and believed. Other legends, of a moral and elevating character, should be composed (a thing considered by him quite within the competence of Government), and the people brought up in the belief of them from their first childhood. To the same head belongs the exclusion from the Republic, not (as is sometimes asserted) of all poets, but of those who will not consent

to the expurgation from their poems of all sentiments and opinions which the philosophic rulers deem injurious: for instance, that death, or the life after death, is fearful and horrible; and especially that most pernicious opinion, that there can be happiness without virtue, or that virtue is not itself the summit of happiness. Certain kinds of poetry however, the epic and dramatic, are absolutely banished, in common with all other indiscriminately mimetic or imitative arts. Art ought not to represent, either to the senses or to the mind, the likeness of anything but what is good and noble; nor ought the citizens to recite, or read, or hear recited, an imitation of the thoughts, feelings, or conduct, of bad, or degraded, or weak and foolish persons. The same severe restrictions were placed on music, a most important agent of good or evil in the estimation of Greeks, whose popular education (except the gymnastic and military elements) was chiefly emotional. No tunes or measures were tolerated in the Republic, but such as were licensed by the authorities, by whom all that were of a wailing, a relaxing, or a voluptuous character must be forbidden, those only being retained which soothe and mitigate the violent emotions, or which inspire active energy. To the same educational purpose belong the peculiar institutions of Plato respecting property and marriage, which have given some scandal to posterity, and would probably have given much more, if Plato had been suspected of a *penchant* for scepticism and materialism, instead of being admired as their chief enemy. The explanation of this portion of his scheme is very simple. It was not intended for the citizens generally, but for the *phylaxes* or military profession, from whom the prince or the ruling elders were selected, and who were the executors of their orders and the instruments of their government. This sacred body having the remaining citizens entirely at their mercy, all was lost if they preferred their private interest to that of the public; and Plato well knew, even with the most perfect education he could give them, how little chance they had of escaping this perversion. Since it did not consort with his idea of scientific government to give the unscientific multitude even a joint authority in their own affairs, there was only one mode of protection left; those in command must have no private interests of their own to care for. The other citizens have each their family and property, but the guardians must have nothing which they can call their own. Their maintenance must be temperately provided at a common table by the State; they must have no private possessions, and must not know their own children. The object is that which the Catholic Church seeks to obtain by the celibacy

of its clergy, and the communism of its monastic orders; exclusive devotion to the purposes of their institution. Whatever else may be justly said against this Platonic conception, it deserves any name rather than that of a toleration of licentiousness; for it leaves less to individual inclination than any existing practice, the public authorities deciding (within the age appointed for 'producing children for the city') who should be united with whom. Mr. Grote truly remarks, that with the customs of the Platonic commonwealth, and the Platonic physical and mental education common to both sexes, the passion between them would be likely to be reduced to its very lowest degree of power; a result decidedly intended and calculated on by Plato in the *Leges*.

Though not expressly remarked, it is continually visible in Mr. Grote's book, as well as in the works themselves, how strong a hold the idea of the Division of Labour had taken on Plato's mind. He propounds it as explicitly as Adam Smith, at the beginning of his delineation of the natural constitution and growth of a State; and it governs all the arrangements of his ideal Republic. To use his own phrase, there shall be no double or triple men in the commonwealth; each does one thing, and one only; in order that every one may have that to do for which he has greatest natural aptitude, and that each thing may be done by the person who has most studied and practised it. Civil justice in a commonwealth, which furnishes him with the type and illustrative exemplar of justice in an individual mind, consists in every person's doing his own appointed business, and not meddling with that of another.* An artificer must not usurp the occupation of another artificer; rulers alone must rule, guardians alone fight, producers alone produce and have the ownership of the produce. When these limits are observed, and no one interferes in the legitimate business of some one else, the community is prosperous and harmonious; if not, everybody has something which concerns him more nearly than the true discharge of his own function; the

* It must be noted as one more of the contradictions between different dialogues, that when this same requisite, the exclusive attention of every person to the thing which he knows, is suggested in the *Charmides* as the essence or definition of *σωφροσύνη*, Sokrates not only objects to it as such, but doubts whether this restriction is of any great benefit, since it does not bestow that which is the real condition and constituent of well-being, the knowledge of good and evil. (See Grote, vol. i. p. 489.) Mr. Grote's remarks on the Platonic Republic are perhaps the most striking and admirable part of his whole work—full of important matter for study.

energies of the different classes are distracted by contests for power, and the State declines into some one of the successive gradations of bad government, which a considerable portion of the Republic is employed in characterising. The demand for a Scientific Governor, not responsible for any part of his conduct to his unscientific fellow-citizens, is part of this general conception of Division of Labour, and errs only by a too exclusive clinging to that one principle.

It is necessary to conclude; though volumes might easily be occupied with the topics on which Plato's compositions throw light, either by the truths he has reached, by the mode of his reaching them, or by his often equally instructive errors. We would gladly also have quoted more copiously from Mr. Grote, having said little or nothing of the important discussions, on all the principal topics of Plato, which he has incidentally contributed to the philosophy of the age from the stores of his richly endowed mind. The point of view from which these topics are treated, as all acquainted with Mr. Grote's writings would expect, is that of the Experience philosophy, as distinguished from the Intuitive or Transcendental; and readers will esteem the discussions more or less highly, according to their estimation of that philosophy; but few, we think, will dispute that Mr. Grote, by this work, has placed himself in a distinguished rank among its defenders, in an age in which it has been more powerfully and discriminatingly defended than at any former time. For further knowledge we must refer to the work itself, which will not only be the inseparable companion of Plato's writings, but which no student, of whatever school of thought, can read without instruction, and no one who knows anything of philosophy or the history of philosophy, without admiration and gratitude.

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4. *Folia Silvulæ, sive Eclogæ Pœtarum Anglicorum in Latinum et Græcum conversæ, quas disposuit HUBERTUS A. HOLDEN, LL.D., Collegi SS. Trinitatis quondam Socius, Scholæ Regiæ Gippesvicensis Magister Informator.* Volumen prius continens fasciculos I. II. Cantabrigiæ: 1865.
5. *The Agamemnon of Æschylus and the Bacchanals of Euripides, with passages from the Lyric and Later Poets of Greece.* Translated by HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D., Dean of 'St. Paul's. London: 1865.

THE present age may, without hyperbole, be called an age of translations, both *in* and *from* the classical and the modern languages. In spite of all that has been said of the alleged decline of classical studies, because classical attainments have ceased to be the *sole* test of literary culture, never has scholarship more sound and varied prevailed in our Universities and schools; never have more accomplished scholars entered annually into the academical arena. The study of language has assumed a broader and more scientific character; and our sense of the beauties of the great masterpieces of classical literature has been rendered more acute by more extended knowledge of their spirit and significance. Many of the problems of interpretation which had been confined in former times to the higher ranks of scholarship, are now brought down, by good editions of the classics and careful instruction, to the capacity of every fifth-form schoolboy.* And whilst it appears

* For example, Mr. Hayman's elaborate edition of the first six books of the 'Odyssey'—a work of great critical scholarship and complete knowledge of the Homeric poem. But although Mr. Hayman is described as 'late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford,' and headmaster of a well-known English school, we doubt whether he can be reckoned among English scholars, so strange and inaccurate is his use of the English language. In the very first page he speaks of the moral sense of the poet 'as not benumbed by any overruling agency, 'coercive from without, to evacuate the will of its freedom;' in the

to us that the study of the languages of antiquity has lost nothing in precision, it has certainly gained largely in its scope and purview. To this cause may be attributed the numerous efforts of the present time, not only to popularise Homer and Virgil by English translations, but to throw into Greek or Latin forms some of the most cherished productions of our own literature. To these last translations we are about more especially to direct our attention. The general improvement in exact scholarship which has marked the last half century in England, commenced with the discoveries made by Porson in the structure of the Greek Iambic measure, and has kept pace with the attention paid to the art of Greek versification. This is a fact, which not even the stoutest assailants of Greek Iambics will venture to deny, although they may ascribe to fortuitous coincidence, what we assign to a subtle relation of cause and effect. The very trammels of metre necessitate the exertion of a great deal of mental ingenuity, and repeated trials of various words and constructions, before the desired end can be attained, a process which reacts upon the converse process of interpretation.

It deserves to be remarked that the study and practice of Greek verse composition in this country has been mainly confined to the imitation of the Attic writers. Homer, certainly the greatest Greek poet, and, in the estimation of many, the greatest poet that ever lived, is studied rather as an author to be read and enjoyed, than with a view to the imitation of his language. Nothing is to him *aut simile aut secundum*. Still the imitation of the grand Homeric verse would not, like the imitation of the Attic writers, materially conduce to a more exact acquaintance with the niceties of the Greek language. These must be sought for in the literature of a more cultivated age, and it is from the poets, philosophers, and orators of the most advanced period of Greek civilisation, that we derive the critical acquaintance we now possess with the language of the New Testament. It was, no doubt, one of the errors and eccentricities of Walter Savage Landor, to suppose that his own pure Latinity would hand his fame down to future ages, uncorrupted by time, long after his writings in

fifth page he says, 'Greek scholarship is first uninterruptedly 'luminous among us *from the almost yesterday period of Porson*;' and, in his postscript, 'I should have preferred making *the entire work one of two volumes*.' This is the sort of English which might be written at Göttingen by a German Professor, but it is deplorable if it really proceeds from the pen of a scholar educated at Oxford.

the vulgar English tongue should be forgotten. But it was not less the error of Petrarch, who conceived that his 'Africa' would survive his sonnets. The truth is that even the original compositions of modern writers in the ancient languages have the defects of copies. They are modelled on old shapes. They want the instinctive power which at once suggests and evolves idea into expression; and they are read and remembered as curious or pleasing exercises, rather than as creations. The same remark applies, of course, *à fortiori*, to translations. In the preface to Mr. Dayman's elaborate translation of the 'Divina Commedia' which has recently been completed with success, that gentleman quotes, with approval, the distinctions originally drawn by A. W. Schlegel between the *mechanical* form, which may be given from without, and the *organical* form which is innate and unfolds itself from within. Translations like those before us, from the living into the dead languages, are triumphs of mechanical skill, but it would be vain to seek in them that vital power which stamps an original work of genius in its native growth. The greatness of Milton's English poetry procures a perusal for his Latin poems, which they undoubtedly deserve, but which they would rarely obtain, were it not for this adventitious support. Original modern Latin is in fact at the present day but the shadow of its former self, while translations into and from both Latin and Greek are the mark of the scholar, the amusement of learned leisure, the relaxation of the statesman and the philosopher, and one of the best methods of drilling and exercising the minds of the young for any intellectual exertion requiring acuteness, ingenuity, neatness, or versatility.

Such being our views as to the merit of these exercises, we should have pardoned Lord Lyttelton, if he had occasionally stolen a few hours from the graver duties of life to devote them to the Grecian Muses, instead of informing us, in the elegant preface to his translation of Milton's 'Comus' into Greek verse, that he had composed the latter half of it in the course of his rides and walks about the classic groves of Hagley. And we doubt not that in the wide circle of our readers a certain number will be found grateful to us for placing before them some of the well-known beauties of the English Masque in their Greek form. 'Comus,' though essentially a romantic drama in its plot and its diction, is cast in the form of the Greek drama. It is evident that it could only have been written by a poet familiar as Milton was with classical tragedy—of which, indeed, he has given us a still nobler monument in the 'Samson Agonistes.' The dialogue is somewhat cold and

measured; but the lyrics, having, in effect, their parallel in the choral movements of the Greek drama, are exquisitely genial and animated. We begin our quotations with a passage from the song 'The star that bids the shepherd fold,' which has been admirably represented by Lord Lyttelton in dancing anapæsts. The English runs:—

'Meanwhile welcome Joy and Feast,
Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipsy dance and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age and sour Severity
With their grave saws in slumber lie.'

The Greek translation is as follows:—

χαῖρ' οὖν Θαλία, χαῖρ' Εὐφροσύνα,
Κῶμοί τε Βοά θ' ἄ μεσονύκτιος,
οἰνοπλάνητόν τ' ὄρχημ' ἄκονον·
πλέκετ' ἐν ῥοδίῳ πλέγματι χαίταν
χρίσμασιν ὑγρὰν, ὑγρὰν Βρομίῳ·
νῦν γε τὸ Σεμνὸν κατακοιμᾶται,
τό τε Νουθεσίας ὄμμα περισσοφρον·
*ἀπαράμυθον δ' εὐδαι Γῆρας,
χά Σωφροσύνα, ὀριμεῖα Θεά,
σοφίαν θρυλοῦσα ματαίαν.

In translating line 30 of the Prologue of the Attendant Spirit, it appears to have escaped Lord Lyttelton's observation, that there is an obvious imitation of a passage of the 'Supplices' of Æschylus (254, 255), in the words, 'And all that tract that fronts the falling sun.' The text with which Milton was acquainted, viz.—

καὶ πᾶσαν αἴαν, ἧς εἰς Ἄλγος ἔρχεται
Στρυμῶν τε, πρὸς δύνοντος ἡλίου, κρατῶ·

—might easily have suggested a line more closely resembling the words of the 'Comus' than what we actually find in Lord Lyttelton's translation, viz. :—

πεδῖον δὲ τοῦτο πᾶν, πρὸς ἐσπέραν βλέπον.

But we think it will be more interesting to our readers, if we place before them a few of the most frequently quoted passages of 'Comus,' along with their Greek representatives. The beautiful passage—

'A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,

* Vide Blomf. ad Æsch. Prom. '95.

Of calling shapes and beck'ning shadows dire;
And æery tongues that syllable men's names
On sandy shores and desert wildernesses;—

is thus elegantly rendered:—

μορφᾶσι φάσματ' ἀθρόαις ἀγείρεται,
εἶδωλα προσκαλοῦντα, κοῦκ ὄντων σκιὰ
δεινόν τι προσνεύουσα, καὶ κατακτέρων
ψιθύρισμα φωνῶν, αἶ τ' ἐπιβρόδην λεγὺ
κλήζουσιν ἄνδρας, ἐννύχους κατ' ἤσας,
ψάμμον τε πεδία κάβρῶτους ἐρημίας.

The following well-known passages will be read with interest
in their classical dress:—

'But such a sacred and homefelt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never felt till now,'—

ἀλλὰ τέρψεως τόσον
ἔσωτάτης ἕπαρ τε κοῦκ ὄναρ γάνυς
οὐκω τὸ πρὶν γ' ἐγνώκα.

'I know each lane and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side.
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood.'

ἐγῶκα χλωρῶν πάντας ἀτραπῶν στίβους,
ἀγκη βαθείας τ' ἀγρίας ὕλης νάπας,
βησῶν τε κάσας πάντοσ' εὐδένερων πτύχας.
ὡς γείτονάς μοι τοῦ καθ' ἡμέραν τρίβου.

'And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to* sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings.
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impaired.'

συχνά γοῦν Ἐρημίας
Σοφία ματεύει τὴν ἀπάνθρωπον χλιδὴν,
κάκει τιθήνην ἀμφέπει τὴν φιλτάτην
θεωρίαν ξύνοικον, οὐδ' ἴσχει πτερῶν
βλίστημ', ἄκοσμον δ' αὖθι καλλύνει πτίλα,
τὰ δῆτ' ἐν ὄχλων ξυγχύσει πολυβρόθων
λίαν διασπασθέντα, κοῦκ ἀνευ βλάβης.

We now proceed to give a longer specimen from the passage
commencing—

* It is singular that the expression '*seek to*,' which is used by Massinger as well as Milton, should have been denounced as incorrect English by a journal conducted with the ability of the '*Pall Mall Gazette*.' But the use of the dictionary is as repulsive to some minds as the *limæ labor et mora* to others, and a smart sentence is often accounted well worth a considerable blunder.

'Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells.'

Ἔλης ἔσωθεν ὀμφάλου τῆς ἀγρίας
κυπαρισσίοισι σκότιος ἐν φραγμαῖτε γόνος,
ὁ Κῶμος, οὐκ Βάκχου τε καὶ Κίρκης μέγας
γόνος, πολεμεῖ· κάρτα δ' ἐν μαγεύμασι
μητρὸς δαήμεν, διψίας ἐκάστοτε
ποτῆρ' ὑδίταις, ὀλοφάνη σαιῶν τεχνη,
ἀλέθριαν δίδωσι, συμποφωρμένον
πολλαῖς ἐπιδαῖς· οὐ γὰρ θυμηδὲς γάνος
ὄλωσι τὰ τοῦ πίνοικας ἀλλάσσει ρέθη,
ἀνθ' ὧν τίθησι δυσκλεῆ θηρός τινος
τὴν εἰκόν', ἐγχαραχθέν ἀμβλυον τὸ νοῦ
θητῶ ἢ προσώπῳ κόμμα· τῶν δ' ἐπρηθύμην
ποιμίνας ναμεύων ἐν γεωλόφοις πέλας
τοῖς ἡμέρη τῆδ', ὀφρύος δίκην, νάκη
ὑπερταθείσιν· ἐνθάδ', εὐτ' ἀνυστρέφει
ἢ νυξ ἐκάστοτ', αὐτὸς αἰσχιστοί θ' ὀμοῦ
ὄχλοι γεγωνίσκουσιν ὠρυθμόν, λύκων
τρόπον κατ' ἄντρ', ἢ τεγρίδων πληρῶν βορᾶς.
οἱ δ' ὄν ἔσωτάοισι τῶν σπεῶν ἐν
μυχοῖς ἀφεγγῶν, τῶν καταπτύστων θαῖ
ρέζουσιν· Ἐκάτη πρᾶσφορὰν μυστηρίων.
πολλὴν δὲ πρὸς τοῖσδ' αἰούλων σοφισμάτων
ἴυγγ' ἐφεύρον, ἧτις ἄσκοπον στίβων
τούτων ἀπείροις ἂν σαγηνεύσαι φρένα.

It is not so very often that plebeian censors find themselves in a position to pass the productions of a patrician author under review, and we shall endeavour to vindicate the democratic independence of the republic of letters by picking as many holes in them as we possibly can. In this passage then, amongst much that is elegant and scholarlike, we must take a little exception to the position of the article in *ἀνθ' ὧν τίθησι δυσκλεῆ θηρός τινος τὴν εἰκόνα*, and *τῶν σπεῶν ἐν μυχοῖς ἀφεγγῶν*. And we think that the acc. fem. sing. of *δυσκλεῆς* would rather be *δυσκλεᾶ* than *δυσκλεῆ*. Such occasional oversights are, however, naturally, if not necessarily, incident to a work accomplished *subsecivis operis*, and it does not materially interfere with the general effect of the whole, 'siquando bonus dormitat Homerus.'

We will now give a specimen of Lord Lyttelton's trochaics, in which, however, he appears systematically—or it may be purposely—to neglect the rule, that the fourth foot must always conclude with the end of a word, and never run into the fifth. The Attendant Spirit exclaims:—

'What, have ye let the false enchanter 'scape?
O, ye mistook; ye should have snatch'd his wand

And bound him fast; without his rod reversed,
 And backward mutters of dissen'ring power,
 We cannot free the lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fix'd and motionless.
 Yeá stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
 Some other means I have which may be used,
 Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
 The soothest shepherd that ere piped on plains.'

² Ἄρα δὴ λέληθεν ὑμᾶς ἀπατηλὸς ἐκφυγῶν,
 τὴν τε βαβδὸν ἀρπάσαντες αὐτὸν οὐκ εἰδῆσατε;
 τήνδ' οὐκ ἔχουσιν ἡμῖν, ὡς εἶδει, καλίντροπον,
 ψαματὸς τε πάντα ζιλιούντος ἄψοφρον μένος,
 πῶς ἂν εἴη τὴν γυναῖκα τὴν λίθη πεπηγμένην
 κάκρον λύειν; ἐγὼ δὲ τῶν φόβων ἀκέσφορον
 τοῦ γέροντος ἄλλο τι ξυνήκα Μελιβοίου μαθῶν,
 ὃς κατ' ἄγρους ποιμένων ἀριστα μαντεύειν ἔφν.

In the fifth and last lines of this passage, there is another trifling metrical error which we notice at the risk of being accused of borrowing the spectacles of Zoilus. Πῶς ἂν εἴη and ὃς κατ' ἄγρους are scarcely legitimate commencements of the Tragic trochaic tetrameter, which requires a trochee or tribrach in the second place, when the first dipodia ends with a word not adhering closely to the word following. A few lines farther on we think a clerical error must have been committed and overlooked. In lines 967 and and 968 we find:—

ἄμβροτόν τ' ἔχειν ἔλαιον εἰσόδους πάντας διά,
 οἷσιν αἰσθέσθαι βρότεια σωμαίων ἔχει μέλη.

These lines were probably—*εἰσόδος* being feminine—intended to stand as follows:—

ἄμβροτόν τ' ἔχειν ἔλαιον εἰσόδους πάσας διά,
 αἷσιν αἰσθέσθαι βρότεια σωμαίων ἔχει μέλη.

We will conclude our specimens of Lord Lyttelton's translation of 'Comus' with a vigorous song in Aristophanic anapaests.

'Back, shepherds, back, enough your play,
 Till next sunshine holiday;
 Here be, without duck or nod,
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise
 As Mercury did first devise
 With the mincing Dryades,
 On the lawns and on the leas.'

ἄπιτ' ἐκ τούτων, ποιμένες, ἐδρών, τάγε παίγνια νῦν τετέλεστα,
 κωμάζοντες δ' ἄλλοι ἔπεισιν, θαλερὰν ὄρχηστιν ἄγοντες,
 γανυσκοπραπές σχῆμ' ἀρίδηλοι, μελαθροῖσιν ἅτ' ἐν βασιλείοις·
 εἰρυστέρων ἐπὶ λιμώνων, Δρυάδεσσι μεθ' ἄβροβάταισιν,
 τοιαῶν ὁ Μαίας ἐξεῦρε κάλαι, περπῶς φίλ' ἀγάλαθ' ἑορτάς.

The only question that occurs to us in considering this

excellent version is, whether there is sufficient authority for the use of the form *ἀβροβάτης* in the feminine gender.

We pass on now to a work in which Lord Lyttelton appears in conjunction with our greatest living orator, if not our greatest living statesman. In this volume we have portions of the translation of 'Comus,' which we have just been reviewing, and the whole of Tennyson's 'Lotus-Eaters' in Greek; a passage from Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' in Latin elegiacs, and Tennyson's 'Cenone' and 'Godiva' in Latin hexameters. We give a specimen from the 'Lotus-Eaters' in a metre which might well receive a little more encouragement at the Universities:—

'They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of fatherland,
Of wife and child and slave: but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wand'ring fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no more;"
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

Οἱ δ' ἐκάθητο

μεσσηγὺς Φοῖβον τε φάους δίας τε Σελήνης,
ξουθοῦ ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῦ· περί τ' ἄσμενοι ἐμνήσαντο
πατρίδα καὶ ἑμῶας, φίλα τέκνα, φίλας τε γυναῖκας·
κῦμα δὲ ἑυσφόρεον, καὶ ναυστολίην ἀλκυεινήν,
καὶ πελάγη ἀφροῖο πολυκλανῆ ἀτρυγέτω.
• ὦδε δὲ τις εἶπεσκεν. "Ἄλις πεκλανήμεθ', ἐταῖροι."
αὐτίκ' ἄρα ξύμπαντες, "Ἄλιβροχον ἡμέτερον δῶ
εὔ μάλα μακρὸν ἄπαστιν, ἕκας ἐνὶ οἴνοπι πόντῳ·
ὦδε μένειν ὕχ' ἄριστον· ἄλις πεκλανήμεθ', ἐταῖροι."

This is an elegant translation of an elegant original; but, unless there is some authority for the application of *ξουθός* as an epithet to *αἰγιαλός*, of which we are not aware, we should have preferred to see the ordinary word *ξανθός* in its stead. After a tolerably careful examination of authorities, we have been led to the conclusion that, in almost every passage in which the word *ξουθός* occurs, it is explicable with reference to *sound*, as when it is applied to the jug-jug of the nightingale, the buzzing of the bee, the twittering of the swallow, and the whistling of the wind, whereas comparatively few passages admit of any reference to colour. The word is properly one of those formed in imitation of sounds, although the phrase *ξουθός ἰππαλεκτρίων*, which is twice used by Aristophanes, prevents us from denying *in toto* its co-existence as a bye-form of *ξανθός*. In this sense it appears, however, to be restricted in practice to *animals*, real or imaginary.

We wish we could do more than merely refer the lovers of Greek anapæstic verse—a metre in which Lord Lyttelton appears peculiarly to excel—to the conclusion of the ‘Lotus-Eaters.’ But we must proceed. The softness of Tennyson’s versification is beautifully reproduced in Latin hexameters in both ‘Ænone’ and ‘Godiva,’ and sometimes the Latin idiom has a terseness and force beyond even the force of the original. Thus we have been greatly struck by the version of a line at the opening of the ‘Ænone’ :—

‘Topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the dawn.’

‘Gargarus ingens
Præripit auroram.’

But we give a longer specimen from this poem :—

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die!
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born; her child!—a shudder comes
Across me: never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father’s eyes.’

‘Extremam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Non ego Lethæas ibo incomitata per undas:
Namque mihi, arcanis siquando oriuntur inanes
Montibus, ut pressa in tacitam vestigia lanam,
Nocte soni, fervet dubii mens præscia fati.
Auguror incertum facinus, ceu conscia mater
Visa sibi ignotæ formam prænoscere prolis:
—Ut dixi, ut tremui! Ne sit peperisse, paternum
Qui referat vanâ male natus imagine vultum!’

We now come to the second half of the volume, comprising translations by Mr. Gladstone. Here we would remark, at the outset, that in rendering into English verse the lighter and more trifling effusions of the classic muse, Mr. Gladstone appears to us, comparatively speaking, to fail, while in translating poetry of a higher class he takes rank beyond the possibility of controversy in the forefront of the very best translators. The first specimen that we shall select is ‘The Lion’s Cub’ from the Agamemnon of Æschylus (696–715), which the curious reader may compare with another translation of the same passage from the elegant volume of translations recently published by the Dean of St. Paul’s :—

‘ Even so, belike, might one
 A lion-suckling nurse,
 Like a foster son,
 To his home a future curse.
 In life’s beginnings mild,
 Dear to sire and kind to child ;
 Oft folded in his lord’s embrace,
 Like an infant of the race ;
 Sleek and smiling to the hand,
 He fawn’d at want’s command.

‘ But in time he showed
 The habit of his blood.
 The debt of nurture he repaid ;
 The lowing herds he tore,
 A fierce unbidden feast he made,
 And the house was foul with gore.
 Huge grief its inmates overshadowed,
 Huge mischief, slaughter widely spread !
 A heaven-sent priest of woe
 In the palace did he grow.’

The only criticism that we would venture on here is to suggest that ‘bleating flocks’ would represent the words *μηλοφόνοισιν ἀγαισιν* more closely than ‘lowing herds.’

In the following stanzas Dr. Milman has rendered the same passage :—

‘ That king within his palace nursed
 The dangerous lion cub, at first
 Taking his bland and blameless feast
 Of innocent milk from the full breast ;
 Gentle with whom a child might toy ;
 He was the old man’s sport and joy ;
 Oft in their arms, tired out with play,
 Like to a new-born babe he lay,
 Or fondly fawning would he stand,
 And hungry licked his food from the caressing hand.

‘ Time passes—quickly he displays
 His ruthless kind’s bloodthirsty ways ;
 And this was the return he made :
 Thus the fond forbearing care repaid :
 Upon the innocent flocks to feast
 Insatiate, an unbidden guest,
 And all the house reeks thick with blood ;
 The unresisting servants stood
 Shuddering before the unconquered beast ;
 Heaven willed, so in that house was nursed fall Ate’s priest.’

Between the Dametas of Downing Street and the Menalces of St. Paul’s, the critic may be permitted to relax for an instant

the awful severity of his judicial duties—*et vitulâ tu dignus, et hic* is our verdict. But if we are called upon to give a mere discriminating sentence, we say that the Dean appears to us to have more of the grace and rhythm of an English poet, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer to have retained more of the rude force and grandeur of the original.

The description of the Greeks moving to war in the fourth book of the 'Iliad' is magnificent in both the Greek and the English. Mr. Gladstone has selected the metrical system and manner of the most Homeric of British poets, Sir Walter Scott, and we think that the result fully justifies his selection:—

'As when the billow gathers fast
 With slow and sullen roar
 Beneath the keen north-western blast
 Against the sounding shore ;
 First far at sea it rears its crest,
 Then bursts upon the beach,
 Or with proud arch and swelling breast,
 Where headlands outward reach,
 It smites their strength, and bellowing flings
 Its silver foam afar ;
 So, stern and thick, the Danaan kings
 And soldiers march'd to war.
 Each leader gave his men the word,
 Each warrior deep in silence heard ;
 So mute they march'd, thou couldst not ken
 They were a mass of speaking men ;
 And as they strode in martial night,
 Their flickering arms shot back the light.'

The presentation of the arms to Achilles by Thetis is very good, although scarcely equal to the passage last quoted, which we do not remember to have seen excelled, if equalled, by any translation in the English language:—

'The goddess laid them on the floor,
 They rattling shot a thousand rays.
 With trembling and bewilder'd gaze
 The Myrmidons beheld the blaze ;
 But when Achilles saw them shine,
 The glorious handiwork divine,
 Then hotter flamed his smouldering ire,
 Then shot his eyes their lightning fire,
 And, while the gorgeous gift he held,
 With deadly joy his bosom swelled.'

The dialogue between Horace and Lydia (Od. iii. 9) is fairly, but not strikingly rendered, and the lively ode of Catullus

(‘*Ille mî par esse deo videtur*’) in imitation of Sappho is, in our opinion, too light a piece of filagree-work for the manipulation of Mr. Gladstone’s stately Muse. ‘Ugolino,’ from the ‘Inferno’ of Dante, takes rank with the best specimens of translation from Homer, but it is too long to quote in full, and a brief extract would not do it justice. The original of the following stanza from Manzoni’s ode on the ‘Cinque Maggio’ (Death of Napoleon) will be familiar to every one who is conversant with modern Italian literature:—

‘How often, as the listless ray
 In silence died away,
 With lightning eye deprest,
 And arms across upon his breast,
 He stood, and Memory’s rushing train
 Came down on him amain:
 The breezy tents he seem’d to see,
 And the battering cannon’s course,
 And the flashing of the infantry,
 And the torrent of the horse,
 And the quick ecstatic word,
 Obeyed as soon as heard.’

Mr. Gladstone’s translations into Greek and Latin, although good, do not appear to us by any means equal to his translations into English, although we cannot deny that our judgment of the former may possibly have been somewhat affected by the juxtaposition of pieces of such remarkable excellence, as several of the latter. We think there must be a misprint in the first line of his first translation into Latin verse (p. 137), and that its commencement, ‘*Tu quoque neve putes aliam quam prospicis urbem Romuleâ rerum dominâ,*’ must have stood in his manuscript, ‘*Tu quoque ne reputes,*’ &c. The following version of Bishop Heber’s ‘Verses to his Wife’ is pleasing and elegant:—

‘I spread my books, my pencil try,
 The lingering noon to cheer,
 But miss thy kind approving eye,
 Thy meek attentive ear.

‘But when of morn and eve the star
 Beholds me on my knee,
 I feel, though thou art distant far,
 Thy prayers ascend for me.

‘Then on! then on! where duty leads,
 My course be onward still,
 O’er broad Hindostan’s sultry meads,
 O’er bleak Almorah’s hill’

‘*Cum neque aspectu recreer benigno,
 Nec probâ vox accipiatur aure,
 Displicent libri; malè penicillis
 Fallitur æstus.*

‘ Rite mi flexis genibus precanti,
 Supplices et te sociare palmas
 Stella nascentis videt et diei
 Stella cadentis.

‘ Proinde quo virtus jubet ire pergam,
 Almoræ scandens gelidum cacumen,
 Seu juga Indorum sequar, atque campos
 Sole perustos.’

Mr. Oswald A. Smith’s translation of the whole of Tennyson’s ‘ In Memoriam ’ into Latin elegiac verse, although printed for private circulation only, is well worthy of a public notice. It is a model of closeness of translation and continuous *μύχνη σραδάλα* with the difficulties of a very difficult original. The only fault that we are inclined to find with it, in a general way, is, that a heaviness is frequently given to the versification, especially in the hexameters, by a collocation of the words, both at the commencement and about the fourth foot of the verse, which often appears to be studied, but which, to our mind, detracts from the general effect of the whole, as Latin poetry, although it is well known to be peculiarly characteristic of the style of Mr. Tennyson himself. We would never reject a spondaic, or partially spondaic rhythm, when energy or exactness is to be gained by it; but when a choice lies before us, *cæteris paribus*, we should always prefer a dactylic rhythm at the commencement of a verse. We think that Ovid or Tibullus would have written ‘ Sola fides nobis contingit,’ instead of ‘ Nobis sola fides contingit,’ and ‘ Da veniam verbis,’ instead of ‘ Verbis da veniam quæ sint contraria vero,’ and so forth in many other instances. Having premised thus much, we have great pleasure in proceeding to show, by specimens, how great a loss has been sustained by the lovers both of Latin verse and of Tennyson, in that the Laureate has not consented to sanction the publication of these translations, because he appears to have conceived that they would interfere with his own copyright. In p. vi.,

‘ Our little systems have their day;
 They have their day and cease to be;
 They are but broken lights of thee,
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.’

is thus closely rendered:—

‘ Paulisper florent humana negotia, sed mors
 Omnia communis, finis et una, manet;
 Sunt diffusa velut divinæ lumina flammæ,
 O Deus, et quantum luce minora tuâ.’

No. xxxix. p. 60 of 'In Memoriam' is very beautiful, and is very beautifully translated:—

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>' Could we forget the widow'd hour
And look on spirits breathed away,
As on a maiden in the day
When first she wears her orange-
flower!</p> <p>' When crown'd with blessing she doth
rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that
come
Make April of her tender eyes;</p> <p>' And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother's face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love;</p> <p>' Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each to each;</p> | <p>' And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.</p> <p>' Ay me, the difference I discern!
How often shall her old fireside
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,
How often she herself return,</p> <p>' And tell them all they would have told,
And bring her babe and make her
boast,
Till even those that miss'd her most
Shall count new things as dear as old.</p> <p>' But thou and I have shaken hands,
Till growing winters lay me low;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscover'd lands.'</p> |
|--|---|

- ' O utinam obliti possemus lugubris horæ
Manes præteritos commemorare modo,
Quo contemplamur sponsali luce puellam,
Quam niveis primum floribus ornat Hymen!
- ' Cum virge surgens, et votis aucta benignis,
Effundit caræ verba suprema domo;
Et teneris oculis risus lacrymasque vicissim
Dant, velut Aprilis, spesque levisque dolor;
- ' Atque incerta patris pertentant gaudia pectus,
Matris et humectat lucida gutta genas;
Dum virgo, producta abiens post oscula, regnum
Diversi, quod* non novit, amoris init:
- ' Fiet ubi primum nutrix, et deinde docebit,
Sic peragens vitæ debita jura suæ;
Sæclaque connectens sæclis antiqua futuris,
Ipsa suam prolem consociabit avis.
- ' Haud aliter credo nova jam tibi tempora vitæ,
Fructum immortalem progenitura, dari;
Talibus officiis magnis dum fungere, vires
Qualia perfectas Cælicolasque decent.
- ' Hei mihi nunc harum cerno discrimina rerum!
Gaudebit quoties illa relicta domus,
Adveniente aliquo sponsæ rumore, paternum
Ah! repetet quoties ipsa marita focum!

* An potius 'quem'?

‘Cœnctaque narrabit, quotquot narranda rogabant,
 Infantemque, suâ prole superba, feret,
 Dum, cœu prisca, illis etiam nova vita placebit,
 Qui desiderii* non posuere modum.

‘Sed donec series hiemum et me straverit ætas,
 Heu tanget dextram non mea dextra tuam;
 Nota explorati tractûs ego prata pererro,
 Tu per inexpertos ire videris agros.’

We give also part of No. xc. p. 143:—

‘Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out,
 There lives more faith in honest
 doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

‘He fought his doubts and gather’d
 strength,
 He would not make his judgment
 blind,
 He faced the spectres of the mind
 And laid them: thus he came at
 length

‘To find a stronger faith his own;
 And Power was with him in the
 night,
 Which makes the darkness and the
 light,
 And dwells not in the light alone,

‘But in the darkness and the cloud,
 As over Sinai’s peaks of old,
 While Israel made their gods of
 gold,
 Altho’ the trumpet blew so loud.’

‘Anceps ille fide, sed ab omni crimine purus,
 Effecit tandem ut consona chorda foret,
 Plus fidei Dubio, mihi crede, existit honesto,
 Quam quæ plerumque in Relligione latet.

‘Fortior est factus contra Dubia ille reluctans,
 Judicio cæco noluit ille frui;
 Sustinuit coram mentis simulacra tueri,
 Vertit et in celerem præcipitata fugam.

‘Deinde fides magis audacem nutrit; et illi
 Se comitem in mediâ Vis Sacra nocte dedit;
 Vis ea, quæ pariter noctis lucisque creatrix,
 Non semper lucis regna serena colit,

‘Nubis at interdum et caliginis incola vivit,
 Qualis Sinæis astitit antè jugis;
 Dum sua Judæi faciebant numina ab auro,
 Tam claro litui non prohibente sono.’

The following is very classically rendered (No. cxx.
 p. 188):—

‘Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name
 For what is one, the first, the last,
 Thou, like my present and my past,
 Thy place is changed, thou art the same.’

‘Hespere, diversum seu mavis, Phosphore, nomen,
 Ultima qui rutilas, primaque flamma poli;
 More meæ vitæ præsentis, more peractæ,
 Stella novo fulges una eademque loco.’

* An potius ‘desiderio’?

This cannot be excelled. There are, however, one or two little matters that we must remark upon with the same freedom with which we have noticed the occasional oversights of the writers we have already criticised. In No. iii. p. 3, we question whether any good classical authority can be produced for 'O tu qui' in the line, 'O tu, qui Mortis curas arcana sacerdos.' 'O tu,' 'Tu qui,' and 'O qui' are common enough, but we do not remember seeing the three words in question employed together. 'O tu quæ' also occur together in No. cxxx. p. 202. In No. viii. p. 10:—

'A happy lover who has come
To look on her that loves him well,'

is translated:—

'Qui lætus properat nympham visurus amator,
Nympham, cui gremium mutuus implet amor.'

'Gremium' is the *lap*, not the *bosom*. A very similar error is sometimes made, conversely, in translating Propertius III. VII. 11 and 12:—

'Cynthia non sequitur fasces, non quærit honores,
Semper amatorum ponderat illa sinus.'

Here 'sinus' is sometimes supposed to signify the *affectionate feelings* of Cynthia's lovers, whereas it really means their 'pockets' or 'purses.' 'Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum.'

Dr. Holden, of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Ipswich, has given us an extremely handsome volume as a first instalment of translations into Latin and Greek of his own selections of English passages for that purpose, which are in considerable use at schools and in the Universities, and are well deserving of their popularity. The plan of the work almost necessitates the presence of pieces of unequal merit, against which may be set the fact, that *laudatores temporis acti* will find the scholars of the past represented in it as well as those of the present day, and will certainly be constrained to admit that the latter are not affected by any degeneracy in point of Latin versification. We proceed to give one or two specimens from the pens of Dr. Holden's contributors. The second translation (p. 25) of one of Wordsworth's most exquisite little poems is very close and graceful. It is by Mr. C. B. Scott, the present Head Master of Westminster School:—

- ‘ She dwelt amongst the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.
- ‘ A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky,
- ‘ She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and O !
The difference to me !’
- ‘ *Virgo recessus incolebat avios
Nascentis ad Dovæ caput,
Nullius unquam nobilis præconio,
Unique tantum et alteri
Dilecta ; saxum viola muscosum prope
Ceu pæne fallit lumina ;
At pulcra, qualis prima per crepuscula
Cum stella fulget unica.
Ignota vixit Lucia ; a terrestribus
Ignota concessit plagis,
Et nunc sepulcro dormit : at superstiti
Ah ! vita quam dispar mihi !’*

In pages 73 and 74 we have no less than three translations of Herrick’s ‘ Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,’ in every one of which either ‘ peyor ’ or ‘ in pejus ’ is used to represent the word ‘ worse ’ in the lines :—

- ‘ That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the *worse* and *worst*
Times still succeed the former.’

We cannot think that any great difficulty would have been experienced in introducing ‘ deterior ’ or ‘ in deterius ’ in place of the words actually used, and we are surprised that not one of the writers appears to have thought of so obviously close a method of representing the degeneracy of a thing originally good.

It is interesting to compare the translations of the commencement of the ‘ Lay of the last Minstrel ’ by Mr. Munro of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Professor Conington of Oxford (pp. 135, 136). Each translator has his points of superiority and inferiority ; but it would be difficult to decide to which, on the whole, the palm ought to be assigned, and we think that most people would be very well content to place them in a bracket. Want of space alone prevents us from quoting both pieces at length with the original English.

Mr. Clay, of the Cambridge University Press, has given a most exquisite translation into Asclepiads of Shakspeare’s

‘Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

‘Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea
Hung their heads and then lay by;
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep or, hearing, die.’

‘Vates Threïcius lyrâ
Arbusta et rigidum flectere montium
Ad cantum potuit caput :
Flores et frutices fudit humus novos,
Cœu ver perpetuum foret
Alternis vicibus solis et imbrium.
Nil non succubuit lyræ
Auditis numeris ; vel tumidum mare
Undarum posuit minas
Demisitque caput ; vis ea carminis,
Curas carnifices potest
Sopire aut placito tradere funeri.’

A slight transposition would, in our opinion, have rendered this little piece absolutely perfect. A modified *synaphea* runs through the Asclepiad system, which is violated by a short vowel at the end of one line preceding a vowel at the commencement of the next. Thus—

‘Auditis numeris ; vel tumidum mare
Undarum posuit minas,’

is metrically incorrect, but there is no reason why the words ‘mare’ and ‘minas’ should not have been transposed, and we own to a little surprise that this has not been done by so careful and exact a scholar as Dr. Holden.

Of Dr. Holden’s own performances, as well as those of his cousin, Dr. Holden of Durham, we will only say that they are uniformly good, and we recommend his work most warmly to all who are interested in Latin and Greek versification. Indeed this work appears somewhat opportunely to remind the public that the highest scholarship is not confined to the so-called ‘great’ schools, but will more commonly be found in perfection among the head masters of smaller grammar schools. Always excepting Dr. Kennedy, of Shrewsbury, we doubt whether many of the head masters of the ‘great’ schools could stand a competition in point of scholarship and power over the

Greek and Latin languages with those of Ipswich and Durham.

We think that the specimens of both Greek and Latin verse, which we have given will, in the estimation of our readers, fully bear us out in the opinion which we expressed at the outset, that classical scholarship has by no means degenerated in our country. Nay, we will venture the assertion that no country produces so many good and promising scholars annually as our own, although we must admit that other vocations and other paths of life carry them off in too large numbers from their allegiance to the muses of Greece and Rome.

A few words we must say, before we conclude, on a phenomenon which has doubtless not escaped the notice of our readers, in one of the works which we have been reviewing, but our remarks on which, on account of its important practical bearing, we have reserved for our final paragraphs. We allude to the mixture of translations from modern with those from ancient languages, which appears in Mr. Gladstone's pages. Although as mere instruments of education the two classical languages may justly claim a superiority, and although our highest interests, as immortal beings, are bound up with the Greek language, yet, if we leave the seclusion of academic shades and cast our eyes on what is actually going on around us in practical life, we must be blind indeed if we fail to discern the vast and increasing proportions assumed by the importance of modern languages. Are our Universities to continue either to ignore this undoubted fact, or by a grudging and niggardly acknowledgment of it, to repel from their bosoms those to whom a mastery over several modern languages is a practical object, beside which almost all other educational questions sink at once into comparative unimportance? Why should not the Universities strike into the path thus indicated by Mr. Gladstone, and by the institution of schools or triposes for honourable competition in modern languages, attract to themselves a class of men, that of all others would be most benefited by a residence within their precincts? Examinations, conducted as those for classical honours are at present, would allow but a trifling advantage to that superficial and merely conversational knowledge which is gained by a residence abroad during boyhood, and modern languages would soon be studied in so exact and scientific a manner, as to produce intellectual and educational results only second to those of the systematic study of the classical languages.

- ART. III.—1. *Report from the Select Committee on the Thames River, together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, &c.* London: 1865.
2. *Metropolis Water Supply. On the Supply of Water to London from the Sources of the River Severn.* By JOHN FREDERIC BATEMAN, C.E., F.R.S. London: 1865.
3. *Another Blow for Life.* By GEORGE GODWIN, Esq. London: 1865.

WHILE the sources and limits of the supply of some of the prime necessities of our physical existence have at different times engaged public attention, the distribution of one of the most indispensable of them all, namely, pure water, has been less the subject of inquiry than most others. We have acquired pretty accurate statistics of the amount of our production of coal, and we are continually learning more and more of the quantities remaining for future consumption. We know, too, not a little of our national commissariat, we can estimate our bread-stuffs, our flesh-meats, our fish-supplies, our tea and coffee, and milk, and many other minor articles of daily consumption; but when we arrive at fresh and pure water, we are at once in the domain of general ignorance and conjecture.

When the country was but thinly peopled, and when men had all the land before them where to choose their dwellings, for the most part they searched for springs and streams and rivers, before they settled down in any considerable numbers. Even dwellers apart, and especially the founders of convents and religious houses, appear to have sought water before they erected an abode, so that a good spring or well will invariably be found in or near the old convents and castles whose venerable ruins impart interest to so many well-known localities in our land. When, moreover, our towns and cities were inhabited only by comparatively small numbers, water was always and easily obtained from an adjacent river, or from full wells, or copious springs, and often from all these together. In the early times, even of our Metropolis, there was no lack of good water, and little labour in getting it. A few famous springs, conduits, or pumps, and, best of all, the great and then unpolluted river, yielded vastly more than Londoners could need or desire.

But in the course of years our rapidly augmenting population threatens to drink up the springs, exhaust the pumps, and diminish the very river which forms a highway for our commerce, and has borne wealth to our enormous Metropolis. It

may be said without exaggeration that if so many millions are to be collected over a few square miles of ground, they can find there neither water to drink, nor air to breathe, nor earth to bury their dead. All over the country, too, vast numbers of residents are crowding together, and multitudinous houses have arisen, so that now we no longer have freedom of choice in selecting the sites of our dwelling-places. These have long been fixed, and the increase of population is visible in accretions, not in dispersions. Hence we have this great and perplexing problem to solve:—How are the gathering and growing millions of inhabitants of England and Wales to be provided with a sufficient amount of pure and soft water, ready at their doors and running through their houses? It might with some propriety be affirmed that this is a topic of European interest, for the great cities of Europe have in many instances to solve the same problem. Parisians and Florentines complain of the impurity and insufficiency of water. Berlin has been compelled to get water by the help of a public company originated in England. Vienna has very recently been agitated by a serious controversy on the supply of that city from three copious springs. Rome itself, the city of great aqueducts—the best supplied city of all antiquity—even in her very desolation, utters the cry for good water; and it is rumoured that one English company has entered into an engagement to bring water down from Subiaco, one of its ancient sources of supply.

The present is a period peculiarly opportune to this inquiry, since we have had a succession of comparatively dry summers from 1861, and the last two summers have been, at least in some districts, the driest of all. In fact, had it not happened that a very wet autumnal month and a rainy winter have followed a singularly dry September, we should have suffered severely from drought. In October last there were twenty-six rainy days, and the total quantity of rain which fell within them exceeded half the rainfall of the previous six months. Should equally dry summers recur in quick succession, many parts of the country will be greatly inconvenienced. Last year numerous villages were parched for want of sufficient water, and impure ponds were necessarily drawn upon. Some of these villages were in such a condition of drought as to favour the approach of cholera. Agriculturists were in sore and similar need, and even towns and cities began to apprehend a serious deficiency of water. The condition of many of our large manufacturing towns from this cause has been appalling. Mills have stopped work, trade has been injured, and thousands of artisans have been thrown out of employ. Nor is this altogether the

aggravated result of a few dry summers; it is in some degree the chronic complaint of the time. Liverpool, after spending immense sums in storage, reservoirs, and wells, is still short of an adequate supply of good water. Chester has a very inferior supply, and Birkenhead depends on a few wells alone. We know that last year the Metropolis suffered greatly in particular districts, and that some of the water companies scarcely knew how to provide the requisite deliveries, so that they even ventured to infringe upon forbidden parts of the Thames. An observant clergyman who has been conversant with the Thames for more than forty years has always given this advice, 'Be sure that you economise the water, for there are many towns in England now growing which appear to me to have ruin staring them in the face for want of a proper supply of water. That may seem an extravagant statement: I believe, however, that it is strictly true; certainly it is with reference to the Valley of the Thames.*' It is remarkable that many towns have been so tardy in attempting to provide enough water, that we ask with surprise how they can have existed and flourished so many years with so little of that essential commodity. Nor does this observation hold good merely of manufacturing and proverbially filthy towns; on the contrary, some stately and wealthy ones are open to the charge. What town, for instance, is more eligible as a residence than Tunbridge Wells, and what town presents a greater proportion of superior houses and easily circumstanced inhabitants? Yet even while we write we notice advertisements relative to additional waterworks there, and we learn that to furnish the present supply has been a matter of no small difficulty.

'In the first instance,' says Mr. Denton, 'the springs which burst out on the present site of the town, and flowed by a small channel to the river Medway (some five miles off), providing the population along its banks, such as it was, with excellent water, were intercepted at their head and appropriated for domestic purposes. This water, after serving the houses for which it was abstracted, was returned in its polluted state into its old channel, and thus it flowed to the Medway a foul and corrupted sewer. The supply so procured is now found to be insufficient, and last year the authorities applied to Parliament for powers to extract springs from lands some distance away, and thereby absorb streams not in the valley of which Tunbridge Wells is the head, but in an adjoining valley, from which the water when taken will have to be raised over interposing high ground in a supply reservoir near Tunbridge Wells. Thus has one large town not only converted

* The Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck, in evidence to the Select Committee on the Thames River, on 16th March, 1865.

a clear stream into a dirty sewer, but it has obtained Parliamentary power to take the water it requires from another stream, and deprive the valley through which that stream flowed of any prospective value attached to a good and copious supply of water.*

Here is a town famous for its mineral springs, yet long imperfectly provided with abundant pure water, and now about to take the water from poor districts in order to supply the rich. It is not a little singular that we find another of our wealthy and luxurious towns, celebrated for its mineral springs, has long been suffering for lack of common drinking water. In his evidence on the Cheltenham Waterworks Bill last year, Mr. Thomas Hawkesley, an experienced hydraulic engineer, stated that to supply the 50,000 inhabitants of Cheltenham with water to the amount of 25 gallons per head per diem, about 1,000,000 gallons a day, on the average of the whole year, would be required. 'Our present supply,' added he, 'including the Sandford Mead supply, is about 250,000 gallons per diem; and we ought to have six times as much as we have got.' Who would traverse the beautiful walks of Cheltenham, and note its elegant mansions, and yet suppose that so imposing a town required *six times its present supply of water* to come up to the recognised needs of its population?

A succession of dry seasons may, however, be followed by a sequence of wet years, and therefore occasional droughts will not lastingly influence the question of water supply. But other circumstances threaten to affect it seriously. The problem before us is not merely how to provide for some twenty millions of inhabitants, but how to provide for the natural increase of these millions according to the ascertained ratio of addition, for every flourishing town must meet an annually increasing demand. The population of Birmingham, for instance, according to the census of 1861, was 296,076. Suppose all these inhabitants supplied, still as 5,000 are annually added, it is said, to the previous population, water must be found for these additions. This natural increase will be most strikingly displayed when we come to speak of the increasing population of London. The populousness, too, of our chief towns is often not merely the consequence of natural multiplication, but also of immigration to these principal seats of manufactures. In all such towns there will likewise be an increased demand for water in manufacturing processes. An additional 10 gallons per head

* Journal of the Society of Arts, No. 679. We have noticed a recent trial in the courts of law on this matter.

per diem is thought to be necessary for manufacturing towns. Great factories consume a very large amount of water. In the celebrated brewery of the Messrs. Guinness in Dublin, about 300 men are employed, through whose hands no less than 500,000 gallons of water daily pass, either in its natural or manufactured state. As breweries and other trades using ample water multiply, so will the necessity for water be more urgent, while every potable stream that moves or ministers to new mills upon its banks will, to that extent, be the less potable. Thus the advance of mechanical industry will destroy the purity of our rivers and at the same time increase the number who draw water from them.

Besides these causes there is another and important one which adds to the cry for more water. Not only does every additional person want a certain quantity, but every additional individual tends to require more water than any of his predecessors. The diffusion of care and cleanliness of body makes one man use perhaps twice as much water as any of his ancestors; and the more confidently men believe that cleanliness is next to godliness, the more ample will be their ablutions. Probably our forefathers used as little of the pure liquid as some of the less cultivated nations of Europe at this day; but although it is impossible to discover what have been the actual rate of increase in ablutions and detergent processes, yet we trace the effect in the remarkable diminution in certain once-prevalent diseases. A very short time ago the amount of water deemed necessary per individual was far less than at present. In the case of Glasgow, we find that in 1838 the quantity of water used per head per diem over the whole population was 26 gallons, and that was thought at the period to be a liberal supply. In 1845, however, the quantity rose to 30 gallons a day. In 1852 it increased to 35 gallons per head on the north side of the river supplied from the Glasgow works, and to 38 gallons per head on the Gorbals side. This last was regarded as a large supply, and when the Loch Katrine scheme was adopted, 40 gallons per head was viewed as the extreme. Yet now the amount delivered is 45 gallons per head per diem. In all, no less than 20,000,000 gallons were daily supplied two or three years ago, and in 1864 the total supply during the first six months of the year averaged 19,100,000 gallons per diem from Loch Katrine, and on the south side of the river 3,400,000 gallons from the Gorbals waterworks, amounting together to 22,500,000 gallons of water every day distributed to a population of about 485,000 persons. After 45 gallons were distributed to each individual, 3½ gallons were sold by

meter for purposes of trade, leaving $41\frac{1}{2}$ gallons to each person for domestic use. It is fortunate that we can obtain these details respecting so important and so quickly increasing a city as Glasgow, as they clearly show the rapid ratio of augmentation in the demands for water in a flourishing and manufacturing city. Much the same will be the effect of increase in all similar cities and towns, and, doubtless, every one of them will have to consider their reserved capital of water, and to estimate the consequences of multiplied draughts upon it in the years to come.

Confining our attention primarily to the great problem of supplying abundant soft and pure water to the Metropolis, we shall merely advert in passing to other cities and towns. In the first place, we shall proceed to consider the rapid increase in the demands of the Metropolis, and the sufficiency or insufficiency of the supply delivered during recent years and at the present period, subsequently glancing at the probable necessities of the Metropolis of the future.

In 1850, the Report by the General Board of Health on the Supply of Water to the Metropolis stated, as the result of numerous inquiries and investigations, that the total daily quantity required was 44,000,000 gallons; and the total daily quantity actually delivered by the various companies appears to have been 40,383,332 gallons. In 1856 the daily delivery had reached 81,000,000 gallons, having nearly doubled itself in the short space of six years.* Various Acts of Parliament were passed in 1852, authorising the withdrawal of water from the Thames to the maximum amount of 100,000,000 gallons per diem. There are now many days, as Mr. Bateman believes, in which between 60,000,000 and 70,000,000 gallons are abstracted from the river, although the average daily abstraction, including Sundays, does not amount to 60,000,000 gallons. But the entire eight water companies at present jointly pour every day into the Metropolis and its immediate suburbs, on an average, not much less than 100,000,000 gallons of water†—a quantity which any curious calculator might render

* Report on Water Supply to Right Hon. William Cowper, 21st July, 1856. Mr. Mylne, in a note to his Map of the London Water Companies in 1856, gives $87\frac{1}{2}$ millions as the maximum.

† In an approximate estimate for 1865, by Mr. Bateman, the gross daily quantity is stated to be 108,500,000 gallons. In the returns made by the Water Companies for January, 1866, to the Registrar-General, the average daily supply is 78,588,211 gallons. Both computations include the supply for manufactories and for various purposes besides domestic consumption.

appreciable by comparing it with the capacity of our largest public buildings. It would probably more than twice fill the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Is this great delivery of water sufficient for all the wants of our large Metropolis? This question can only receive an approximate answer. The water companies are, and have been, engaged in meeting not a fixed but a continually increasing demand. Enough water for any one or two years may be far from enough for succeeding years; and, as already shown, these companies are annually approaching nearer to the limits of their powers and privileges. They are not merely providing for a fixed ratio of natural increase in population, but for a rapid acceleration of demand, depending not simply on the expected additional number of individuals in the population, but also on the additional requirements of each coming generation beyond those of its predecessor; so that in 1856 the companies thought they achieved much when they delivered from 20 to 25 gallons per head per diem. In January last they returned their daily average delivery as 206 gallons per house (including manufactories), or 26 gallons to each person. Perhaps as far as concerns the first and second class dwellings, in and around the Metropolis, the several companies furnish on the average a fair supply. They have peculiar difficulties to contend with in their respective distributions of water, arising from the frequently varying density of population. In reference to certain localities they have to engage their resources to meet altering circumstances, and these resources must be proportionately ample in order to be readily applicable.

If we confine our attention to the superior residences and wealthier quarters of London and its suburbs, and point to our bath-rooms and high-service water arrangements as fair specimens of the improved supply of water in our day, we shall grossly deceive ourselves by selecting the very best, and ignoring the worst. The deficiency of water in many, if not most of the poorest and most thickly peopled districts in the Metropolis is notorious, or ought to be made notorious. Every benevolent visitor, every town or city missionary, every medical practitioner in such districts can testify to this deficiency. Many have done so, but their voice is scarcely heard by the great public. It is only when a professional man like Dr. Horace Jeaffreson (late resident medical officer to the Fever Hospital) investigates the course and cause of fever, and gives the result to the world, that it really learns what should arrest attention. Let this gentleman's testimony on the subject, as

recently given, be read by all who have not already perused it.

'Guided by my knowledge of the main centres of the typhus infection, I have lately made, as closely as it was possible for one person to do, a house to house inspection of the worst quarters of Lambeth, St. George's, Southwark; Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, Bethnal-green, St. Luke's, Middlesex; St. Pancras, and St. Giles.

'First, as regards the water supply of these typhus nests. This is extremely deficient. Those houses the best supplied have each a butt, holding about 80 gallons, into which water flows from a stand-pipe for from ten minutes to half an hour each day, and is supposed to supply the wants of 20 persons for cooking, the washing of their persons, house, and linen, and for the rinsing down of the w.c. at such times as it may suit the caprice of any one of the inmates.

'At other places a larger butt, but in relation to the number of persons proportionally smaller, supplies a whole court of ten or more three-roomed houses, which have no back yards, and a population of 150 people—members of 30 different families. On Sundays even this supply is absent, the water of the day before is gone, and in many houses that for the Sunday cooking has to be begged from neighbours who may have provided themselves with a larger butt, who are more provident or more dirty. Sometimes for part of Sunday and Monday a whole court has to borrow for their scant necessities from a "Public" at the corner. Thus the day of all others, when the homes of the poor are crowded, the means of cleanliness and comfort are even less than on the working days, while in those instances where continuous week-day toil precludes the house-wife from cleaning on any day but Sunday she finds it impossible to make up the compulsory neglect of the week. More than nine-tenths of these water-butts have no covers, and fully half are so placed as to catch the drippings from the foul eaves of the houses, and are lined internally with scum and slimy vegetation. More than a few are so rotten that one's finger can be pushed through them, and they allow the water to run rapidly off—an evil for which there is some consolation, as it is better than that the water should be swallowed after it has imbibed the sippy sewage, sometimes of the foulest description, in which the water-butts not unfrequently stand. In some courts and alleys not even such appliances are to be found. Several such containing say eight two-roomed houses and 64 inhabitants are thus supplied:—A half-inch pipe projects a few inches through the wall of the court, so that any small can or tub may be placed under it, on the sippy ground, by such of the inhabitants as possess them, for the purpose of catching the water which flows for 20 minutes only in the course of the day. Those who have no vessels, or are out, or not up as early as the water flows, must go entirely without. Large numbers of the poor are indignant and complain of such a state of things, while others, a minority, I am glad to say, have come to acquiesce in that for which they see no hope of remedy.' (*Letter in the 'Times', 3rd January, 1866.*)

We fully believe that similar conditions would be found to prevail in nearly all the similar districts of London, and sometimes in places where they would not be expected. From the inquiries we have recently made, we conclude that in respect of water the rookeries, courts, alleys, and narrow streets of old London are miserably defective. Twelve years ago, Mr. George Godwin laid before the public some information on this subject in his 'London Shadows.' Referring to the disgraceful condition of the 'Coal Yard,' at the top of Drury Lane—a spot near which the Great Plague of 1665 made its first appearance, this gentleman says:—

'At a recent visit the place seemed even worse than formerly. At one end of these dwellings is a building occupied by the parish poor, and here a fire-engine is kept. At the time of our visit, about four o'clock on one Saturday evening, the people opposite this place complained of their neglected condition and inadequate supply of water. They had none in their tank. Suddenly a cry of fire was raised, and the engine was brought forth for use. "Thank God!" said one of the women, "there is a fire: we will soon get some water." Presently the water ran into the empty tank, the turncock not being able to prevent it from coming into the houses at the time he supplied the engines. Surely they must be ill supplied with water—one of the greatest necessities of life—when they "thanked God for a fire."

The same observer adds:—

'At 18 Rose-street (a place near Covent Garden, with several narrow passages, thickly inhabited by a poor and bad class) they said, "We don't have a drop of water on the Sunday; we have to go to Covent Garden." There are eight rooms in this house, each let to separate families: although we did not get at the exact numbers, we may at the very least put the population, even at present, as five in each room; that will give forty persons; the water-cask would contain 120 gallons, and is filled on each Saturday afternoon between three and four o'clock. There is then no further supply until Monday about the same hour—about forty-eight hours! "But," says an inhabitant, "go to the other house, sir; the poor craters there are actually starving for want of water." The premises in which these water-starved people live belong to eminent brewers. Inquire in this description of neighbourhood where you please, and the answer will be, "We have no water on Sunday; we are obliged to beg for it." "The poor creatures," said one, "do not know what to do for water on a Sunday; it is very troublesome, but one cannot refuse them water: bless you, they come begging and begging until I am often without myself."

In Wild-passage, Drury Lane, the people said they had 'a very bad supply of water, and on Sundays no water at all.' They 'have to hunt for it on Sundays,' and even on the week-

days they are often without water.' In one house they had not had water for six weeks, and in another house the water-cask, dust-bin, and closet, were found in a cellar. Such instances might be multiplied, and let it be understood that to this day many of the dense clusters of poor inhabitants flanking our most populous thoroughfares, and lying at the back of our intended new law courts and the districts for lawyers' chambers, are ill supplied with water on week-days and totally unprovided with incoming water on Sundays.

Those who wish to become acquainted with the actual state of the metropolitan hovels to which we have alluded cannot do better than refer to Mr. Godwin's more recent publication, entitled '*Another Blow for Life,*' from which we cite the following instructive passage (p. 53):—

'In most of the courts and narrow passages which are teeming with human life, the manner of the water supply, notwithstanding all that has been said, is in most respects not better than it was seven or eight years ago. In the afternoon those who pass that way may see, in looking up the narrow entrances of these courts, crowds of women and children; and on making a closer inspection will find that there are from twenty-five to thirty people, provided with bottles, pails, tubs, tea-kettles, broken jugs, and other vessels. These people will tell you that they have not a drop of water in their houses; if you seem to doubt their word they will take you to their miserable homes and show you that this is the fact; and you might examine twenty of these rooms at from two till past three o'clock and not find any water in nineteen of them. The groups to which we have referred are waiting for the turncock to make the water flow from the main; and it is necessary to be in time, for many want to be supplied, and it only runs twenty minutes. At length the water issues from a lead pipe of not more than half an inch in diameter. So small is the stream that it is difficult even for those who are provided with proper vessels to get what is wanted; and some are so ill off in this respect that they are not able to collect more than a gallon of water. How can the skin, the clothes, or the rooms be kept decent under such circumstances? At the best these arrangements are bad; for, as our readers know, even if there be enough water taken into these apartments, the atmosphere is so vitiated that the water is spoiled and rendered unwholesome in a few hours. Even the placing of cisterns in such situations is not good, for the air is loaded with pollution. It is surely time that the disgraceful state of affairs to which we have pointed was ended. The loss, if any, to the water companies by adopting better arrangements would not be felt. It is, however, more the duty of those who own and let these premises to ensure a proper supply of water by the payment to the companies of a sufficient sum for the purpose. Drinking-fountains have been placed in our highways and byways; but in some of the dark courts and lanes pure water is as scarce as it is on

board an emigrant-ship during a long voyage. Careful inquiry in various districts shows us that this evil is extensive, and that it needs a speedy remedy.'

Even in the City proper, where the authorities may be presumed to be omnipotent and omnipresent, similar conditions obtained up to a period of fifteen years ago. We may adduce the testimony of Mr. Simon when he was medical officer of health to the City, as not merely descriptive of the past, but of the present also in some of the worst London localities. In 1849 he reported thus:—

'In the city of London the supply of water is but a portion of what it should be. Thousands of the population have no supply of it to houses where they dwell. For the possession of this first necessary of social life such persons wholly depend on their power of attending at some fixed hour in the day, pail in hand, beside the nearest standcock; where, with their neighbours, they wait their turn—sometimes not without a struggle, during the tedious dribbling of a single small pipe. Sometimes there is a partial improvement on this plan; a group of houses will have a butt or cistern for the common use of some scores of inmates, who thus are saved the necessity of waiting at a standcock, but who still remain most insufficiently supplied with water. Next in the scale of improvement we find water-pipes laid on to the houses; but the water is turned on only for a few hours in the week, so that all who care to be adequately supplied with it must be supplied with very spacious receptacles. Such receptacles are sometimes provided; and in these, which are often of the most objectionable description, water is retained for the purpose of diet and washing during a period which varies from twenty-four to seventy-two hours. One of the most important purposes of a water supply seems almost wholly abandoned—that, namely, of leaving a large quantity daily devoted to cleanse and clear the house drains and sewers; and in many cases, where a waste-pipe has been conducted from the water-butt to the closet, the arrangement is one which gives to the drainage little advantage of water, while it communicates to the water a well-marked flavour of drainage.

'I consider the system of intermittent water supply to be radically bad; not only because it is a system of stint in what ought to be lavishly bestowed, but also because of the necessity which it creates that large and extensive receptacles should be provided, and because of the liability to contamination incurred by water which has to be retained often during a considerable period. In inspecting the courts of the City, one constantly sees butts for the reception of water, either public or in the open yards of the houses, or sometimes in their cellars; and these butts dirty, mouldering, and coverless, receiving soot and other impurities from the air, absorbing stench from the adjacent cesspool, inviting filth from insects, vermin, sparrows, cats, and children, their contents often augmented through a

rain-water pipe by the washings of the roof, and every hour becoming fustier and more offensive. Nothing can be less like what water should be than the fluid obtained under such circumstances, and one hardly knows whether this arrangement can be considered preferable to the precarious chance of scuffling or dawdling at a standcock. It may be doubted, too, whether even in a far better class of houses the tenants' water supply can be pronounced good. The cisternage is better, and all arrangements connected with it are generally such as to protect it from the grosser impurities which defile the water-butts of the poor; but the long retention of water in leaden cisterns impairs its fitness for drinking, and the quantity which any moderate cistern will contain is very generally insufficient for the requirements of the house during the intervals of supply.*

Let no one be deluded into the opinion that all these evils are cured in the City. So lately as 1863-4, Dr. Letheby reports:—

'At present the denizens of the worst districts of the City are so little accustomed to a decent home that their habits are but little removed from those of the untutored savage, and all our efforts at sanitary improvement are frustrated by ignorance and carelessness. Every sanitary appliance is abused, water-butts and cisterns are broken, pipes and taps stolen, drains purposely stopped up, closets intentionally fouled, and the dust and refuse of the house cast into every out-of-the-way corner.'

Even as recently as September 1865 we find that the water supply of the City was not perfected, for in his Report for the quarter ending in that month Dr. Letheby states that he had given forty-two orders for amendment of water supply.

Wherever the blame of inadequate water supply to the London poor may rest (and it appears to rest with the proprietors more than the water companies), the undeniable fact is that notwithstanding the vaunted 26 gallons per head per diem, declared to be furnished to Londoners, thousands of the poor get but little of it directly any day, and none at all on Sundays. Precisely those places which ought to be abun-

* Report on the Sanitary Condition of the City of London for the Year 1848-9, by John Simon, F.R.S. Special investigations were made in February 1850 into the condition of the domestic water supply of houses within the City, when the various returns showed that there were 505 houses which had no separate supply, but were dependent on stand-pipes or 'common cocks;' and that 65 houses which had separate and distinct water supply were without cisternage of any description, making a total of 570 houses out of the 16,300 houses within the city of London, or about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the whole, which were without fixed receptacles for storage of water between the hours of daily supply.

dantly supplied are those which have least, and precisely upon that day of all the seven when the poor and labouring population may be supposed to be most willing to wash, they have little or no water.

Yet to say that the chief remedy for these evils is a more abundant supply, would but render our argument more cogent in relation to the necessity for larger aqueous resources. Whenever, if ever, the poor of these densely thronged spots are copiously provided with water, just so much more water will be required. The present scarcity is the measure of future need, unless a strict and conscientious economy in the household use of water (a thing greatly to be desired) should prevent that large waste of which authorities complain.

If there be insufficiency in the present supply, and if the water companies have been yearly approaching nearer to their existing limits as respects the Thames, they must necessarily have been expending more capital; and accordingly we find that since the year 1852, when they were compelled to resort to higher parts of the river, and to effect various improvements, they have laid out nearly 4,000,000*l.* in the extension and alteration of their works. This additional outlay has not yet met with the reward their shareholders desire—enlarged dividends; for, with one or two exceptions, the percentage rate of their dividends remains nearly unaltered, notwithstanding a largely increased consumption. Their officers attribute this to the great immediate cost of the works and the slow rate of return by consumption. It is not, therefore, to be expected that these companies will proceed much further in additional expenditure at the present rates. The pecuniary interests, however, which they represent are very large: the annual gross revenue of the seven principal London companies in 1864 was 702,059*l.*; the working expenses were 275,547*l.*, and the amount actually paid in dividends, and interest on borrowed money was, in the same year, 404,585*l.* The magnitude of the enterprise of these companies is a commercial wonder little regarded. Last year they are supposed to have delivered daily 108,500,000 gallons of water in the gross, to have supplied 470,000 houses through mains and branches extending over 3,290 miles, and to have had at their command an aggregate nominal steam power equal to 10,790 horses. It is needless to add that no parallel to this is to be found elsewhere in the world.

In looking forwards, what can the existing London companies, with all their means and appliances, expect to accomplish for the future London and its suburbs? Let this be seriously

considered, and let us conjecture what the demands upon these companies will become? And first, what will be the numbers of the population to be supplied?

Now the year 1861—the date of the last official census—the population within the Metropolitan Police District* was 3,110,654 persons. In the City of London Police District it was 112,063 persons. In all, therefore, the entire Metropolitan population amounted to 3,222,717 souls. It has been found that this population has doubled itself in forty years, and that the mean annual ratio of increase is about two per cent. Unless there be retarding elements in the future progress, we may fairly assume that about the commencement of the next century the entire Metropolitan population will be between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000. The present inhabitants are supposed to be inadequately supplied with water, and, from what has been said, it is presumed that they daily consume, in round numbers, 100,000,000 gallons. In forty years more, therefore, we may need about 200,000,000 gallons of water daily, at the most moderate computation. Looking, however, at the continuously increasing amount of water which house-baths and advancing cleanliness and luxury require, we may perhaps assume that an additional 10,000,000 or even 20,000,000 gallons must be allowed in every future twenty or forty years, beyond what is required for the natural increase of population. We shall not err, then, in predicting that, at no very distant period 220,000,000 gallons of water must be daily at our command for the future Metropolis.

Two hundred million gallons of good pure water to be delivered to the Metropolitan population every day, within a period to which some of us may expect to live, is surely a momentous matter; and we may naturally and anxiously ask—Where is this vast amount of water to come from? and then, How will our successors deal with their largely augmented numbers and requirements? Now, as the New River Company already delivers the largest quantity of any—namely from 23,000,000 to 30,000,000 gallons—much more cannot be obtained from the same sources. Nor can the rivers Lea and Ravensbourne be much more deeply drawn from than at

* Including the whole of Middlesex, exclusive of the City or Municipal London, and the surrounding parishes in the Home Counties, of which any part is within 12 miles from Charing Cross, and those also of which any part is not more than 15 miles in a straight line from Charing Cross. At present the population within the area of a radius of 15 miles from Charing Cross, or the district patrolled by the Metropolitan police, is 3,469,771.

present. With reference to the Thames, let us now carefully inquire whether it is feasible to take considerably greater supplies from that river, even if permitted. The five great companies which draw their supply from the Thames, and which are supposed to take an average approaching to 60,000,000 gallons every day, must, as we have intimated, sooner or later arrive at the maximum up to which they are at present empowered. What then will remain? We must measure the quantity passing over Teddington Weir to obtain an answer. Now, the Engineer to the Conservators of the Thames tells us that he believes the smallest quantity which fell over the Weir in the dry season of 1864, in one day, was about 380,000,000 gallons, after the water companies had taken their supply. But during last year, and in the month of September, the river was carefully measured above the Waterworks at Hampton, and it was found that, for a considerable period, the daily quantity had scarcely exceeded 300,000,000 gallons. Presuming that the abstraction of the water companies varies between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000 gallons, there would remain from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 gallons before the maximum allowance to the companies is withdrawn. After the withdrawal of that maximum, there would seldom remain, in similar seasons, above 300,000,000 gallons of water at Hampton, or falling over Teddington Weir. Although this is an extreme case, it suggests the peril of an increased demand upon a river where its waters are certainly not increasing. Even the amount now daily withdrawn would have sensibly lowered its level in summer, had not the Corporation of London commenced, and the Thames Conservators completed, certain works with the special object of preventing such lowering. They built three locks at a lower level, and dredged the river, and the water companies make agreed payments to reimburse their outlay. Had these measures not been taken, the daily abstraction of water would have so reduced the depths in the channels, that the navigation of the river could only have been carried on with difficulty.

But apart from dry seasons, there is reason to think that, from various causes, our great river is lessening in volume. Navigators upon it and millers near it believe this, and evidence to this effect has recently been given before the River Commission upon the pollution of rivers. A combination of causes may tend to this diminution of volume, the Thames being a very free and unprotected river. The Conservators have only authority over that portion which runs between London Bridge and Staines—that is, thirty-six miles of the

upper navigation. The works for navigation above Staines are generally in a most dilapidated state, and some in a highly dangerous condition. The stoppage of the navigation might lead to the silting up of the channel of the river; and if the channel were silted up, the escape of flood-water would be impeded, the river would find what channels it could, and uncertain and much abridged supplies of the flowing volume must follow. No less than 152 miles of the river are subject to the action of weirs, in which insufficient provision is made for the escape of land-floods; nor is it a trifling evil that, in the less navigated portions of the river an extraordinary and luxuriant growth of weeds follows upon the decline of the barge traffic. In some localities the weeds have grown so rank as to cover the whole bed and surface of the river; indeed it is not improbable that, if this evil growth is suffered to continue unchecked, it may lead to the silting up of channels and affect the purity of the water. A certain occasional bitter taste may be due to these weeds, and their decay in autumn cannot but be prejudicial. Stop or impede the navigation, leave things as they are, do nothing to purify or improve, and soon the noble classic Thames would, in its upper stream, become little better than a great ditch.

More water might, indeed, come down in winter time, but certainly less would flow in summer; that is, when most is wanted least would come. The floods, like those which were experienced at the commencement of this year, would far and wide overspread the lands, and in seasons of drought there would be no reserves. If the water companies purpose to draw more water from the Thames, let them look in time to the formation of storage reservoirs. These, indeed, have been desired by the Engineer to the Chelsea and Lambeth Water Companies as 'one of the greatest gifts for this river we could have; we should by that means prevent the excess of floods and increase the normal flow, and instead of having that extreme shortness of water we now experience, we should have (I think I am not too sanguine in what I say) from fifty to sixty million gallons a day, which would be an immense gift to the river.*' The absence of such reservoirs is too plain a proof of the neglect of our noble river. As to expense, an outlay of about 100,000*l.* would go far to the formation of sufficient reservoirs, by which the navigation would be improved, and the supply of water to London economised and equalised.

* Mr. Simpson, in evidence to the Select Committee on the Thames River, May 1864.

Even supposing that a sufficient quantity of water could be procured from the Thames without serious diminution of the volume of the river, the further and highly important question arises—Would such water be desirable and safely drinkable? What has already been advanced upon the condition of the upper Thames in respect of navigation strongly tends to a negative reply, and this will be confirmed by a little more detail of what has been lately ascertained. Although the upper Thames is not so disgracefully foul as some of our other principal rivers, yet as compared with any standard of pure drinking-water it cannot be commended. A vast and increasing quantity of sewage falls into it from the towns adjacent to it. It is known that there are fifty-six towns within the basin of the Thames above the Chelsea and other west-end metropolitan waterworks' pumping stations at Hampton. Unfortunately, the more these towns improve in sanitary arrangements the more sewage do they discharge into the Thames. The river becomes more impure in proportion as these towns become less impure. Reading and Oxford may be rendered all that sanitarians could desire, but then the Thames must bear the whole obnoxious burden which the zealous townsmen have dislodged and cast upon it.

Here we have a striking instance of the partial evil which may spring from even our most laudable ameliorations. Gigantic efforts have been recently carried forward to relieve the Thames of the huge pollutions of the Metropolis, and now that the Main Drainage works are approaching completion, and that the great river is about to be purified at a cost of nearly four-and-a-half millions of money; now that our citizens are boasting of its approaching purity, and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has inaugurated the undertaking by publicly opening the Main Drainage works in the presence of a brilliant assembly; at this very time we are beginning to see that only half our work is in hand, and that the fifty-six towns upon the upper Thames are to some extent rendering nugatory the great undertaking below them. They are sending their sewage into the river above its tidal influence, and fouling at one end while the Board of Works are purifying at the other. Evermore polluting this stream, and draining more or less directly their dejections into it, are about 1,000,000 of unheeding people, of whom 600,000 or 700,000 are congregated in large towns and villages. The population of these may increase in time, so too will their sewage, and so in like manner the pollution of our great drinking-fountain.

No doubt the higher the water companies go up the Thames

for their supply, the freer from artificial contamination will the water be; but this is only a question of degree. Particularising the several water companies and the precise locality of their supplies as taken from the Thames and other rivers in 1854, Dr. R. D. Thomson said:—

‘Of all these waters it may be generally premised that they were characterised by the formation of a deposit on standing, consisting principally of vegetable organisms mixed with abundance of animal life, when examined with microscopical assistance. By the examination of the waters, satisfactory evidence has been obtained that living growths exist in the waters supplied to the Metropolis in the interval between the filter and the consumer, and, therefore, beyond the influence of engineering talent to check or stay by the present arrangements. The conclusion seems inevitable that the water of the Thames, even when purified as we may expect by the most delicate and refined adaptations of modern mechanism, still retain in their chemical constitution, a condition which renders them fertile creative sources of vegetable and animal life.’

When these words were written the companies had taken water below Thames Ditton, but were anticipating limitations to send them all above that place. Referring to this, Dr. Thomson adds:—‘Even water derived from the Thames at the point from which the water of that river is soon to be entirely taken for the supply of London, contains matters which show that it is subject to contamination by most objectionable impurities. The water distributed to the Metropolis, when compared with that of many other towns, stands low in the scale of purity and wholesomeness.’*

*On consulting a table exhibiting the degrees of impurity in waters used for the supply of various towns, we observe that, starting from distilled water at zero, the water of Loch Katrine had 2 degrees of impurity, that of the Tay at Perth 5·5 degrees, that of the Clyde 9·57, that of the Tyne at Newcastle 11·16, and that of the Thames at Thames Ditton 15·52 degrees, when examined in 1854. These figures represent the total impurity, and this has been represented in a table by Mr. Bateman, showing the analysis of the waters as supplied to the Metropolis by the water companies in 1856, 1862, 1863 and 1865; from which we learn that the highest total impurity was rather more than twenty-two grains per gallon, and the lowest rather more than sixteen grains per gallon, a general decrease taking place in the later years. Of this total the included organic impurity was from two grains to one grain per gallon, some of the companies being in 1863 considerably below the one grain. One advantage of a long-continued drought is that it improves the quality of the water, while rain brings an opposite result. In the analysis of the London water for February last we see that the amount of organic and other

The most important and the most noxious impurity in water is that arising from organic matter—which may exist in several forms or states—either as dead or living matter, as vegetable or animal, solid or fluid. No constituents enter into the composition of chemically pure water out of which living organic productions can be developed, or sustained if developed. Therefore the presence of these is evidence of contamination with nitrogenous matter—nitrogen being the distinguishing characteristic of organic and especially of animal bodies—and, as a consequence, evidence of impurity. Since, likewise, the majority of organic productions are nourished by imbibition, their existence in water implies the presence of organic matter in a fluid state, capable of being absorbed into and of sustaining their systems. Animalcules indicate a greater degree of positive impurity, because they contain a much larger proportion of nitrogenized material than vegetables. As water consists of hydrogen and oxygen chemically combined in a definite proportion, whatever matters besides these two elements are contained in it are really extraneous to it, and may be injurious in proportion to their amount and character. It becomes of great importance not only to ascertain the total impurities of water but especially the amount of organic impurity, that being the most perilous and pernicious to the human frame by imbibition.

Dr. Hassall affirmed in evidence on the Cheltenham Water Bill, that waters contaminated with sewage were totally unfit for human drinking, and further remarked,—

‘I entertain, also, the opinion that river waters in general are very unfit for drinking purposes, and for this reason, first, rivers are required as the common sewers of the places through which they pass, and are exposed to a great variety of sources of contamination. There is another reason—river water contains organic matter; and as to one sample of the water sent to me, I am satisfied I should not be exaggerating if I were to say this, that two gallons of water contained a sufficient number of organic matters to furnish materials for the writing of an octavo volume; one of these is in the form of a worm, and I think the fact of the presence of any such worm in water alone ought to condemn its use for drinking purposes. I had two samples of filtered Severn water, and both of those contained many organic productions, and contained a good many of these worms that I have spoken of.’

volatile matter had increased and was in two instances as high as 2.0 and 2.59. This technical tabulation may be thus explained:—Taking 100,000 pounds of Chelsea water in February, they contained 31.14 pounds of solid matter, from which two pounds of organic and other volatile matter were driven off by the process of incineration. Twenty-one pounds were carbonate of lime, or its equivalent.

Three other samples of filtered Severn water from the main at Worcester had been in like manner examined by Dr. Hassall, and pronounced as certainly unfit for human consumption.

An instructive series of observations on the pollution of rivers by the sewage of towns has been undertaken by Dr. Stevenson Macadam*, with special reference to the contamination of the water of Leith by the sewage of Edinburgh and Leith, such sewage coming from about one hundred thousand inhabitants. The object was to discover if any, and what, diminution of oxygen followed the influx of the sewage. All healthy waters contain an amount of oxygen dissolved therein equal to 29 per cent. of the entire volume of gases held in solution. This is true of spring-water supplied to Edinburgh, and also true of the sources of the water of Leith. Such oxygen dissolved in pure ordinary waters assists in the decomposition of any organic matter which may pass into them, and is a natural purifier. Now, when the sewage of the hundred thousand people had mingled with the water of Leith, the observer found that the oxygen in the main stream, instead of approaching to 29 per cent. of the volume of gases, had fallen to 10·20, and even as low as 4·10 per cent. ; that is, in one place it was about one-third only of its full normal amount, and in another place only a little more than one-seventh of the same. Here then were waters so befouled by sewage as to be thoroughly corrupted.

Although there is much delicacy in chemically analysing and precisely determining the amount of organic impurity in different waters, fortunately the microscope presents us with a certain method of ascertaining, and also of representing visibly to others, the prevalence and the character of aqueous organisms. This Dr. Hassall effectively did in his inquiries and in his Report in 1854, with relation to Metropolitan drinking waters. He obtained samples of water from the cisterns of houses in which one or more deaths from cholera had occurred; the samples being in many cases procured from localities in which the disease was at its height, and from districts most severely assailed by the epidemic. These specimens included the waters of several different companies; some coming from the sources of supply, some from service-pipes, and some from wells and pumps at the time and in the neighbourhood in which cholera was prevalent; some were procured from deeper springs in and near London; in order to serve as standards of comparison. A few samples,

* Report of British Association, 1864.

finally, were taken from tanks, water-butts, and cisterns, with a view of showing the effect of those receptacles on the state of the water stored therein. Numerous illustrations make manifest the result of these examinations*, and so well performed do they appear that no more instructive inquiries of a similar nature can be desired. The conclusion was that the waters supplied by the different Metropolitan water companies, both during the period when the cholera epidemic prevailed and subsequently, 'were very far from possessing the requisite purity in consequence of the large quantity of organic matter (which is the worst contamination to which water can be subjected) contained in them. Even in the water supplied by the Lambeth Company, which is comparatively the purest of the whole, organic productions, dead and living, animal and vegetable, are found in not inconsiderable numbers; and this water furnishes the type of that with which, in 1855, the greater part of London and its vicinity will be supplied in accordance with the recent Act by which the water supply of the Metropolis was regulated. The Metropolis then, after that year, will still continue to be supplied with river waters containing various kinds of organic matter, including numerous living productions.' The observer further remarks, that the present condition of the water supply of the Metropolis is not satisfactory, and that it is but little probable that it will be so at the expiration of the period above referred to. Referring to the entire samples of water taken from the Thames, the New River, and the Lea, Dr. Hassall repeats,—

'Organic matter, both dead and living, animal and vegetable, was present in very considerable amount. Living animal and vegetable productions were present in great numbers, and these not merely in deposit, but in nearly every drop of each of the waters after they had stood the usual time, and after all but the lightest solid matter and the more active living infusoria had subsided. Nearly all, if not the whole, of the living productions noticed, infusoria, diatomaceæ, and diomedææ, belonged to genera and species which have been long known, and which have been described in systematic works for years; moreover, the great majority of them are present in impure waters at nearly all times and seasons.'

While guarding himself by stating 'that in none of the waters was anything observed which could be supposed to exert any specific effect in the production of cholera,' Dr. Hassall proceeds to remark,—

* General Board of Health, Appendix to Report of the Committee for Scientific Inquiries in Relation to the Cholera Epidemic of 1854.

‘Some idea of the quantity of organic matter present in the water of the Thames near London may be obtained in the following simple manner:—If a little of the sediment, after being well dried, be held up for a minute or two over the flame of a candle it will emit an odour which is most disagreeable and disgusting, arising from the evolution of gases from the decomposition of the organic matter.’

These quotations will sufficiently demonstrate the dangerous impurity of Thames water near the Metropolis. The citations preceding these will also show that, although we escape some pollution by ascending the river, we by no means escape it all. While the lower Thames is decidedly undrinkable, the upper Thames is at least questionable. Receiving the sewage of so many towns, and the refuse of so many mills, were its waters subjected to an equally rigorous chemical and microscopical examination by equally competent observers, it appears extremely doubtful whether we should be content to drink them. True, out of the total quantity delivered each individual may drink but little, yet that little, like small doses of poison often repeated, may work considerable though unsuspected evil.*

Let it be remembered, also, that this is a daily increasing evil while the river-side populations exercise a right of discharging their sewage into the Thames. As before hinted with reference to Reading and Oxford, the advantage gained by these towns in making a sewerage outfall into the river will be counterbalanced by the loss to the still larger public below them. The change is merely from an unwholesome house to a polluted water service, and that which would have been poison to inhale returns as poison to drink. This is an exchange which at present affects considerable populations. The stress and stimulus of modern sanitary reform has been towards house drainage at the cost of river pollution. The latter has been the last mischief to excite attention; and unless a stringent remedy be devised, just as town drainage extends, the various populations dwelling by the sides of the receiving rivers will obtain continually deteriorated water. The only apparent remedy is the systematic employment of diverted sewage in agriculture.

There is now no occasion to repeat further details of the investigations made by the now defunct General Board of Health when in full activity, or of the Report of its Committee for Scientific Purposes during the cholera epidemic in London

* In January last (and we believe at other times) the waters of the Chelsea, Southwark, Lambeth, New River, and East London Companies, were turbid when drawn from the Companies' mains.

in 1853-4, but the results of all these investigations firmly established both the impurity of our water supply and the importance of its purity. One passage of the Report will support this opinion:—

‘The admixture of decomposing organic matter in the water supply of the Metropolis being attested equally by chemical analysis and by the microscopical evidence just adduced, we do not hesitate to speak of this contamination as one that may have exercised great influence on the spread of cholera among the population. The general history of this disease establishes its decided preference for localities that are foetid with organic impurity; and it is impossible to conceive either any specific chemical changes arising in the air of a district, or any morbid action excitable by it in the living body, such changes or such action being due to its contamination by dead organic admixture, without recognising that the water of the district likewise—great solvent of air as it is—must, if similarly polluted, be liable to undergo the same alteration, and to originate the same effects, as the atmosphere around it. The present state of scientific knowledge does not justify dogmatic assertions on this subject; but there are many reasons for believing, in respect not only of cholera, but of many kindred diseases, that the means and agencies of morbid infection stand in intimate relation to decaying animal products within and without the body; and the slightest taint of organic decomposition within the drinking water of a large population therefore constitutes a danger which we cannot but regard with as much alarm as disgust.’

No evidence of the truth of such views could be more convincing than that which was derived from the facts relating to the visitation of cholera in London in 1853-4, when it was clearly ascertained that a very large population drinking foul water suffered from the epidemic more than three times as much as a similar population drinking cleaner water. The facts deserve to be cited in brief. The Lambeth Company pumped from a higher part of the river, but the Southwark and Vauxhall Company from the lower part. The former company furnished water as good as any at that time distributed in London; the other company provided what Mr. Simon termed ‘perhaps the filthiest stuff ever drunk by a ‘civilised community.’ It was found to be not only ‘brackish ‘with the influence of each tide, but also contaminated with ‘the outcomings of the Metropolis, swarming with infusorial ‘life and containing unmistakable molecules of excrement.’ In 24,854 houses supplied by the Lambeth Company, comprising a population of about 166,906 persons, there occurred 611 deaths from cholera, being at the rate of 37 to every 10,000 living persons. But in the 39,726 houses supplied by the Southwark and Vauxhall Company, comprising a population

of about 268,171 persons, 3,476 deaths took place, being at the rate of 130 to every 10,000 living. In effect, then, the drinkers of foul water suffered three and a half times as much mortality as the drinkers of superior water.

This conclusion was carefully arrived at, and the whole circumstance excited much attention at the time. A curious confirmation of the correctness of the deduction was derived from a contrast of the same two companies at a previous date, 1848-9, when the epidemic prevailed in the same districts. At that time the condition of these companies was reversed, for then the Lambeth Company was furnishing even a worse water than the Southwark and Vauxhall Company.

An examination and analysis of the death-registers showed that while in 1853-4, the Lambeth population did not suffer one third as much as its neighbours who drank the most polluted water, it likewise did not then suffer one third as much as it did at the time of its unreformed water supply. On the other hand, the Southwark and Vauxhall Company pumped in 1853-4 even a worse water than it pumped in 1848-9—worse because the larger population and more extended drainage had conveyed to it a denser sewage, and imparted a more injurious character. Therefore, as a consequence, the houses supplied by this latter company suffered about a 10 per cent. higher mortality in 1853-4 than in 1848-9. Reporting upon this inquiry, Mr. Simon remarks:—

‘Scarcely under any circumstances are the physiological sciences capable of greater certainty than that which seems to be here justified. An experiment at which mankind would have shuddered if its full meaning could have been prefigured to them, has been conducted during two epidemics of cholera on 500,000 human beings. One half of this multitude was doomed in both epidemics to drink the same fecalised water, and on both occasions to illustrate its fatal effects; while another section, freed in the second epidemic from that influence which had so aggravated the first, was happily enabled to evince, by a double contrast, the comparative immunity which a cleanlier beverage would give.

‘By this experiment it is rendered in the highest degree probable that of the 3,476 tenants of the Southwark, and Vauxhall Company who died of the cholera in 1853-4 two-thirds would have escaped if their water supply had been like their neighbours’; and that of the much larger number, tenants of both companies, who died in 1848-9, also two-thirds would have escaped if the Metropolis Water Act of 1852 had been enacted a few years earlier.’*

* Report on the late Two Cholera Epidemics of London, as affected by the Consumption of Impure Water, &c. 1856. Dr. Farr, likewise, in his Report on Cholera, 1848-9, testifies to the same truth.

Touching the impurity of our great Metropolitan river, we must record, as we have already hinted, our belief, that as compared with some other main British navigable rivers, it is by no means the worst. Certainly, in its upper portion it is almost purity itself, when contrasted with the befouled and sluggish rivers in some English counties. There are rivers near which immense factories have been planted, and from these come forth all imaginable refuse—all that is abominable goes directly into the water, and the more frequent the factories the fouler the rivers. Poisonous rejections, deadly chemicals, cinders, ashes, dust and dirt of all kinds, contaminate and discolour the adjacent streams. To dream of drinking from such waters is absurd; yet in some cases they are drawn upon for water supply—with what danger may be inferred from what we have already said.

Respecting one of our largest and finest rivers, the Severn, we fortunately had an opportunity of gathering information by the evidence offered in committee on the Cheltenham Water Works Bill last year. The portions of this evidence relating to the impurity of the Severn are so directly in point, that we shall advert to them, in confirmation of the views already expressed. The Severn in its course receives the drainage of Newtown, in Montgomeryshire, of Welshpool, Shrewsbury, Iron Bridge, Bridgenorth, Bewdley, Kidderminster, indirectly through the Staffordshire and Worcestershire Canal, Stourport, Worcester, and Upton. What must be its impurity after receiving the drainage of all these towns? It is in fact the main arterial sewer for the whole district of its watershed and its tributaries above Tewkesbury. The extent of this district is estimated as nearly approaching 6,000 square miles, while the population within it is estimated as about 950,000 persons. Here, then, is a great river into which eight tributaries enter above Tewkesbury, each of these eight having six or seven emptying themselves into it, and the whole pouring themselves unitedly into a vast main arterial district sewer for nearly a million of people dwelling all around this system of rivers. Is it possible that any great towns can drink from this river?

Let us listen to a witness who, from a professional connexion with it, has known the river for thirty-eight years. What said

Arranging the group of districts in London in the order of mortality, he found that the mortality from cholera was *lowest* in districts which had their water chiefly from the Thames so high in its course as Hammersmith and Kew, while it was *greatest* in those districts which derived it from the Thames so low down as Battersea and Hungerford Bridge.

Mr. Leader Williams in March 1865 before a Committee of the House of Commons on the Cheltenham Water Works Bill? Referring to its diminished state during the summer months, he observed:—

‘The water is more free, of course, from matters in suspension, because the matter in suspension is brought down by the freshes, but it becomes very much more impure in consequence of the quantity of the sewage discharged into it not being carried away. The sewage is retained in the pounds. The fact is that these pounds become very much charged with sewage matter. I could speak as to the four months from May to September, that the sewage discharged into the Severn immediately below my garden (and therefore I have every opportunity of judging of it) made the whole surface of the river there so impure that in the warm weather the gases were being discharged from the surface into the atmosphere in a way most serious. Last autumn the heavy fresh which came down after the four months of drought disturbed the sewage that had been brought down during these four months into these quiescent ponds, to such an extent that one-half of the stream of the river for 500 yards below the ventfall of the sewer before my garden was as black as this table, and the other half was pretty much the colour of the oak, being highly charged with the matter in suspension brought down from above. There was a line of demarcation between the two sufficiently distinct to be very remarkable. In the summer time the smell is very offensive; it may be to all appearance perfectly pure, and free from any earthy matter, but if it is left for twenty-four hours in hot weather it gives off an odour which indicates the presence of animal impurity in a way that there could be no mistake about. During the hot weather of the summer months last year, it was throughout the whole width of the channel boiling up and discharging gases upon the surface, as I have seen upon the Thames.’

When Mr. Williams was asked, ‘In your opinion is that water safe for persons to drink in the summer time?’ he replied, ‘No; certainly not.’ In answer to other questions, he stated that he thought the water at Worcester not fit for domestic purposes, and that he believed it to be ‘very slovenly engineering to take water from a navigable river for the supply of a large population, when there are any other sources to be obtained. But the people of Worcester were so badly off for water that even the Severn water is a boon, though it is so bad that the people cannot drink it.’

Returning to the Metropolis, and having demonstrated the inadequacy of the Thames to afford sufficient and sufficiently pure water for the increasing consumption of the great city, we turn to a brief consideration of other sources of supply. Most educated men know that London is situated upon a vast

mass of tertiary strata disposed in the form of a basin, and that these strata are successively—1, the Bagshot sands; 2, the London clay—an immense argillaceous accumulation of ancient marine mud, now forming that tenacious bluish-black clay through which Highgate Archway road was cut, and the new Metropolitan Railway is channelled and tunnelled; 3, the Woolwich and Reading beds, and the Thanet sands. Underneath these last comes the great chalk formation, and then successively the upper greensand, a dense blue clay, termed 'gault,' and the lower greensand. The formations from the chalk downwards are secondary, and the formations above the chalk are tertiary deposits. If, within defined areas, we could discover how much water these several strata hold, and are likely to yield, we should at once dispose of some important questions arising out of our geological position in relation to our present subject. At best, however, we can but form a few guesses, nor can we offer anything more than conjectures of the vaguest kind respecting what is concealed by thousands of feet of clay and sand or rock.*

Some years since, in 1850, the General Board of Health entertained and supported the opinion, that an adequate supply of water for the Metropolis—namely, 40,000,000 (it should have been 44,000,000) gallons per diem—could be obtained from gathering grounds of sand at Bagshot, Farnham, Leith Hill. &c., and from certain tributaries to the river Wey. The reports were minute and circumstantial, and the scheme was advocated with great zeal and some show of knowledge. With the gaugings of the springs and the table of the sectional area and estimated daily discharge of the spring-water streams in the Farnham and Hind Head districts now before us, it must be admitted that, on paper, the project appeared sound. It was examined and reported upon by Mr. J. F. Bateman in 1852, who concluded that, together with additional sources of supply, and with some modifications, there might be delivered to London a daily supply of about 40,000,000 gallons of pure soft water under three degrees of hardness, and at a cost of about 1,200,000*l.* This scheme, however, encountered opposition and some ridicule, and therefore fell to the ground; and with reference to it Mr. Bateman now adds in his present pamphlet:

* Whoever may desire to see what could be inferred as to water supply fifteen years ago from the natural position of the Metropolis, should consult the carefully compiled book of Mr. Prestwich, entitled 'A Geological Inquiry respecting the Water-bearing Strata of the Country around London, with reference especially to the Water Supply of the Metropolis.'

‘ A more intimate acquaintance with all the circumstances and difficulties of the county, which a residence in it of several years has afforded, has convinced me that, in a succession of such dry years as we have just passed through, the springs would be less than was at that time anticipated, and I would not recommend the adoption of the scheme which was then advocated.’

For our present purpose, it will be superfluous to discuss the aqueous resources of those strata, which, on the whole, can but yield moderate quantities of water. These are only of local consequence, and would only become of importance if there were a scarcity of water in general. The principal water-bearing formation we need further refer to is the chalk, which occupies a large extent of country surrounding the tertiary basis of London, to the estimated extent, indeed, of 3,794 square miles. From the breadth of its denuded surface, its great porosity and absorbent powers (dry chalk will absorb water to nearly one-third of its bulk), together with the number and abundance of its springs, it has for many years been a favourite source of water supply, at least in the imaginations of engineers and geologists.

There can be no doubt that a considerable quantity of soft water might be derived from wells sunk in the open surface of the chalk, and by other means, such as intercepting a portion of the large amount of water received by the exposed surface of the chalk in Kent, as it passes down to the lower beds along the Thames. By local search, several water sources may be found in this great formation, and we learn that from the large chalk-pits at Grays, no less than 2,000,000 gallons of good water have regularly flowed, and have enabled the South Essex Company to deliver daily upwards of 161,000 gallons. Several towns situated upon chalk get their water from it. Thus Brighton is supplied with 1,080,000 gallons daily from wells sunk in it. Croydon, Surrey, is supplied from two wells sunk into the upper chalk, and water has been raised from each well at the rate of 1,000,000 gallons a day. In truth, the chalk in many respects fulfils the conditions requisite for a good water-bearing stratum; but there are no grounds for supposing that it would afford enough to supply the entire present, much less the entire future London. A certain quantity of water, be that quantity what it may, can be pumped up from the chalk without sensible diminution, because the quantity thereby extracted is apparently equalled by the fresh influx; but when once that amount is exceeded, the level of the reservoir is lowered. Whenever the level is not lowered, the influx

exceeds the extraction. Several discussions have been held on the well-supply in and around London, during which it has been elicited that a serious and progressive depression of the water-level of deep springs under London has been taking effect for a period of many years. Unquestionable facts prove this:—one well, for example, in which the water rose to within 113 feet of the surface in 1831, afforded in 1849 water only to within 163 feet 6 inches of the surface, thus showing a depression of 50 feet 6 inches. The greater number of wells yield less and less, and the great London brewers have found their wells a continual source of trouble to them. Several professional well-sinkers admit that the level of the water in the wells of London and its vicinity has fallen fully 20 feet. In 1822, the water in ten of the principal wells in London stood at the level of Trinity high-water mark; but in 1843, the water did not rise to within 50 feet of that level, thus indicating a depression of more than 2 feet per annum.

A moderate study of the geological and meteorological conditions which affect the surface of the subterranean reservoir in the great chalk beds beneath us, would make these fluctuations intelligible. In wells sunk to the chalk in the vicinity of London the water would rise to somewhere about the level of a line drawn from the river Colne at Watford to mean tide level in the Thames below London, in seasons of a full rainfall. But this level is rendered variable by varying rainfalls, and by irregular draughts upon the London wells. So great is the variation of level at different seasons that in the higher districts it has equalled fifty vertical feet. The nominal line of level, however, may be, and probably is, permanently depressed as just explained. There are, in addition, certain periodic changes corresponding to periodic causes. Daily pumping during the entire week reduces the water proportionately, but the rest during Sunday is marked by an increased height on Monday morning; and it is affirmed that similar ascents distinguish the holidays at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide. It is curious that the measurements of a London chalk-well should indicate the labour of man, his day of rest, and his holidays.

A considerable replenishment of the hidden reservoirs takes place between December and the end of March, and during these generally rainy months the water accumulates in proportion to the distance from the vent below London, and sometimes rises above the usual height, so that the streams make their appearance at higher points in the valleys. Various attempts have been made to estimate the quantity of rain that enters into the

chalk, but we fear no precise result can be given. One observer stated that during the two-thirds of the year in which rain falls less copiously, it rarely penetrated three feet into the ground, but that from November to February it passed down into the chalk to various considerable depths, and therefore probably reached the interior reservoir of the chalk formation. It has been argued that with an average rainfall of 30 inches per annum near London, 10 inches would flow into the Thames, another 10 would be evaporated or absorbed by the soil, and the remaining 10 would find its way into the deep springs. But there is hardly sufficient allowance for evaporation in this estimate. In certain periods and places there is a heavy rainfall, attended with little percolation, and in such cases the evaporation and outflow must be nearly equal to the rainfall. With a rainfall of only 20 inches, which is by no means an uncommon issue of dry seasons in and around London, how much rain would enter the chalk? In very dry years it has been thought that we cannot calculate on an absorption of more than 4 inches on the surface of our chalk; and in estimating water supply we should always proceed upon the minimum—not, as is too commonly the case, upon an average—for it is evident that in extreme droughts we can only rely upon the minimum.

A scheme was proposed about the year 1847 to supply London with water on the system of Artesian wells. These are usually bored through strata which are impermeable by water (such as the London clay) until a permeable or water-bearing stratum is reached, when the water is forced upwards by hydrostatic pressure due to the superior level at which the water was received on the outcrop of the basin. The most familiar examples of Artesian wells in London are those of Trafalgar Square, where the water is obtained from the chalk, and also from some sand springs. The project alluded to was to supply London with about 140,000,000 gallons of water per diem, by sinking eighty wells on the north side and forty wells on the south side of the Metropolis. Numerous pamphlets were published in support of this scheme; but it was not adopted, nor could any such constant supply be counted upon from any such number of wells, for the reasons already advanced. It will be at once seen that all these wells would be simultaneously drawing upon the same reservoir; that if the line of saturation is now deficient, at the rate of about one or two feet a year by the present amount of pumping, it would become still more and more rapidly deficient by so large an additional extraction; and that if it has been already found that any new well

diminishes the full supply of its next neighbour, the result of one hundred and twenty wells, all regularly yielding water from the same reservoirs, could be readily anticipated. There would, in commercial language, be a run upon the bank—no reserve fund, and bankruptcy must ensue.

Besides, there is a positive uncertainty in the yield of Artesian wells near London, arising from our very imperfect knowledge of the actual condition of the lower subjacent formations. This was strikingly displayed in a boring for water by the Hampstead Water Company commenced at Kentish Town, at the foot of Highgate Hill in June 1853, and abandoned at the end of 1855. We watched the progress of this work with great interest, and with several geologists fully expected that good water would be found in the chalk. A bore-hole of 12 inches' diameter was made at the surface, and was subsequently reduced to 10 and then to 8 inches' diameter. The Tertiary beds were passed through for 324 feet, afterwards the chalk for no less than 586 feet; then a greensand for 22 feet, gault for 130 feet, and, finally, a very numerous and varied series of sands, sandstones, and clays, about sixty-eight in number and amounting to 188 feet in thickness. Altogether the borings passed through 1,302 feet, and were unsuccessful, for no good water was reached. Thus 7,500*l.* were fruitlessly expended upon a fair previous presumption. From what we now know of dislocations of strata, and from what we conjecture as to the absence of some of them from the normal order of succession, it would be most unreasonable to dream of supplying the whole Metropolis from any number or combination of Artesian wells.

Clearly, then, we cannot rely upon the great river that flows over the chalk—the Thames—nor on the great reservoir that lies under the chalk. We must go much further a-field, and as the growing opinion amongst hydraulic engineers is that rivers running through agricultural districts and large populations are in general unsuitable for the supply of towns, we ask—to what sources can we have recourse for large, regular, and unfailing supplies of good soft water? The answer will be, to great lakes, or remote rivers, or to the high grounds which form the first receptacle of the waters of heaven, yielding them unpolluted to the lower levels, and feeding the great rivers.

With this view Mr. Bateman, whose large experience, as he affirms, in this special branch of engineering has made him acquainted with almost every available source of supply in the kingdom, and with all the conditions and circumstances which are essential to the carrying out of projects of this

nature, proposes, as the nearest district from which 200,000,000 gallons per day of unexceptionable water can be obtained, *the flanks of the mountain ranges of Cader Idris and Plynllymmon in North Wales*, from which the river Severn is supplied—the very river whose impurities we have just described.

‘Here,’ says he, ‘the direction of the mountain chains, the heights of their summits, their proximity to the sea, their geographical position, and physical peculiarities, entitle us to expect a very large fall of rain. A summit ridge or line of watershed of irregular height and direction, extending from north to south, is crossed and broken by several parallel ranges of mountains extending from south-west to north-east, the intervening valleys on the west side of their irregular summit being quite open to the westerly winds. The valleys on this side, walled in as they are by mountains rising at their peaks to 2,500 and 2,900 feet in height, and so raising their heads above the general level of the rain clouds, form, as it were, so many funnels, up which the clouds are driven over the low passes at the summit line of watershed into the valleys on the east, where, sheltered from the wind, they discharge the bulk of their watery contents.’

Assuming 45 inches of rainfall as the annual net produce of two or three successive dry years upon this drainage ground, but in order to come within the limits of perfect safety, basing his calculations on 36 inches only, as the assured annual rainfall, the engineer determines his drainage areas, and tabulates them with their produce in an Appendix. They consist of two principal districts, one of 66,000 acres in extent is situated a little to the east of the range of mountains, of which Cader Idris and Aran Mowddy are the highest summits, and form the drainage ground of the rivers Banw and Vyrnwy, which join the Severn about half way between Welshpool and Shrewsbury. We ourselves know from a ramble along its banks how clear and limpid a stream the Vyrnwy is, and how free from the ordinary sources of pollution. The other district of about an equal area is situated immediately to the east of Plynllymmon, and forms the drainage ground of the upper portion of the river Severn proper. From the two rivers just named, together with the river Severn branch of the scheme, about 222,223,665 gallons of water per diem could be obtained for 120 days of a year, or about 190,477,767 gallons per diem for 140 days of a year. By a system of vast reservoirs, forming lakes of four or five miles in length, an aqueous reserve would be found sufficient for 140 days’ supply, in case of long dry weather.* Amongst the reservoirs on the Severn would

* One-fourth of the assumed rainfall has already been deducted from the above quantities as sufficient to afford compensation to the

be one which by an embankment 75 feet in height, might contain 2,230,000,000 cubic feet; this single reservoir being considerably greater than the entire available water in Loch Katrine.

These waters might be readily conveyed by engineering science to London. They would start with a good heading, the discharge pipes of the lowest reservoir in each district being placed at an elevation of about 450 feet above the level of Trinity high-water mark. Mr. Bateman proposes to bring them by separate aqueducts, respectively of 19 miles and $21\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, to a point of junction lying north-east of the town of Montgomery, whence the joint volume of water might be brought by a common aqueduct crossing the river Severn close to Bridgnorth. Then, after pursuing its level way through various towns, it would extend to the high land near Stanmore, where capacious service-reservoirs must be constructed, at an elevation of at least 250 feet above Trinity high-water mark. From the reservoirs the water could be delivered to all London at high pressure, and upon the constant supply system—that advantage which so many persons have been for so many years loudly demanding. The length of the common aqueduct would be 152 miles, and it would be capable of carrying the entire 220 million gallons per diem. The total distance from the lowest reservoir on the Vyrnwy would be 171 miles, and the total distance from the reservoirs on the Severn $173\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Adding the length of piping from the service-reservoirs to London, namely about 10 miles, the entire distance would be 183 miles. There will be no engineering difficulties, the works all being exceedingly simple in their construction. No embankment of a reservoir will be more than 80 feet in height, and they will be placed in situations where either hard impervious clay or solid Silurian rocks afford the means of making perfectly safe and water-tight reservoirs.

rivers thus affected. This is a fair allowance for such useless rivers. Generally in the manufacturing districts, where the water of rivers is largely utilised, about one-third of the rainfall is allowed for water compensations. It should also be mentioned that about 20,000,000 gallons per diem, in addition to the amounts specified, would probably flow from sundry streams into the reservoirs. Without entering minutely upon the question of the rainfall, we will only observe that it is not too high when compared with the average in the Cumberland and Westmoreland Lake districts; and Captain Mathew, a local observer for six months, in 1865, found a rainfall of 27.77 inches at Festiniog, in North Wales, the elevation being only 600 feet above the level of the sea.

The total cost for the first supply of 130 million gallons per diem, sufficient for the commencement, would be about 8,600,000*l.* Mr. Bateman enters rather minutely into the items, and aims to justify his estimate and its practicableness. In this we shall not follow him, confidently believing that if on all other grounds the scheme is commendable, and capable of being satisfactorily executed, finance would not be a final obstacle to its adoption. Some suggestions on this point might be added to those of Mr. Bateman; but it is sufficient at present to notice that while he estimates the total first cost at 8,600,000*l.** and the total annual expenditure (composed of interest upon the above sum at 4 per cent., cost of management and working expenses, together with payment of dividends to existing companies, &c.) at 944,000*l.*, he also calculates upon a total annual income, to meet the above charges, of 950,000*l.*† This would be the revenue at the commencement, but every succeeding year would bring an increase of the area of taxation in proportion to the extension of the Metropolis, and at the same time an increase of revenue, while the annual expenses would remain nearly stationary until the full quantity of water capable of being brought by the aqueduct might be exhausted. And one great advantage of such a project is that there would be no fear of exhausting the sources, as in the case of a river, for coincident with enlarged demands would come enlargement of supply by having recourse to contiguous mountain districts. The whole district referred to abounds in good drainage areas, nor would it be necessary to abolish the existing supply of the New River Company, which, being deliverable by gravitation, and comparatively pure, might be

* Mr. Bateman observes that this estimate is not more in proportion either to the quantity of water to be obtained, or the ability of the inhabitants to pay for it, than has been expended in Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, and many other towns, while it is far below the cost incurred by many towns which could be mentioned.

† The value of property within the Metropolitan district has of course increased concurrently with population. The total annual value in 1865 was assessed at more than 14,000,000*l.* If seven years elapsed before the completion of the proposed works, by that time the assessable value of property within the Metropolitan district may rise to 18,000,000*l.* or 20,000,000*l.* Assuming the value of the dwellings at that period to be only 12,000,000*l.*, Mr. Bateman would raise by a compulsory rate of ten pence in the pound, for water for domestic purposes, an income of 500,000*l.* But if any such scheme be adopted, its magnitude and importance may entitle it to Imperial consideration.

regarded as an auxiliary to the great supply from the Welsh mountains.

While in engineering aspects the supplying of the entire Metropolis by gravitation would be of conspicuous mechanical advantage, for domestic considerations an abundance of soft water would be a universally appreciated benefit. The total hardness of the water of the river Vyrnwy at a selected point is 1·8 degree *; that of the other rivers about the same or rather less. True there is even less hardness in the Bala Lake and in Loch Katrine water, where it is only ·8, or almost absolutely soft. But what is one and a half degree as compared with the 12, 13, and 14 or more degrees of total hardness in the waters delivered by the London companies? In January last the total hardness was still greater, and varied from 19·8 to 27. Even the New River water then had 27·4 degrees of hardness.

Every one is practically aware of the inconvenience of hard water, but few know that each degree of hardness destroys $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of soap in each 100 gallons of water used for washing. Therefore soft water is commercially of more value than hard water, in proportion to the worth of 5 ounces of soap to each 200 gallons for each degree of hardness. By estimating the cost of the total soap and soda employed by the laundresses of London in one year, and reducing this by the saving arising from the reduction of each degree of hardness in the water, we might arrive at the remarkable economy in washing which the Metropolis would gain by having really soft water. If, as was once estimated, the washing bills of the Metropolis amount to upwards of 5,000,000*l.* per annum, taking the average at 1*s.* per head per week, then a very sensible saving would follow upon the exclusion of every degree of hardness in the water used. It is supposed that the saving in soap in Glasgow obtained by supplying that city with the excellent water of Loch Katrine amounts to 40,000*l.* per annum. This is equivalent to a gift to the city of one million of money, a greater sum than the entire cost of the new works. The population of Glasgow at the last official census was nearly

* This is, in fact, *soft water*, for water is so called at and below six degrees of hardness, above which range it is technically *hard*. Hardness in water really implies one grain of carbonate or sulphate of lime, or its equivalent, in each imperial gallon. This equals 1 part in 70,000. 'Total hardness' indicates that of the water in its natural state. Several degrees disappear after boiling for a shorter or longer time, and what then remains is called 'permanent hardness.' In Thames water after one hour's boiling, the permanent hardness is 3 to 4 degrees.

395,000 persons. How much greater would be the saving in a population of 3,000,000! Mr. Bateman computes it at a minimum of 400,000*l.*

We might specify some conspicuous benefits resulting from a constant as well as an abundant supply of water to the Metropolis. One is the revision which might take place in the system and adaptation of the distribution. It is known to engineers and plumbers that a considerable proportion of the water delivered by city water companies is absolutely wasted without advantage to any person. This waste arises partly from the neglectful habits of the tenants of houses, and partly from imperfect water-fittings. An experienced engineer has expressed to us his opinion that one half the water in London is wasted. In Glasgow the official engineer reckons that probably 15 gallons out of 39 gallons per head per diem runs to waste. In Birmingham a visitation from house to house led the visitors to believe that a considerable and needless waste took place, that it could be prevented, and that if prevented water could be supplied at from one-half to one-third its present cost. Wherever there is an intermittent supply and a waste-pipe there should be some punishment for gross waste of water by the pipe. A water meter would be a very useful instrument for the measurement of water delivered under pressure. There are about 500 in use in Glasgow, and the revenue derived from the sale of water to manufacturers and others, as ascertained by these meters, is 15,000*l.* per annum. It has lately risen by 6,000*l.* a year, and is still increasing.

As a matter of course the constant supply in cases of fire is of the last importance. No company in London now gives a constant supply, and the details of lack of water at the commencement of most London fires are only what we should expect. Some of the fire-plugs are placed upon the principal mains, which are always charged, but these are not the mains of distribution, and may be distant from the precise site of a fire, or not immediately accessible. Other fire-plugs are placed upon the mains of distribution, but those are shut off, excepting for about the space of one hour daily. Practically at the breaking out of a fire we are shut up in our houses and shut off from water. In the dense waterless haunts of the destitute, a fire is a devouring foe. Could we but first get the poor inhabitants away, it would be a blessing in disguise.

The last special benefit we can now instance would be the shutting up of those corrupted and corrupting surface wells which are the abominations and receptacles of the abominations of crowded and uncleanly communities. Thrice and again

these, and the pumps about them, have been denounced and condemned. The horrible Broad Street pump near Golden Square was shown to have been so foul as to have caused death to the drinkers therefrom in the cholera epidemic of 1854. Dr. Letheby, a few years since, denounced many of the City pumps. Unfortunately the worst wells in London, and those which contain the largest amount of nitrates, produced by the decomposition of organic matter, yield the brightest and the most popular waters; waters that sparkle and have a body in them, and yet deceptively carry disease into the frame of the unsuspecting drinker.*

In a larger treatment of this subject than is here practicable, we should advert at length to the already realised and recognised advantages flowing from the introduction of lake water into Glasgow, and pure hill-drainage water into other towns, and hence we should deduce the desirableness of looking to these great and bountiful natural reservoirs for the rapidly increasing populations of our great seats of trade and manufacture. The bringing of the pleasant and pure water of Loch Katrine to Glasgow has been an invaluable achievement for Glasgow, and as it was effected under the superintendence of Mr. Bateman, he is entitled to respectful attention when he propounds a far grander scheme for a far larger population.

The engineering works involved in that undertaking were considerable, though not difficult. The aqueduct from its commencement at Loch Katrine to the Mugdock Reservoir is close upon twenty-six miles long, thirteen of which were tunnelled. Of these thirteen miles, for nearly four there are iron pipings across valleys, and for the remaining thirteen there are open cuttings and bridges. The total cost of the aqueduct was 468,000*l.*, or an average of 18,000*l.* per mile. The entire work cost 761,000*l.*; the land and compensation, 70,000*l.*; and the parliamentary expenses, engineering, and sundries, 87,000*l.*, making together a total of 918,000*l.*

Such was the cost of the works, and we have previously stated the delivery of water by means of them. The financial results of this well-matured enterprise may be inferred from the

* Dr. Farr, in his Report upon the Mortality of Cholera in England 1848-9, remarks: 'To warn any class of men against the use of unclean excremental waters, even filtered, may appear useless. But it is now known that it enters into the supply of some of the principal cities of Europe, and contaminates the *eau sucrée* of Paris as well as the house water of London. The disagreeable revolting nature of this truth has probably been a cause of its suppression, and the consequent perpetuation of an insufferable nuisance.'

following brief statement:—Twenty-five years ago, the gross revenue of the two Glasgow water companies was a little less than 25,000*l.* per annum. Now the annual revenue of the Water Commission is 90,000*l.* So, rapidly have the population and manufactures of the City increased, that since 1856 the Commissioners have been able to expend nearly a million in executing the new water-works, and at the same time to pay large annuities guaranteed to the water companies, without adding materially to the amount of the water-rate. It appears, indeed, certain that a few years of similar prosperity will enable the Commissioners to reduce the rates even below the amounts levied by the old water companies.*

It cannot but be lamented that so large an amount of capital has been fruitlessly expended in many inefficient public water-works. Only of late years do we seem to be well informed on the most copious, pure, and attainable sources. Only, too, of late years can we have become sensible of the positive pollutions to our streams caused by the very improvement in the drainage of towns adjacent to them. Agricultural improvements have their share in the pollution, by drainage from lands manured with the refuse of towns and with noxious chemical compounds. We are therefore rejoiced to find that we can resort to the rain-receiving mountains, and avail ourselves of their liquid treasures, even with ultimate financial advantage. We believe that, when the public are acquainted with the value of these resources, and with their availableness at an ultimately remunerative expenditure, they will be prepared for their more extended adoption.

We have now before us the outline of a proposal recently made by Mr. Thomas Dale, Engineer to the Hull Corporation Water-works, for the supply of water to various towns from the lake districts of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The exposure of the high mountains in this district to a seaward aspect, occasions an immense amount of rainfall on an area of several hundred square miles. The details of rainfall at Seathwaite from 1845 to 1853 clearly show this abundance, and exhibit an annual average of 140 inches. Two of the lakes, Ulleswater and Haweswater, from their altitude, great volume and purity of water, and the extensive precipitous area of rainfall, are the best adapted for supplying towns. Ulleswater is about nine miles in length, and varies in breadth from a quarter of a mile to two miles. The colourless transparency of its waters is remarkable, and their level is 477 feet above the mean tidal

* Paper on the Glasgow Waterworks, by James M. Gale, C. E. Glasgow, 1864.

level, as determined by the Ordnance Survey Observations at Liverpool. Haweswater is less in area, but of a greater altitude, being 694 feet above the datum mentioned. Mr. Dale assumes the drainage area of the two lakes at 100 square miles, and the depth of annual average rainfall at 140 inches. Thence he calculates upon an average discharge of $5\frac{1}{2}$ million gallons per square mile, every twenty-four hours daily throughout the year (allowing for evaporation and absorption), being at the rate of 550,000,000 gallons average total discharge into the two lakes. From these he would supply the under-mentioned principal towns with a gross quantity of 131,000,000 gallons, at the rate of supply affixed to each town:—

Lancaster	2 millions	Brought forward	81 millions
Preston	8 "	Blackburn	6 "
Wigan	4 "	Keighley	2 "
Dewsbury	3 "	Huddersfield	4 "
Wakefield	3 "	Brinsley	4 "
Liverpool	40 "	Rochdale	4 "
Leeds	15 "	Halifax	4 "
Bingley	1 "	Colne	1 "
Kendal	2 "	Bury	8 "
Bolton	8 "	St. Helens	2 "
Carry forward	81 "	Total	131 millions

He estimates the total expenditure and revenue as follows:—

Cost of the works	£11,960,000
Annual expenditure	1,187,200
Annual revenue	1,195,375

If the total capacity of supply be assumed as 150,000,000 gallons daily, and this could be distributed at sixpence per thousand gallons, then the total annual revenue would be 1,368,750*l.*

We have thus given an outline of the plans by which the mighty Metropolis and seventeen northern manufacturing towns might be copiously supplied with unexceptionable water. It requires no particular sagacity to foresee that the satisfaction of the exigencies of London primarily, and several other important towns secondarily, will become the great engineering problem of the day. Without doubt even now the domestic water economy of our country is seriously defective and demands attention. Our great consolation is, that in this sea-girt isle, and with the copious rainfall of some of our districts, there need be no irremediable deficiency. The mountains, the lakes, the unpolluted and many minor streams, are unfailing depositories of excellent water, if only our science, our toil, and our capital are perseveringly directed towards them.

ART. IV.—1. *Maria Theresia und Marie Antoinette, Ihr Briefwechsel während der Jahre 1770–1780*, herausgegeben von ALFRED RITTER VON ARNETH. Paris und Wien: 1865.

2. *Correspondance inédite de Marie Antoinette*. Publiée sur les Documents originaux par le Comte PAUL VOGT D'HUNOLSTEIN. Troisième édition. Paris: 1864.

3. *Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, et Madame Élisabeth*. Lettres et Documents inédits publiés par F. FEUILLET DE CONCHES. (Second Tirage.) Trois Tomes. Paris: 1864.

IF the authenticity of these several collections of letters of the last Queen of France and of her nearest connexions could be irrefragably established, we should without hesitation assign to them the highest place among the innumerable memorials of the French Revolution. They bring Marie Antoinette before us in the freshness of her girlish royalty, when she passed, at fifteen, from the domestic circles of Schönbrunn and Laxenburg to the depraved Court of Louis XV. and the pestilent intrigues of Versailles. They follow her through the earlier years of her reign, when the refinement of her tastes and the vivacity of her affections were struggling with the severe exigencies of her actual position and the dark harbingers of her tremendous destiny. They contain, lastly, a large addition to the evidence already in our possession of her courage and contrivance—her noble bearing and her devoted energy in defence of those she loved—when the ranks of her enemies were closing around her, and the realm over which she had reigned was narrowed to the miserable turret of the Temple and the dungeon of the Conciergerie. These letters illustrate, in the most remarkable manner, her qualities and her defects, her virtues and her faults, her strength of purpose and her errors of judgment. We rise from a careful and repeated perusal of them with the conviction that the whole character of the Queen is now before us, and not only of the Queen, but of her husband, her sister, and her nearest friends. The stately figure of Maria Theresa ushers in the group, not without impressive warnings of the impending tragedy; and the humorous scepticism and shrewd sense of Joseph II. complete the singular picture. So much, at least, of these letters is beyond all question true and authentic, that the omission of all the suspected documents would not materially alter or injure the general effect of the correspondence; and we regret

that publications of such deep historic interest should require at our hands in the first instance the investigation of a charge of literary forgery. Such, however, is the case. Soon after the appearance of M. d'Hunolstein's and M. Feuillet de Conches' collections in Paris, another volume was published by Ritter von Arneth in Vienna, extracted from the archives of the Imperial family; and a comparison between these different versions of the correspondence between Marie Antoinette and her mother, which has been set on foot and conducted with great ingenuity by M. von Sybel, an eminent German critic, has led him to impeach the authenticity of the earlier papers produced by the French editors, and consequently to throw a shade of suspicion over the whole of their work.

To put the reader in possession of the elements of this controversy, we must, first, briefly describe the nature and pretensions of the three collections: and we begin with that of Ritter von Arneth, because its genuineness being indisputable, it has been applied as the text or canon to determine the genuineness of documents found elsewhere. The following is the Vienna editor's account of his materials:—

'The correspondence of Maria Theresa and her daughter which is here published is at this moment, and, most probably, always has been, preserved in the private library of the head of the Imperial family. The volume which contains it is inscribed, "1770—1780. Correspondance de S. M. l'Impératrice-Reine avec la Reine de France." The whole collection consists of ninety-three letters of Marie Antoinette to her mother, of which thirty-seven are the originals, the remainder are copies, which were evidently made to the order of Maria Theresa, by her confidential cabinet secretary, Charles Joseph Baron von Pichler, in his own handwriting. Several of Marie Antoinette's letters exist, both in the original and, at the same time, in Pichler's well-known handwriting. These are, therefore, the best proofs of the conscientious diligence with which Pichler performed his task. The seventy answers of Maria Theresa exist, as might be inferred from the nature of the case, only in copies made by Pichler. It may be inferred from one of Marie Antoinette's own letters (that of July 12, 1770), that the originals were probably destroyed by her to whom they were addressed.' (P. ix.)

It is contended that these letters form but a part of the correspondence between mother and daughter in ten years of separation; and one of the mysteries in this inquiry is, why these particular letters were preserved so carefully, when others have disappeared. However, such as they are, the Vienna letters have now been published with scrupulous fidelity by M. von Arneth; and he has added to his volume photographs from four of them, as specimens of the Queen's

handwriting at different periods. Here then we have a certain number of documents of unquestionable authenticity. The custody in which they have been preserved is that of the august family to whose head they were addressed. The gilt-edged paper on which they are written is that which the Queen was known to use. The handwriting of the first letter in July 1770 is that of a child hardly able to form her letters, and confirms Madame Campan's statement that when Marie Antoinette arrived in France they had to assist her imperfect penmanship, so wretchedly had her education been neglected. In two or three years her hand improved and gradually formed itself. Lastly, the confidential and intimate tone of the letters is precisely what might have been expected to pass between the writers. This then is an undoubted portion of the correspondence in question; but strange to say, although M. d'Hunolstein publishes forty-five and M. Feuillet de Conches twenty-one letters of the same period, alleged to have been exchanged between the Empress-Queen and her daughter, only *one of them* is identical with those which exist at Vienna, many of them are essentially different, and some of them are contradictory and incompatible, not only in point of dates, but in substance.

The courier of the Imperial Embassy, by whom Marie Antoinette sent her letters, started from Vienna about the beginning of every month, and from Versailles on his return about the 15th; and as he generally carried a private letter from each sovereign, about twelve letters must have been sent every year on each side. In the space of nearly ten years this would amount to 240 letters. Only 153 are published by M. von Arneth, but with some allowance for occasional interruptions, omissions, or losses, this is not very far below the estimated number. In the earlier years the correspondence was less frequent and regular. In 1778 no less than thirty letters were exchanged, owing to two peculiar occurrences in the spring of that year—the disputes on the Bavarian succession and the first pregnancy of the Queen. These circumstances led to an increase in the number of couriers, which did not take place on any other occasion. But the incredible part of the story is that while this correspondence was going on at regular intervals—the Empress always writing at the beginning of the month, and the Queen always answering in the middle of the month—*another series* of letters should have passed at *irregular dates*, wholly unnoticed in the authentic correspondence. In M. d'Hunolstein's volume many of the Queen's letters are dated *early* in the month,—a time at which she appears never

to have written, as her letter would then have crossed her mother's letter on the road.

The volume for which M. d'Hunolstein is responsible has been ushered into the world without any pretension to editorial care. That gentleman contents himself with informing his readers that all the documents comprised in it have been copied from and collated with the originals—that some of these letters had appeared elsewhere, because the Queen was in the habit of making drafts and keeping copies of her correspondence—but that all the letters now published by him are printed from *bonâ fide* originals collected by himself. It does not seem to have occurred to M. d'Hunolstein that to establish the authenticity of these originals something more is needed than the mere inspection of them by a few 'serious' amateurs. Where did they come from? How came it to pass that letters addressed for the most part to the near relations of the Queen at Vienna and in other parts of Europe, should nevertheless have been removed from the depositories where they would naturally be preserved, and offered for sale in Paris? We know indeed that in 1809 Napoleon obtained at Vienna copies of some of the remarkable letters written by Marie Antoinette to her brother, the Emperor Leopold, in 1791, which he brought to Paris, and which were published in 1835 in the 'Revue Rétrospective.' But the cession of these precious documents was an affair of state. Nevertheless, M. d'Hunolstein boasts that *he* is the possessor of the originals of some of these same papers, and has republished them in this volume. The mere fact that several autograph copies exist of a very lengthy and confidential document throws suspicion on it. The improbability that such a paper would be repeatedly copied by the writer, when the discovery of a single copy might have cost a life, is extreme. Every collector of autographs knows that without extrinsic evidence no absolute reliance can be placed on the apparent identity of handwriting. But in this case the extrinsic evidence is against the authenticity of M. d'Hunolstein's collection.*

* It is the more remarkable that so many of the private papers of Marie Antoinette should recently have turned up in Paris, as Madame Campan expressly states that they were burnt immediately after the 14th of July, 1792. 'La crainte d'une nouvelle invasion des Tuileries fit faire les recherches les plus exactes dans les papiers du Roi; je brûlai presque tous ceux de la Reine. Elle mit dans un portefeuille. qu'elle confia à Monsieur de J., ses lettres de famille, etc., et ses réponses dont elle avait fait des copies. M. de J. n'a pu conserver ce dépôt; il a été brûlé.' (*Mémoires de Madame de Campan*, vol. ii.

These adverse facts have been collected with much ingenuity, but far too much acrimony, by M. von Sybel, the editor of the 'Historische Zeitschrift' of Munich. He pointed out that the style of the series of letters to Maria Theresa published by M. von Arneth is simple, dry, childish, and natural—that of her letters in the French editions far more elaborate, sentimental, and artificial; that no new facts are adverted to in the French collections, which were not already known by Madame Campan's Memoirs or the Gazette of Paris; that the Dauphiness always signs her letters 'Antoinette' in the Austrian series, and always 'Marie Antoinette' in the French series; that with reference to the letters said to be addressed by the Queen to her sister Marie Christine, Duchess of Saxe-Teschen, whom she calls her dearest friend, there was, in fact, no such intimacy between them; the Arch-Duchess was thirteen years older than the Queen, that is, almost twice her age at the time of her marriage, and Marie Antoinette was in the nursery when Marie Christine left Vienna. It appears, moreover, that the papers of this lady and her husband the Duke Albert (with his diary) have been carefully preserved, and that they contain no allusion to any intimate correspondence with the Queen of France. Upon an actual inspection of the Hunolstein letters by M. Sybel, these suspicions were augmented. All the Austrian letters are on gilt-edged paper—all the French letters are plain. The writing of the former varies considerably with the advancing years of the young Princess—that of the latter is uniform.

To these and many other similar considerations must be added some remarkable inconsistencies in the two correspondences supposed to be simultaneous. For instance: in the very first authentic letter of Marie Antoinette to her mother (9th July, 1770, Arneth Collection) she says:—

'Le Roi a mille bontés pour moi, et je l'aime tendrement; mais c'est à faire pitié la faiblesse qu'il a pour Madame du Barry, qui est la plus sotté et impertinente créature qui soit imaginable. Elle a joué tous les soirs avec nous à Marly; elle s'est trouvée deux fois à côté de moi, mais elle ne m'a point parlé, et je n'ai point tâché juste-

p. 207.) Supposing, however, that Madame Campan was mistaken in this last particular, and that this 'dépôt' had not been burnt, that would explain the possibility of the discovery of the papers. We hear that some of these documents have been procured from a person formerly in Madame Campan's employment. On the other hand, the statement that these papers did exist, and were confided to her, may have encouraged persons to supply by forgery the lost originals.

ment de lier conversation avec elle ; mais, quand il le fallait, je lui ai pourtant parlé.’

In several of the letters of Maria Theresa, that politic princess, whose moral dignity did not stand in the way of her interest, recommended her daughter to beware of affronting the King's favourite, who was notoriously the bitterest enemy of the Duc de Choiseul's party, and to conceal her abhorrence of so contemptible and profligate a personage. More than once the Empress reverts to this subject with great severity, and scolds her daughter (the word is not too strong) for not having spoken to the Du Barry with sufficient politeness. ‘ Vous ne devez connaître ni voir la Barry d'un autre œil que d'être une dame admise à la Cour et à la société du Roi. Vous êtes la première sujette de lui, vous lui devez obéissance et soumission ; vous devez être l'exemple de la Cour aux courtisans, que les volontés de votre maître s'exécutent.’ Marie Antoinette received these remonstrances with spirit, and did not disguise her distaste at the part she was told to play. ‘ Vous pouvez bien croire,’ she replied, ‘ que je sacrifie toujours mes préjugés et mes répugnances, tant qu'on me proposera rien d'af-fiché et contre l'honneur. . . . Je puis bien vous assurer que quoique je vous ai montré vivement ma sensibilité, ce n'était que de la sensibilité : on me laisse assez tranquille sur cet article, les amies et amis de cette créature n'ont pas à se plaindre que je les traite mal.’ The subject, in short, recurs continually in the letters of both mother and daughter, and it was one on which they evidently both felt strongly, though in a very different manner ; and it must be admitted that Marie Antoinette, young as she was, had a truer sense of her own dignity than her experienced parent.

Nothing, however of all this appears in any of the letters of the French editors ; but, on the contrary, in a letter from the Dauphiness to her mother of the 7th December 1771, published by M. Feuillet de Conches, the following passage occurs :—

‘ Reste Madame Du Barry, dont je ne vous ai jamais reparlé.* Je me suis tenue, devant *la foiblesse*, avec toute la réserve que vous m'aviez recommandée. On m'a fait souper avec elle, et elle a pris avec moi un ton demi-respectueux et embarrassé et demi-protecteur. Je ne me départirai pas de vos conseils, dont je n'ai pas même parlé à M. le Dauphin, qui ne peut la souffrir, mais n'en marque rien par respect pour le Roi. Elle a une cour assidue, les ambassadeurs y vont, et toute personne de distinction demande à être présentée. On fait foule comme chez une princesse : elle fait cercle, on se précipite,

* It was *varié* in the first edition, but that was a misprint.

et elle dit son petit mot à chacun. Elle règne. Il pleut dans le moment où je vous écris : c'est probablement qu'elle l'aura permis.' (*Feuillet de Conches*, vol. i. p. 27.)

It is evident that the tone and statements of the Vienna letters (which are certainly authentic) on this subject are totally at variance with the language of the letters in the French collections, and the passage just quoted may serve as a specimen of the epigrammatic turn of the French letters, which is amusing enough, but very unlike the style of a girl of sixteen writing to her mother on a matter of so much delicacy and difficulty.

We proceed to another example of these inconsistencies. M. d'Hunolstein publishes eight letters from Marie Antoinette to her mother, dated between the 30th of April and the 18th of May, 1774. The death of Louis XV. took place on the 10th of May, and was of course followed by the immediate accession of his grandson to the throne. These letters, therefore, describe the progress of the King's illness and its fatal termination. At the moment of assuming the crown, the following letter is attributed to the youthful Queen by both the French editors; for, oddly enough, each of them has a copy of this document in the Queen's own handwriting—that belonging to M. d'Hunolstein we have not seen, but we presume that it purports to be the original—that of M. Feuillet de Conches (which we have ourselves examined) is a draft with corrections in the same hand. This draft formed part of the papers of the Abbé de Vermond, the Queen's reader. It runs thus:—

'MADAME ET TRÈS CHÈRE MÈRE,—Que Dieu veille sur vous! Le Roi a cessé d'exister dans le milieu du jour. Depuis la matinée du 8, son état n'avait fait qu'empirer, et il a demandé l'extrême onction, qu'il a reçue dans des sentiments de piété admirables. Il avait conservé toute sa connaissance et sa présence d'esprit pendant toute sa maladie, avec un courage inouï. Mon Dieu! qu'allons-nous devenir? Monsieur le Dauphin et moi, nous sommes épouvantés de régner si jeunes. O bonne mère, ne ménagez pas vos conseils à vos malheureux enfants.'

The sentimental tone of this composition first awakened our own suspicions as to the authenticity of the French correspondence. This is the language of the drama or of romance—not at all the simple matter-of-fact language of Marie Antoinette, who, in her own undoubted letters, never aims at any effects of style, and was indeed at that time incapable of producing them. It is true that, admitting the letter not to be the production of the Queen, the draft, which we have carefully

examined and which bears all the external signs of genuineness, might have been prepared by the Abbé de Vermont and never used. In discussing the letters of royal and eminent persons, it must be borne in mind that a considerable portion of the correspondence written in their names is not their own at all, but is the work of a confidential secretary, who frequently acquires, by habit and imitation, an undistinguishable similarity or identity of handwriting. This officer was known at the Court of Versailles by the title of the *Sécrétaire de la Main*. 'Avoir la plume,' says St. Simon, 'c'est être faussaire public, et faire par charge ce qui coûteroit la vie à un autre. Cet exercice consiste à imiter si exactement l'écriture du roi qu'elle ne se puisse distinguer de celle que la plume contrefait.' President Rose (to whom the foregoing observation is applied) filled this office to Louis XIV. for fifty years. The Abbé de Vermont appears to have stood in very nearly the same confidential relation to Marie Antoinette. He had been recommended by M. de Brienne, then Archbishop of Toulouse, to be her preceptor at Vienna, and he was chosen by M. de Choiseul, at the time of her marriage, to form part of her escort into France. He never left her; he appears to have lived in her presence, and to have been employed in all the little transactions of daily life, a silent, humble, scarcely-perceived, but ever-present friend. He took no part in politics; he mixed in no court intrigues; and if he did no great good, he had at least the merit of doing no harm. Madame Campan, who probably disliked this little Abbé with a *jalousie de métier*, complains that he gave himself airs. But this is an exaggeration: the long continuance of his services is the best proof of his inoffensive disposition. Yet Louis XVI. disliked him. Vermont was the man of Choiseul, the creature and representative of the Austrian alliance. He was allowed to remain in the Queen's apartment like a piece of furniture she might have brought with her from Vienna; but for *eighteen years*, though the King probably saw him daily, his Majesty never addressed a word of civility to him, or indeed took any notice of his presence. It was not till 1788, at the time of the affair of the necklace, when the Abbé had executed with address a delicate and important negotiation, that the King once said to him on leaving the room, 'You have done the Queen a service, Sir, I thank you.' But the devotion of the Abbé to his royal mistress stopped short on this side of martyrdom, and it gives one a low impression of his courage to know that he took an early opportunity of escaping to Brussels in the first flight of the

emigration. In several of the Queen's letters to M. de Mercy she inquires for the Abbé with great interest.

It is admitted on all hands that the Abbé de Vermond did actually write a great many of the Queen's letters, as it was his business to do. Marie Antoinette at fifteen was wholly incapable of composing, or even of copying in a legible hand, the formal and complimentary letters to different persons which figure in these volumes. In February 1771, her mother says to her: 'I can't help observing that the handwriting of your letters is daily worse and more incorrect. You ought to have improved in the last ten months. I was ashamed to see the letters you have written to several ladies handed about. You ought to write exercises with the Abbé or some one else to form your hand, to make it more even.' The photographs of the first letters in M. von Arneth's volume establish this fact, and we may infer from it that at the time at which we are now speaking, the Abbé had a large share in the correspondence. This circumstance opens the door to fresh uncertainty, for no one can tell with precision where the Queen begins and the Abbé ends; and it may very well have happened that drafts prepared by the Abbé were never used or sent by the Queen at all.

But to return to the letter of the 10th of May, in which the young Queen is represented to have conveyed the news of the death of Louis XV. in this tragical and hyperbolic language. The truth is, that a letter exists in the Vienna collection of the 14th of May, the date of the usual courier in the middle of the month, which begins in the following simple and matter-of-fact sentences:—

'MADAME MA TRÈS CHÈRE MÈRE,—Mercy [the Austrian ambassador] will have informed you of the circumstances of our misfortune. Happily this cruel malady left the King in possession of his faculties to the last moment, and his end was very edifying. The new King seems to have the heart of his people: two days before his grandfather's death he caused 200,000 francs to be distributed to the poor, which produced a great effect. Since the demise he works incessantly, and answers, with his own hand, the Ministers whom he cannot yet receive, and many other people. What is certain is that he has a taste for economy, and the greatest desire to make his subjects happy. In all things he has the desire as much as the need of instructing himself. I hope God will bless his good intentions. The public anticipated many immediate changes; the King has contented himself with sending "the creature" to a convent, and banishing from court all that bears that name of scandal.' (*Von Arneth's Collection*, p. 98.)

The letter goes on to speak at some length on indifferent

subjects—the disgrace of a young Esterhazy—the illness of the late King's daughters who had taken the small-pox while attending their father's death-bed—the new appointments in the Queen's household, &c. It then concludes thus:—

'Though God caused me to be born in the rank I now occupy, I cannot but admire the order of His providence, which has selected me—me, the last of your children, for the finest realm in Europe. I feel more than ever what I owe to the tenderness of my august mother, who took so much pains and care to procure for me this great establishment. I never so strongly desired to place myself at her feet, to embrace her, to pour out my soul before her, and to show her how filled I am with respect, affection, and gratitude.

'P.S.—The Abbé is at your feet [we suspect there is a touch of his pen in the last sentence]; he is as full of respect and gratitude for your goodness as of attachment to me.'

Here follow a few lines in the King's writing:—

'I am very glad to find an opportunity, *ma chère Maman*, to prove to you my tenderness and attachment. I wish I could have your advice in these moments, which are so embarrassing. I should be charmed to satisfy you, and so to show all the attachment and gratitude I feel to you for giving me your daughter, with whom I am as pleased as it is possible.'

Marie Antoinette seems to have felt that this little paragraph was not worthy of the occasion, and adds:—

'The King would not let my letter go without adding his scrap. I feel that he would have done no more than is proper if he had written a letter on purpose. I entreat my dear Mamma to excuse him, as he has so many things on his hands, which occupy him, besides being naturally timid and shy. You see, dear Mamma, by the end of his compliment, that though he is very fond of me, he does not spoil me by saying sweet things.'

This letter strikes us as very interesting, and if we cast a glance onwards to the close of the reign which had just commenced, its simplicity and homeliness are touching. It bears the stamp of reality. There is not a trace of affectation about it. The '*O ma bonne mère!*' of the French editors becomes simply '*ma chère maman*'; and between the two compositions there is just the difference which exists between the language of a person of high breeding in a great position and the language of a vulgar person endeavouring to act up to a great part. The King's 'scrap,' and the postscript in which the Queen makes the best excuse she can for the bluntness and brevity of her husband, are perfectly characteristic. We seem to see the writers of that page before us. The contrast between this plain letter and the romantic cry of the '*malheureux enfans*' called to '*régner si jeunes*' is complete; and the undoubted

genuineness of the letter of the 14th seems to us to deprive of all credit the pretended letter of the 10th of May.

A formal autograph letter was addressed by Louis XVI. to Maria Theresa on the 5th of June, to notify his accession to the throne. It still exists in the Imperial Library of Vienna, and is published by M. Feuillet de Conches in his third volume. The answer of Maria Theresa to the authentic letter of the 14th of May is published both by M. von Arneth and by M. Feuillet de Conches in the Supplement to the 2nd vol. p. 441. The Empress refers in the following terms to the passage we have just quoted:—‘I cannot tell you how much I was touched by the lines the King chose to add to your letter. This is a cordiality I prefer to everything, and his attention in telling me that he is pleased with my dear daughter, and that he thought of me in the first moments of his trying situation, brought tears into my eyes. He even says he wishes for advice: *que cela est respectable à son âge.*’ She then proceeds to give the advice asked for, not forgetting to recommend the pardon of M. de Choiseul and his sister (Mdme. de Grammont), and entire confidence in Mercy, ‘who is as much your Minister as my own.’

The more the letters published by M. d’Hunolstein are examined, the more evident it becomes that they are precisely such as an ingenious person might compose from the incidents and the gossip recorded in the memoirs and old newspapers of the time. Thus, they frequently contain verses supposed to be copied by the Queen, and notices of occurrences of more interest to us than they could have been when they happened; such as the illness of M. de Buffon, the visit of Glück to Paris, &c. The Austrian collection of the Queen’s letters contains nothing of the sort, but, on the contrary, abounds in private details (very fit to be addressed by the Dauphiness to a mother) on her own health and her natural desire to bear children. There is no surer test of the genuineness of a document than the fact that it contains matter of deep interest to the writer, but of no interest at all to future generations. The introduction of details which subsequent events have invested with peculiar interest to posterity is in itself a ground of suspicion.

In another of M. d’Hunolstein’s letters there occurs a blunder which is of itself decisive. The Queen says (25th of February, 1774), to her sister, ‘J’ai pris intérêt à votre *Lammerfest*, pour laquelle Noverre a fait des merveilles;’ and the editor subjoins to this expression a note, to inform the reader that ‘*Lammerfest*’ means ‘*Fête des Agneaux.*’ Now,

it appears that no such *lamb-feast* as this either is, or ever was, known at the Court of Vienna, but the German critics have taken the trouble to ascertain that at this very time a *Kammerball*, or *Kammerfest* (as the smaller court entertainments are usually called), did actually take place there, under the auspices of the ballet-master Noverre. It is evident that whoever framed the letter meant to refer to this entertainment, but the writer (whom we therefore take to be another person) wrote an *L* instead of a *K*, and converted the word into 'Lammerfest,' which M. d'Hunolstein interprets the 'Fête des Agneaux.'

We are chiefly indebted to M. von Sybel and the German reviewers for the points which have thus far seemed to throw doubt upon a portion of these letters. We are now about to advert to a blunder, which has not been noticed in Germany, and which is naturally more apparent to an English eye. Several of the letters in M. d'Hunolstein's collection bearing the date of 1791, and written by the Queen to her brother, the Emperor Leopold, and his ambassador Mercy, during the trying circumstances of that eventful year, are undoubtedly genuine; copies of some of them exist in the Imperial Archives of Vienna, where of course the originals ought to be found, and some others have previously been published in the 'Revue Rétrospective.' Amongst the letters of this date, one only is assigned to the correspondence between Marie Antoinette and her sister Marie Christine, Duchess of Saxe-Teschen, and it is the more remarkable as no other letter appears to have been addressed by the Queen to that Princess in the five preceding years.* This letter gives an account of the distressing situation of the Royal Family, and of the implacable hostility of the Duke of Orleans, which the Queen attributes to the

* M. von Sybel argues that as only one letter from the Queen to her sister has been found in the Saxe-Teschen papers, no such correspondence could have existed. But that fact does not warrant the inference, and we have no doubt at all that some correspondence did take place between Marie Antoinette at Versailles and Marie Christine at Brussels. When the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Teschen fled from the Low Countries after the battle of Jemmapes, their papers and other valuables were embarked on two vessels, one of which was lost, and a portion of the Duke's journal was lost in it. The two volumes of the original journal which were saved are still stained with sea-water. The fact that the letters have not been found does not prove that they never existed: but we very much doubt whether the letters published by M. d'Hunolstein are the documents.

exile to Villers-Cotteret, extorted, she says, from the King by the Garde des Sceaux Lamoignon. It contains a touching and prophetic phrase, which has been largely quoted and commented on in France:—‘They will kill me, my dear Christine; after my death defend me with all your heart. I have always merited your esteem, and that of worthy persons in all countries. I am accused of horrors of which it is needless to say that I am innocent—and the King happily judges of me like a good man. He knows I have never been wanting in what was due to him and to myself.’ One would fain believe that these noble and dignified expressions are not the work of a literary forger; but unluckily that which follows renders this belief untenable. The Queen goes on to speak with affection of the Princess de Lamballe, who, she says, had secretly, and to oblige her mistress, made an arduous voyage to England. And then occurs the following remarkable phrase:—

‘The Queen and her daughters received her (Madame de Lamballe) favourably: *but the mind of the King is deranged.* It is the Chancellor of the Exchequer who governs, and he said cruelly and almost in express terms to the Princess that we have brought our misfortunes upon ourselves.’ (*Hunolstein*, p. 293.)

It is not credible that the Queen of France writing at the time could have committed such an anachronism, or could have been so misinformed. George III., as is well known, became deranged in October 1788; but on the 10th of March 1789 he formally resumed the reins of Government by opening Parliament. The King was not afflicted by any serious return of his dreadful malady for several years, and he was certainly in full possession of his faculties in August 1791. It is therefore evident that this passage was inserted by some one who had a vague knowledge of the King’s insanity, without having ascertained when it ceased. It is also extremely improbable that the Queen would have described the First Minister of the Crown as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for though Mr. Pitt held that office he was known as the First Lord of the Treasury; and it is wholly inconsistent with his character or with the feelings he entertained towards the Royal Family of France, that he should have made a brutal speech to Princess de Lamballe, who was herself so nearly connected with those illustrious victims. In our judgment, therefore, this passage stamps the letter in which it occurs as a spurious production. It is scarcely necessary to quote authorities to prove how entirely the writer of the sentence in question has misconceived the real views of the English Ministry and of the King at that time. But there is a passage in a letter from Mr.

Burke to his son dated the 16th of August 1791, which is so clear and conclusive on the point that it may be worth while to cite it. Burke says:—

‘ Since I wrote the two first sheets I have seen Mr. Dundas, and have received a complete and satisfactory assurance of the neutrality, at least amicable, of this Court. To say the truth, I asked him his opinion directly and without management. But he set me quite at my ease, not only with regard to himself, but to every sub-division of the Ministry, who all agreed, and very heartily, in this point. The King is himself (and I confess, considering everything, it is very generous, and wise, too, in him) most earnest in favour of this cause of sovereigns. He is constantly asking whether the King of France will be firm and reject the Constitution.’ (*Burke’s Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 274.)

It is therefore highly improbable that the Princess de Lamballe or any competent agent should have conveyed to the Queen the false impression contained in her supposed letter.

But this is not all. The second volume of M. Feuillet de Conches’ collection furnishes still more conclusive evidence on this point. In August 1791 the Count de Mercy made a short visit of curiosity to London: upon his return to Brussels on the 4th of September he writes to Prince Kaunitz, then Minister at Vienna, an account of what he saw there. He terms it a visit of curiosity, but as the Déclaration of Pillnitz was actually signed at the very same moment, it may fairly be supposed that Mercy went to London to sound the disposition of the British Government on the great question of intervention in the affairs of France. He relates that King George III. desired that he should be presented to him, and he infers from the silence affected by Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville that the English Cabinet was resolved to watch the course of events in a free and passive attitude, and to take advantage of such measures as might be adopted by the other Powers in so important a conjuncture. He also saw Mr. Burke, and on the 20th of August he sent to the Queen a copy of Burke’s advice and opinion. Marie Antoinette knew that Mercy had been to London, for on the 5th of September she writes to him, ‘ La personne que vous avez vue à Londres est arrivée;’ and it appears from another letter of Mercy’s that this person was charged by him with a full oral explanation of the state of affairs, to the effect that most of the other Powers had attached to their proposed intervention the condition that England should take part in it. He adds, ‘ On se rappellera sans doute qu’il avoit été prévu depuis longtemps que les plus grands obstacles provien-

'draient de ce côté-là. Malheureusement on ne s'est point trompé, et on s'est mis à même de s'en assurer.'* These passages are extremely interesting on other grounds, because they demonstrate the reluctance of Mr. Pitt and his colleagues to interfere in the affairs of France. But they also establish that Marie Antoinette had at that very moment accurate information from London through far better channels than the Princess de Lamballe, and that she could not possibly have supposed that the King of England was at that time out of his mind.

We have now done with M. d'Hunolstein. His collection of autograph letters appears to us to merit no confidence, and, as we have shown, several portions of them are demonstrably false. No vindication of the authenticity of his publication has been attempted, and before he gave his name to a volume of such questionable pretensions he was bound, we think, to have exercised far more circumspection than he appears to possess.

The case of the collection edited by M. Feuillet de Conches is widely different, and it is an act of great injustice on the part of the German critics to have confounded the two publications together, and to have used against the larger publication arguments suggested by the imperfections and contradictions of the smaller one. M. Feuillet de Conches is a gentleman well known in the society of Paris and in the world of letters. He fills an important position at the French Court and in the French Foreign Office. He is the possessor of one of the finest collections of autographs in existence, which serve not only to gratify curiosity but to illustrate history; and he has devoted his life to the critical study of documents of this nature. The correspondence of the Royal Family included in the three volumes already published, consists not only of letters of Marie Antoinette, but of a large number of papers and letters of Louis XVI. and his sister Madame Elisabeth, as

* M. de Mercy knew perfectly well that the neutrality of England was not at that time the sole, or even the principal, obstacle to the intervention of foreign Powers. In a letter from him to M. de la Marck of the 6th September, the following passage occurs:—'Dans le nombre de ces intéressés il en est un qui se refuse de partager les chances qu'il s'agit de courir; par cela même on peut le regarder, et on le regarde en effet, comme un opposant d'autant plus suspect, que, sous différents rapports, ses convenances contrastent avec celles des autres.' The person here alluded to was *the Count's own sovereign*, the Emperor Leopold, on whom the Queen's hopes of a foreign intervention principally rested!

well as of other persons of note. These papers are not by any means the exclusive property of the editor, though a portion of them are in his collection, where they are readily shown and may be examined by persons interested in the subject. We have ourselves had the advantage of examining a great many of them. But the bulk of the collection published in these volumes consists of inedited letters extracted and copied by M. Feuillet de Conches in the Imperial Archives of Paris, Vienna, and Moscow, and also at Stockholm. In the 'second tirage' of the work, which is now before us, the place of deposit or history of almost every document is carefully noted—a precaution which was unfortunately omitted in the first edition, and which is indispensable to works of this nature. It is certain, therefore, that we are indebted to M. Feuillet de Conches for a collection of the highest interest, and there can be no doubt at all that the vast majority of the letters published by him are perfectly authentic.* But before we pass to the consideration of these historical materials, it is necessary to consider whether M. Feuillet de Conches has not been imposed upon to a certain extent by the same ingenious falsifiers who palmed off so many spurious papers on M. d'Hunolstein. In a certain number of instances this must be the case, for some of the controverted letters appear in both collections; and indeed the fact is at once suspicious that two collectors of autographs, both in Paris and both endeavouring to procure papers of the same period, should, without knowing it, have been enabled to procure duplicates of the same papers, both purporting to be in the handwriting of Marie Antoinette. Drafts and duplicates of important political letters may, no doubt, have been kept, though it deserves remark that the Queen expressly adds in a note to the most remarkable of her letters to her brother, 'Keep this, as I may one day like to see it again:' she therefore had no copy of it at hand. But that similar duplicates copied by herself of the familiar notes supposed to have been addressed by her to her mother or her sister, should be in existence, is highly improbable.

Nevertheless, it requires no light evidence to impose on the critical sagacity and experience of such a collector as M. Feuillet de Conches. No one knows better than he does how

* A special permission was given to him by the present Emperor of Austria, with the concurrence of the Comte de Chambord and the Duchesse d'Angoulême, to take copies of the letters of Marie Antoinette in the Imperial Archives.

artfully such documents are fabricated. The world is full, as he says himself, after Madame du Deffand, of '*trompeurs, trompés, et trompettes.*' In these very pages he exposes the hoax which led Miss Helena Williams, in 1803, to publish a volume of imaginary letters of Louis XVI.; and he expresses doubts (which we do not share, after having examined the document) of Lord Houghton's celebrated letter (first published by Louis Blanc) from the Comte de Provence to the Marquis de Favras, by which the Prince is implicated in the conspiracy for which that person suffered.* M. Feuillet de Conches is perfectly sincere in his own convictions: he is not credulous; he is not unskilled in the mysteries of autographs. We therefore receive with respect whatever he says upon the subject; and the elaborate care with which he has edited these papers is the best proof of the importance he attaches to them.

We shall now leave the disputed question of the authenticity of a portion of these papers, and proceed to extract from those

* The letter in question purports to be written by the Comte de Provence to the Marquis de Favras on the 1st November, 1789, and it refers to a project for carrying off the King in the following terms: '*Ce plan a en outre l'avantage d'intimider la nouvelle Cour et de décider l'enlèvement du soliveau.*' M. Feuillet de Conches thinks this expression cannot have proceeded from the pen of the first Prince of the blood, who was one day to mount the throne of France. We are not satisfied with this argument. The expression '*le Roi Soliveau*' or King Log is obviously taken from Lafontaine's well-known fable, and it is applied (not without reason) to Louis XVI. in a caricature of the time, of which a copy is in our own possession. This design represents the frogs asking for a king—Lafayette and Bailly answer the appeal. On the apprehension of the Marquis de Favras the Comte de Provence displayed the utmost eagerness to disclaim all participation in his plot, and at the same time to get possession of his private papers. The letter in question was purchased in London by Lord Houghton, not very long ago, from a mass of old documents relating to the French Revolution. It bears strong marks of authenticity. The handwriting is apparently that of Louis XVIII.: the paper has been most carefully and ingeniously repaired; and below the signature is a red stamp partly effaced, with the words '*Papiers secrets du procès Favras.*' It is written in pale ink. Whatever may be the mystery attached to this document, it certainly bears very strong internal marks of authenticity on the face of it. The existence of this paper is, however, directly opposed to the statements made by the Comte de Provence to the Assembly of the Representatives of the Commune on the 26th of December, when he positively declared, '*Je n'ai point vu M. de Favras: je ne lui ai point écrit.*'

which are of unquestionable authority some of the passages which throw a fuller light on the characters of their authors and the events of the period.

It is worth while to notice how essentially the marriage of Marie Antoinette was a political marriage, and how fatally that circumstance turned to her disadvantage. The system of policy of the Duc de Choiseul consisted mainly in the alliance of France with Austria, by which he hoped to hold in check the Empress of Russia on the one hand, and the Crown of England on the other. In this combination he sought for a system of alliances to compensate in some degree for the losses and humiliations of the peace of 1763, and Marie Antoinette was still an infant when she was already marked out to seal the union of the two States by her marriage. The Empress-Queen, in a letter to her young son-in-law, written just before the nuptials, expressly says, 'I have brought her up with this design; for I have long foreseen that she would share your destiny.' She did indeed share the destiny of that luckless prince, but in a sense very different from that which her mother foresaw or imagined.

Yet, brilliant as the early fortunes of the young Archduchess were to the outward eye, it is recorded that sinister presages had attended her from her birth. She came into the world on the very day of the great earthquake at Lisbon. At Kehl the gorgeous pavilion prepared for her reception was hung with tapestry which represented the ill-omened nuptials of Jason and Creusa. The personage who received her on the French shore was the Prince Louis de Rohan, worthless and profligate at all times, and afterwards, as Cardinal and Grand Almoner of France, the chief actor in the scandalous intrigue of the diamond necklace. At Paris the rejoicings appointed for the marriage cost twelve hundred lives. Scarcely had the Dauphiness taken her place at Versailles, when M. de Choiseul was thrust out of office by a cabal in which Madame du Barry took the most active part, and the young Princess found herself at a strange Court, without a political friend in the land of her adoption, married to an uncouth lad of sixteen, whose secret prepossessions were certainly adverse to the Austrian connexion, insulted by the presence and the gibes of the King's mistress, and thrown upon the doubtful society of her aunts and her sister-in-law—the former bigoted old maids, the latter an unmanageable though affectionate child.

Maria Theresa felt, no doubt, the extreme difficulty of her daughter's position, and urged her (as we have seen) to pro-

pitiate the Du Barry, and to regulate her own conduct entirely by the advice of M. de Mercy, the Imperial Ambassador. The language addressed to Marie Antoinette by her mother is incredibly severe, but it sounds prophetic:—‘ You must play your part, if you wish to be esteemed: you can do it if you will put some constraint on yourself, and take the advice which is given you; but if you give way, I foresee great misfortunes before you—nothing but quarrels and vexations, which will render your life unhappy. . . . All this makes me tremble. I see you going on with a certain assurance and carelessness to total ruin or, at least, into a false track.’ But in spite of the solemnity of this language, and the deference Maria Theresa exacted and obtained from her children, the marriage of her daughter to the Dauphin failed to give the Empress any political influence at Versailles. Marie Antoinette herself had no such influence; but she was made to expiate the crime of the Austrian alliance as bitterly as if she had been its most powerful patroness. It was that circumstance which, for several different causes, first directed against her the malignant intrigues of the Court, and sowed an immense crop of hatred and injustice among the people against an innocent and amiable woman. Maria Theresa was injudicious in inculcating on her daughter, as the first of her duties, the maintenance of the ties with her own country, which her marriage had in fact dissolved, and in constituting the Austrian Ambassador chief adviser of the Queen of France. Mercy, indeed, performed that delicate task with tact and circumspection. The time came when in the whole kingdom of France there was not another man whom Marie Antoinette could really confide in. Nevertheless, it would have been better for her if she had been left to her own impulses; become, as she herself expressed, ‘ Française jusqu’au bout des ongles,’ and not lived to hear that ferocious cry of ‘ L’Autrichienne!’ for ever mingling with the crash of the Revolution. In this respect the policy of Maria Theresa did unintentionally conduce to the fatal termination of the reign of Louis XVI. and of her daughter.

M. Feuillet de Conches informs us that many of the autograph papers and letters of Louis XVI. which occur in his collection were obtained by himself from the descendants of two of the members of the Convention appointed to ransack the King’s private repositories. They probably kept a portion of what they found there for their own use, and since the death of these persons the autographs have been sold. Some of them are of high interest, such as the draft of the Declaration made by the King to the Assembly at the moment of the flight

to Varennes, and the confidential letter to his brother, in which he explains his own motives for accepting the Revolutionary Constitution of 1791. The melancholy fate of Louis XVI. the dignity with which he bore the keenest sufferings and turned aside the grossest insults, the piety of his last moments, have contributed to throw over his name something of the radiance which encircles the martyr and the saint. No doubt, in some of his letters, in domestic life, and in the political transactions which cost him his head, it must be acknowledged that he often showed himself a very narrow-minded, ill-mannered, and incapable personage; but these defects are compensated by his genuine desire to improve the condition of his people and to save them from the consequences of their own follies and crimes. Many of the earlier acts of his reign do the utmost credit to his heart. The following extract of a letter from the King to Turgot will be read with interest:—

‘Versailles (February, 1776).

‘I have read with care, Monsieur Turgot, all the Reports you submitted to me at the Council, and the six Drafts of Ordinances, which I had previously approved in general terms. I was very glad to make myself master of the details, alone, and in my cabinet. The want of unanimity in my Council on these measures, and the hostility they encounter out of doors, have given me much matter for reflection: but they appear to me to be so useful and so conformable to the welfare of the people, that I cannot hesitate to publish them and to support them with my whole authority. Thus I approve the edict for the suppression of forced labour (*corvées*) by causing the high roads of the kingdom to be repaired at the common cost. To take the time of a labourer, without his own consent, would be equivalent to a tax, even if he were paid for it: much more if he is not paid for it at all. That is an exorbitant charge on a day-labourer living by his time. You say very wisely that a man who is forced to work and who works without remuneration, works ill. These considerations are palpable, and I regret that an edict so well-founded in reason and equity should have excited so much opposition and distrust, even before it was known: but there are so many private interests opposed to the general interest. The more I think of it, my dear Turgot, the more I repeat to myself, that there is nobody but you and I that really love the people. Have this edict engrossed: I will sign it in Council.’ (*Feuillet de Conches*, vol. i. p. 79.)

When M. Turgot was not at his elbow, the King was not always so wise. The *naïveté* of the following passage, in a note to the Garde des Sceaux, Miroménil (written in the year 1775), can hardly be surpassed:—

‘Have you read the Memorial of the Protestants? It is very well drawn up; but by what right do they dare to print a Memorial and

send it to everybody? There may be persons of a misapplied zeal who harass them, which I do not approve, but, on the other hand, they ought to keep within the bounds prescribed to them. *They have a sure way to become like all other citizens, and that is to acknowledge the true religion.*' (*Feuillet de Conches*, vol. i. p. 66.)

Whatever Louis XVI. might have been in tranquil times, it is evident that when the tempest of the Revolution was howling about him, his faculties became confused, his irresolution increased, and, like most weak men exposed to dangers he could not surmount, he had recourse to deceit. It would be extremely interesting to trace with minuteness in M. Feuillet de Conches' second volume the fluctuations of the King's mind—the motives which led him to accept the Constitution of 1791 (from a conviction, as he acknowledges, that it would not work)—the attempts made to control the Royalist party at Coblenz, and especially the Comte d'Artois—and, nevertheless, the secret conviction of the King that the only hope of salvation for himself and the Queen lay in escape and foreign intervention, though he continued to the last to dread and deprecate civil war. But our limits forbid us on the present occasion to enter fully into these curious details, and we must content ourselves with recommending the whole series of the papers, to which no suspicion is attached, to the careful examination of every student of the French Revolution.

There are, however, two short documents in the same volume of this collection, which are so conclusive as to the bad faith of the King in his dealings with the Assembly, that we must find room for them in this place. The Royal Family had been stopped in its flight at Varennes, on the 21st June. And here it may be mentioned that M. Feuillet de Conches relates, on the authority of the Marquis Louis de Bouillé, the anecdote that the actual cause of the failure of the whole escape was that the King, whose appetite was insatiable, insisted on stopping for some time at a house of M. de Chamilly, to eat a meal. That meal cost the King his head, and probably changed the tenour of events in Europe. On the 25th June the Royal Family was brought back to Paris. In the interval the King had been virtually deposed by the Assembly. The catastrophe was all but complete: and the letters relating to it in these pages are of a thousand times greater interest than the laboured attempts to describe it in all the daubs and blotches of Mr. Carlyle. At this crisis, then, or a few days later, on the 7th July, the King addressed to the Constituent Assembly the following message:—

‘Gentlemen,—I learn that several officers who have passed over to foreign countries have invited the soldiers of their regiments to quit the kingdom and join them abroad, and that this has been done in virtue of certain full powers, directly or indirectly, emanating from myself. I think it right to contradict this assertion and to repeat on the present occasion, what I have already declared, that in leaving Paris my sole intention was to go to Montmédy, whence I should have addressed to the National Assembly the observations I deem necessary on the difficulties attending the execution of the laws, and the administration of the kingdom. I positively declare that every person who may say that he is charged with any such powers on my behalf is a most culpable impostor.’ (*Feuillet de Conches*, vol. ii. p. 514.)

At a preceding page of the same volume (p. 163), we find the following document, also dated the 7th July 1791, and headed ‘General Powers, which the King, after his arrest at ‘Varenes, sent to the Princes, his brothers, by M. de ‘Fersen!’ This autograph paper was given to M. Feuillet de Conches by his friend the Vicomte de Fontenay. It runs as follows:—

‘I absolutely rely on the affection of my brothers for me, on their attachment to their country, on the friendship of Sovereign Princes, my kinsmen and allies, and on the honour and generosity of the other Sovereigns, to agree together on the manner and the means to be employed in negotiations, designed to restore order and tranquillity in the kingdom: but I think that all employment of force ought only to be placed in the rear of negotiations. I give full powers to my brothers to treat in this sense with whomsoever they choose, and to select the persons to be employed for these political objects.’

So that on the very same day that the King denied to the Assembly, in terms of apparent indignation, that he had given any powers to promote the emigration of troops, he did in fact send to the heads of the emigration full powers to negotiate with foreign Powers for their intervention in the affairs of France. Two months later, on the 14th September, he signified to the Assembly his acceptance of the Constitution—with what sincerity may be inferred from these documents. In forming a judgment on the terrible events of the French Revolution, it must never be forgotten that this disposition of the Court to rely on foreign aid and to subdue the Revolution by foreign influence, was the inexpiable crime of the King and Queen. It was ridiculous to talk of Louis as a tyrant. It was an outrage to ascribe to the Queen, as a woman, any single action which would not have become the noblest of her sex. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of her Austrian education and the frivolity of her early habits, misfortune and

danger awakened in her a force of will, a clearness of intelligence, a power of language, and a strength of soul, which speak with imperishable eloquence in every line of the letters written after the commencement of the Revolution. But although these qualities of the Queen do her the highest honour, and in this respect the publication of her most private correspondence can only exalt her reputation, yet these papers render still more apparent the fact that she had but little political judgment, and that neither she nor the King ever conceived the possibility of dealing honestly with the Revolution. At each successive stage in that protracted tragedy, there was a secret policy always at work in the opposite sense, and that policy, relying mainly on external support, was their destruction. A single instance must suffice to explain our meaning. We select it from a letter in cipher, addressed by the Queen to Count Mercy, on the 28th Sept., 1791, about a fortnight after the King had accepted the Constitution, and a momentary turn in his favour had been given to affairs, if it had been honestly and ably employed. The language of Marie Antoinette demonstrates the entire insincerity of their acquiescence:—

‘It is most important for us to know the exact extent of the engagements of the Emperor and the other Powers with the King’s brothers, the measure of their good will, and the time at which they may effect it. As for this last point, it appears to me from all your letters, and by the dictates of reason, that the time is at least remote. It is this, therefore, which decided us to take, at this moment, the course we have adopted [acceptance of the Constitution].

‘Anyhow, it was necessary to have the air of uniting in good faith with the people. If public opinion does not change, no human power can govern in despite of it. If then it be necessary to adopt the present system, at least for a time, (and it will destroy itself if it be adopted,) it is essential that we should be united to that great majority which is the people, and to inspire it with sufficient strength to resist the machinations of the republicans who are seeking every means of influence and found all their hopes on the next legislature.

‘There is another advantage in having the air to adopt the new ideas—that it is the safest mode of defeating them. When the factious will no longer be able to tell the multitude that the King opposes its welfare by opposing the Constitution, it will be more conscious of the calamities that surround it.

‘If, on the other hand, as I dare not flatter myself, the Powers find some prompt and imposing manner to make themselves heard here, and to exact the things they have a right to demand for the safety and balance of power in Europe, it is still necessary to inspire confidence. The fear of external force, though it should use no

language but that of reason and the common rights of sovereigns, would mitigate the first shock here, and might decide them to entreat the King to act as mediator,—the only part fitted for him, as much from the love he bears his subjects as for the purpose of controlling the faction of the emigrants, who by the tone they assume (which would be raised still higher if they contributed to another order of things) would only plunge the King into a fresh slavery. The wisdom of the Powers must therefore restrain them as much as possible. Anything they could do alone or without a paramount force, would destroy them, ourselves, and the whole kingdom.' (*Feuillet de Conches*, vol. ii. p. 392.)

Bertrand de Molleville relates in his Memoirs that the King and Queen accepted the Constitution in a very different spirit. The King said to him, 'I should have liked to introduce some modifications into the Constitution, but it is now too late; I have accepted it as it is, I have sworn to maintain it. I must keep my engagement; and the more so as I think the exact execution of the Constitution is the surest method of convincing the nation that some changes are required in it. I have no other plan than this, and I shall certainly not deviate from it.' The Queen added to the same Minister, 'The King has acquainted you with his intentions relative to the Constitution; do you not think that the only plan to pursue is to be faithful to his oath?' 'Certainly, your Majesty,' replied Bertrand. 'Well,' said the Queen, 'be sure they will not make us depart from it.' This version of the policy of the Court in September 1791 has been adopted by Thiers and other historians. The letter just quoted demonstrates the insincerity of these assurances, and that the hopes of the Queen were entirely fixed on the intervention of foreign Powers, *with* a paramount force, to put down the Revolution. Yet that was the most fatal error the Court could then commit; for, as Brissot declared in his Journal two years afterwards, 'Without the war there would have been no 10th August; without the 10th August there would have been no Republic.'

But even the simulated confidence of the King in the Constitution was of short duration. He was grossly insulted on his first appearance in the Assembly by an attempt to refuse him the titles of *Sire* and *Your Majesty*; and when he 'vetoed' the law against the *Émigrés*, in November 1791, that act occasioned a definitive rupture.

When Marie Antoinette was brought to her trial, the first question put to the jury was this:—'Is it proved that manoeuvres and intelligences, with foreign Powers and other external enemies of the Republic have existed, tending to aid

‘and abet their designs? and is Marie Antoinette of Austria ‘convicted of having participated in these manœuvres and ‘intelligences?’ This was the crime punishable by death under the article of the Penal Code which Fouquier applied to her. The trial of the Queen was no doubt a mockery of justice. She was outraged and insulted by false and indecent charges, irrelevant to the main issue. No real evidence on the main charge of high treason was adduced against her. But if the letters and papers contained in these volumes had been in the hands of her judges, as they are in the hands of posterity, it is impossible, even for those who are most deeply affected by her melancholy fate, to deny that the Queen had actively engaged in the foreign intelligences ascribed to her; that she had used her influence and her resources abroad to arm Europe against France; and that when apparent concessions were made to the new Constitution of the French Monarchy, the Queen never relinquished her uncompromising hostility to the Revolution. ‘She was,’ to borrow the language of M. Mortimer Ternaux*, ‘afflicted by the most cruel ‘perplexities, but these perplexities were not those of the King. ‘Louis XVI. knew not whether he ought or ought not to be a ‘constitutional king. Marie Antoinette knew that she chose ‘he should never be one. Hesitating as to the means she ‘should employ, but never as to her object, she had no fixed ‘system of conduct; she was firm only in repugnance and ‘resentment. . . . She dreaded whatever aid came from ‘the interior, because an account must one day be rendered to ‘those who afforded it. She turned her eyes to the armies of ‘the Coalition, without having formed a clear conception of ‘what she needed or what she desired.’

This sentence may seem severe, but it is that of a writer thoroughly versed in the history of the Revolution, full of respect for the Queen’s character and of compassion for her unmerited sufferings. And, in our judgment, it is confirmed to demonstration by the voluminous letters extracted by M. Feuillet de Conches from the Austrian Archives and by many of the documents in his own possession. From similar sources he has exposed to the light of day the restless intrigues of the *émigrés*, more especially of the Comte d’Artois and Calonne; the crafty and insincere expedients by which the Emperor Leopold kept alive the expectations of the Court of France without taking any serious engagement; the impetuous but abortive zeal with which Gustavus III. of Sweden was

* Histoire de la Terreur, vol. i. p. 20.

ready to advance, like a knight of old, to the rescue of the Queen; and the artifices by which Catherine of Russia sought to turn the confusion of Europe and the downfall of the French Monarchy to her own advantage. These materials are of the highest interest, and they exhibit the honesty and sagacity of what was termed the Coalition in a light not more creditable to the sovereigns of Europe than the honesty and sagacity of the Court of France in its relations with the popular party. On these questions M. Feuillet de Conches has rendered services to the secret history of the revolutionary period which are only equalled by the publication of the correspondence of the Comte de la Marck, given to the world in 1851 by M. de Bacourt.

We shall take leave of this part of the subject by citing two interesting letters from the Queen to her brother. The first relates to the negotiations which had been carried on through M. de la Marck between Mirabeau and the Court. It is well known that in order to conceal the game he was playing, that unscrupulous tribune made use of language of increased violence in the Assembly, at the very time he was advising Louis XVI. to countermine the opposition of that body to the existing Ministry; but this inconsistency had the effect of destroying the confidence of the King and Queen in the advice he was giving to them. The following letter relates to this subject:—

‘This 22nd October, 1790: St. Cloud.

‘We are fallen back into chaos and all our distrust. M. [Mirabeau] had sent in some papers, warmly expressed but well argued, on the necessity of preventing the usurpations of the Assembly, and of resisting its pretensions to interfere in the nomination of Ministers. He had proposed several names, and the King was disposed to examine the question, when, à propos of some disturbances which have occurred in the fleet, he delivered a violent demagogical speech, such as to terrify all honest men.* Here then all our hopes in this

* The entire history of this transaction may be found in the correspondence of Count de la Marck with Mirabeau, vol. ii. p. 251. On the 16th October Mirabeau advised the King to anticipate the vote of want of confidence threatened by the Assembly by dismissing his own Ministers and having a Cabinet taken from the advanced leaders of the Revolutionary party. The King hesitated. On the 18th Mirabeau suspected that the Court was acting under the counsels of a foolish person named Bergasse, whose advice was directly opposed to his own. Irritated by this sign of distrust, he attacked the Court in the Assembly with great bitterness on the 21st, and proposed the substitution of the tricolour flag in the navy for the old *drapeau blanc*. It is to this circumstance the Queen refers in her letter.

quarter are again overthrown : the King is indignant and I in despair. He has written to one of his friends [M. de la Marck] in whom I have great confidence, and who is a most trustworthy gentleman, a letter of explanation which has just been shown to me, and which appears to me very little calculated to explain or excuse anything. This man is a volcano who would set fire to an empire : are we to rely on him then to extinguish the conflagration that consumes us ? He will have much to do to regain our confidence. At bottom, the King himself felt how important it is to resist the encroachments of the Assembly, which aims at nothing less than the subversion of the royal authority : but how can we induce him to take advice from those who are bursting into fresh excesses ? However, a good counsel is always good, and I am urging the Archbishop (Brienne) to speak. Lam. defends Mir., and maintains that though he has occasional outbreaks, he is sincere in his wish to serve the Monarchy, and will repair this flight of his imagination, which did not come from his heart. But the King will not believe it. I saw yesterday he was very angry. Lam. says he doubts not that Mir. thought he was doing right in speaking thus, in order to deceive the Assembly, and gain credit with it in more momentous circumstances. Oh ! God, if we have committed faults, we have keenly expiated them.' (Vol. i. p. 376.)

The last letter of the Queen for which we can find room is also addressed to her brother. M. Feuillet de Conches prints it from the draft in the Queen's handwriting in his own collection. It is extremely touching and characteristic :—

This 27th December, 1790.

'Yes, my dear brother, our situation is dreadful. I feel it, I see it, and your letter has divined every thing. Human nature is very wicked and perverse, and yet this nation—I have singular proofs of it—is not bad at heart. Their fault is that they are too impulsive. They have generous movements, which do not stay : they are inflamed like children, and once excited they are led to commit every crime, though they may repent of them afterwards in tears of blood. What is the use when the evil is done ? You remind me that I had looked forward to the *États Généraux* as a source of trouble and the hope of the factious—but since then, what ground we have lost ! I am daily outraged by insults and threats. On the death of my poor Dauphin [the Queen's eldest boy died in June 1790,] the nation seemed totally unconscious of the event. From that day, the people are mad, and I am in constant terror. After having undergone the horrors of the 5th and 6th October, anything may be expected. Assassination is at our doors. I cannot show myself at a window, even with my children, without being insulted by a drunken mob, to whom I have done no harm, and amongst whom there are doubtless unfortunates whom I have myself relieved. I am prepared for any event, and I can now, unmoved, hear them crying for my head. My anxieties are increased, my dear brother, by the state of your health : I cannot tell you how much I was affected by the long letter you

wrote me from your bed of sickness. I acknowledge your tenderness and I thank you with all my heart; but forgive me, I entreat you, if I still refuse your advice to leave: remember that I am not my own mistress; my duty is to remain where Providence has placed me, and to oppose my own body, if need be, to the daggers of the assassins who would attack the King. I should be unworthy of our mother, who is as dear to you as to myself, if danger could induce me to fly far away from the King and from my children.' (Vol. ii. p. 402.)

Before we take leave of these interesting collections, one class of letters remains to be noticed, which are, from their singular freshness, vivacity, and originality, the most captivating of all. We mean the copious correspondence of Madame Elisabeth, the King's sister, with her two ladies-in-waiting and confidential friends, Madame de Bombelles and Madame de Raigecourt. The authenticity of these letters cannot be questioned, for they proceed directly from the custody of the representatives of the ladies to whom they were addressed. The three sons of Madame de Bombelles entered the Austrian service, and the youngest of them (who had possession of his mother's letters) became the third and last husband of the Empress Marie Louise. Through Countess de Flahault, when Ambassadors of France at Vienna, these letters were communicated to the present editor, and they have since been collated with another copy of them belonging to the Marquis de Castéja, who married Madame de Bombelles' daughter in 1819. Some of the letters of the Princess to her other friend, Madame de Raigecourt, had already been inaccurately given to the world by M. Ferraud; but they have now been revised and published in their integrity by M. Feuillet de Conches from the original documents in the possession of the present Marquis de Raigecourt. We are thus particular in explaining the history of these papers because they are wholly exempt from the suspicions which have been thrown on some other parts of the collection; and it would be desirable to obtain an equally clear and explicit account of every paper to which a great name has been affixed.

No character in modern history lives in a purer light than that of Madame Elisabeth. She shared the sufferings of her brother; she refused to forsake him when she might have left France; she was of all the victims of the Revolution the purest and the most innocent. But without at all diminishing the admiration inspired by her virtues, these letters exhibit her character from an entirely new and unexpected point of view. Far from being the resigned and half-celestial creature who sacri-

ficed herself to the tenderness of her affections and the ardour of her faith, Madame Elisabeth was of all the Royal Family of France the most remarkable for the extreme vivacity of her disposition, for her brilliant humour, for her high spirits and enjoyment of life, and for a proud sense of what was once her own great position. Born a Princess and a child of France, she exulted in the pleasures she possessed and the pleasures she could confer on others. To her tastes, her habits, and her ardent convictions, the Revolution, with its brutality and its irreligion, was abominable. From the first day when the storm broke on the marble galleries of Versailles, she retained no illusions, she advocated no concessions. Her courageous heart would have found it easier to break in a bold resistance, than to temporise and exhaust the slow torments of lingering destruction. Yet that was the fate to which she was doomed by the fault of others, rather than by her own; and with a complete knowledge of the extent of that hopeless sacrifice, undecieving and undeceived, she made it, not only without a murmur, but with a gaiety and gallantry of heart, tempered only by her profound faith in the justice of God and the truth of His religion. She met those perils—she describes those scenes of horror—with a light and unshrinking touch. Even when you trace in the animated irregularity of her style the *flutter* of the keenest emotion, half-concealed from the friends she was addressing, she shows not a sign of fear; and she allows nothing to check the natural flow of her spirits, except the consciousness of her own imperfections, measured by the standard of divine endurance and divine purity. Yet, with these elevated thoughts and motives ever present to her mind, she is not a whit the less a woman of the world, eagerly sharing in every pursuit and enjoyment and passion of the hour, and owning that it costs her more to relinquish her horses, her gardens, her dairy, and her freedom, than she cares to admit. This strong infusion of youthful gaiety and active tastes, mingled with the fervour of her religious sentiments, gives a new aspect to the character of Elisabeth; but it only renders her more attractive and more original.

We can hardly hope to preserve in a foreign language the peculiar playfulness of her style in these letters, but the following extracts may give some idea of them. The first in the series was written to Madame de Bombelles the day after the capture of the Bastille:—

‘15th July, 1789.

‘How kind you are, dearest! All the dreadful events of yesterday had not made me cry; but your letter, which gives me the consola-

tions of your friendship, has cost me a flood of tears. I should be grieved to go away without you. I don't know whether the King will leave Versailles. I would do whatever you wish, if that were to happen. I don't know what I really desire on that point. God knows what is best to be done. We have a pious man at the head of the Council, perhaps He will enlighten him. Take care of yourself, and pray don't come out—though, *ma petite*, I make the sacrifice of seeing you. I love you more than I can tell. At all times, at every moment, I shall feel the same. I hope the evil is not so great as one imagines. What makes me think so is the quiet of Versailles. We were not quite certain yesterday that M. de Launay had been hanged: somebody else had been taken for him. I shall cling, as you advise me, to the chariot of *Monsieur* (the Comte de Provence), but I am afraid the wheels are good for nothing. Adieu, dearest, I embrace you as fondly as I love you.' (*Feuillet de Conches*, vol. i. p. 233.)

Here follows an outburst from the brave little fanatic, whose religion was not always of the most saintlike temper:—

'Paris, 20th January, 1790.

'As this letter will not see the post-office in France I may write to you rather more at my ease. The Assembly has crowned the measure of its follies and impieties by giving to the Jews admission to all offices. The debate was long, but the rightminded people had, as usual, the worst of it. As yet they have only admitted the Jews who had privileges; but you will see the whole nation will soon have the same advantages. It was reserved for our age to receive in friendship the only people whom God has marked with a sign of reprobation, to forget the death inflicted on our Saviour by that people, and the benefits that Saviour has ever scattered over France. I can't tell you what a rage I am in at this decree. But we must wait and submit with resignation to the punishment reserved to us by Heaven, for this offence will never be allowed to remain unavenged. Our present position proves that God has His days of vengeance, and that if He is long-suffering of evil, He does nevertheless punish it with force, when the ingratitude of mankind has reached its height. . . .

'You will see, or you have already seen, what the Assembly has done to prevent its members from holding offices. [The Assembly had just decreed the non-re-eligibility of its members.] I don't know that it is a good thing. I am afraid it will only render them more violent. Since the King has taken this step which puts him, as they say, at the head of the Revolution, and strips him, as I say, of the little remaining Crown he had still on his head, the Assembly has not done a thing for him. It is fiercely bent on the destruction of the Clergy. To-day they are going to decide that there are to be no eldest sons. Every sort of extravagance is going on, and no good will come of it.' (Vol. i. p. 304.)

'1st March, 1790.

'We are not yet sure that the Emperor (Joseph) is dead. But

one might lay a wager it is so. How Europe will be knocked about ! They say his niece has died in her confinement : the happier she, though I am not envious of her lot. As I have always been extremely curious, I should like to see the end of this Revolution. Yet if the days of persecution for the faith were to return, ah ! I would ask Heaven to release me from the world first, for I don't feel I have at all the courage to support it. It is true that there is an old proverb which says "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and I doubt not that we should experience it, if the time came. You will think me rather mad. For fear you should find out that you are not erring in thinking so, I leave you and embrace you with all my heart.' (Vol. i. p. 313.)

These touches must suffice to give an impression of the Princess's character—ardent, intolerant sometimes, resolute in opposing danger, dauntless in exposing deceit, foreseeing more clearly than others the track that lay before her, shrinking at times from the shadows that crossed it, but pursuing it at last to the bitter end, in faith and love not unworthy of her Divine Master.

Whatever may have been the errors of judgment and the defects of character of the members of the Royal Family of France—and, as we have seen, they are unreservedly laid bare, by themselves, in these confidential letters to their nearest connexions—it can never be forgotten that their unparalleled misfortunes plead like angels' tongues in their favour. No doubt it may be easy to trace even those misfortunes, in part, to the singular want of tact and resolution exhibited by the King in all the important emergencies of his life—to the wilfulness of the Queen, her inexperience of politics, and her foreign extraction—to the total want of intelligence of the time and of the Revolution, from which even the acuteness of Madame Elisabeth did not exempt her. But with the whole evidence now before the world, which enables us to follow them into the recesses of their thoughts and feelings, we rise from the perusal of these papers with increased sympathy with sufferings, borne in so noble and Christian a spirit.

- ART. V.—1. *The Irish Church: its History, with Statistics.*
By WILLIAM SHEE, Serjeant-at-Law, M.P. for the County
of Kilkenny. Second edition. 1863.
2. *Remarks on the Irish Church Temporalities.* By MAZIERE
BRADY, D.D. Dublin: 1865.
3. *Facts respecting the Present State of the Church in Ireland.*
By the Rev. ALFRED T. LEE. London: 1865.
4. *The Irish Church; an Historical and Statistical Review.*
By HERBERT S. SKEATS. London: 1865.
5. *The Income and Requirements of the Irish Church, being a
Reply to Serjeant Shee.* By Archdeacon STOPFORD.
Dublin: 1863.

IRELAND occupied in the sixteenth century a position without parallel in European history. While the Reformation was affecting the whole breadth of society in other nations, altering political and social relations, correcting theological doctrines, and going hand in hand with literary and scientific advancement, the most western country of Europe, isolated for centuries from all the liberalising culture of the Continent, and steeped in inconceivable misery and degradation, felt no quickening within, not even a sympathetic movement in connexion with Protestant impulse. Unlike other nations, it had no period of religious inquiry, no spiritual insurrection against the corrupt formalism of Rome, no Celtic Luther to give voice, direction, and triumph to the principles of a new movement. In the utter absence of that rising and vigorous middle class, with its compact force, its self-consistency, and its hardihood of character, to which England and Scotland owed their reforming activity, the sister country remained a stranger to all the new social forces that were then stamping themselves upon the expanding civilisation of Britain. The Reformation which was imported in the middle of the sixteenth century was an entirely foreign and artificial system, which at once arrayed itself against the strong nationalism of the island, and never at any period exhibited that social expansiveness which was so much needed for moulding into religious unity races so widely different in all their traditions and training. The new hierarchy merely displaced the old, but proposed to itself no quiet career of diffusion and growth, and devised no wise and proper methods for the conversion of the native population. Thus it came to pass that the mass of the people kept to their

old dogmatic pathways, and followed from generation to generation the guidance of the old proscribed hierarchy, which still remained the chief political and social agency in the country—(even when banished working still by the most dexterous disguised communications)—touching the life of the nation at every point, and binding it together in all its relations; while the new hierarchy, though strongly entrenched behind the guardianship of English law, was confronted at every step in countless forms, and found itself spiritually powerless before the organising and commanding spirit of Rome.

It is idle now to speculate on what might have been the religious and political destiny of Ireland at the present hour, if the new Protestant Church, so amply endowed with the spoils of the ancient establishment, had at once devised a bold and liberal measure for the education of the natives—for people must be taught to read before they can be taught to think, and they must learn to think before they can discern truth from error—if she had prosecuted her evangelising work in such a spirit as to disarm the exasperation of an oppressed people—if she had given them the Scriptures in their own tongue, and made the Irish language a vehicle of secular as well as religious instruction—if she had placed herself as a mediating power between an injured people and their foreign rulers, disregarding herself the odious distinctions of race, with a view to their ultimate assimilation—thus, by the creation of one law of opinion, drawing the conflicting elements of Irish life into all the beauty and strength of a homogeneous national existence. If the Established Church has signally and admittedly failed in these various aspects of her responsible mission, the blame must, no doubt, largely fall upon those statesmen, royal and ministerial, who made her in a subject-country the instrument of political exclusion and the symbol of a hated domination; who equipped her too formidably for her work, and surrounded her with safeguards which incapacitated her from exercising her powers of usefulness; so that for centuries she was in the condition of King James I. in his armour, when he said of himself, ‘Now, nobody can hurt me, and I can hurt nobody.’ But we are far from believing that the Irish Church herself has been wholly blameless in this matter, or that she has even now wholly reversed the leading principles of her ancient ecclesiastical policy. If she had done her duty three hundred years ago, or had even shown a disposition in more modern times to recognise the altered relations of Irish society, to throw her energies into national education in a way that the activity and expansiveness of the age so imperatively demanded, and in accordance with

the only plan that was possible in a country religiously divided, and had ceased to be the political engine of a party and the consistent enemy of every liberal enactment that could raise the Catholic people in the scale of social well-being, politicians and journalists would not now be discussing the question of her disendowment, and she herself would not be lamenting her hard fortune that for thirty years past she has been deserted by the Tories, condemned by the Whigs, threatened by the Radicals, hated by the Roman Catholics, and envied by the Dissenters.

No doubt, if a fair calculation were made of her advantages and disadvantages, as compared with those of her English sister, it would be found that she has had a considerable preponderance of the latter, though we must ever lament that she seems to have possessed at no period sufficient wisdom or courage to turn her opportunities to account, or to neutralise the force of those unquestionable difficulties which surrounded her from her first establishment. There can be no question that, notwithstanding the revived vigour of the last thirty years, her numerical inferiority is but the sign of her moral weakness in the country—a weakness of which she seems to be hardly conscious herself, but for which she is really in a very large degree responsible. Let us view her present position. This weakness has sprung in a measure from her geographical distribution. Episcopacy does not lie in a compact dense mass, like Presbyterianism in Ulster, but stretches its meagre and starving length over the whole island, appearing here and there in a series of detached outposts and unconnected fragments, while the enveloping mass is intensely Romish. The consequence has been that, while the active and enterprising Presbyterianism of the North has written its character on the broad acres of its peculiar province, and is strong in that peculiar element of strength—a territorial existence—Episcopacy, with its far more extended area and its greater tenuity, has not only been more exposed to the proselytising inroads of Romanism at a thousand ill-guarded points, but has never been sufficiently strong, at any one point, to give a Protestant tone to the community, or to create an atmosphere of Protestant opinion such as pervades the society of Ulster. The social atmosphere of the South is unmistakably Catholic; that of the North is Presbyterian, for nowhere, out of Scotland itself, is the discharge of religious duty so fully recognised as a condition of social existence, and nowhere else is there a greater amount of active conviction upon religious questions. Episcopacy, though strong in the vantage-ground of law, with absolute possession of the churches, the university, and the endowed schools, and though secured, by its external

points of contact with the people, in the command of the leading avenues to public office and distinction, has had the disadvantage of comprising in its membership that large neutral mass which subsists in the composition of all communities, and which gives them little or no portion of their form, cohesion, or strength. Except in Dublin—and even there to a comparatively insignificant extent—it has given no commanding tone to the public morality of the country. The Irish Church has also laboured under the singular disadvantage of never having been confronted, except in Ulster, by a strong and vigorous branch of Protestant Dissent, such as in England and Scotland has quickened the zeal and stimulated the energies of the Established clergy. The consequence has been that, in the three southern provinces, the clergy, contented to lead quiet and unimpressive lives, with relaxed vigilance and diminished ardour, have been totally unfit to grapple with men displaying all that untiring energy and transcendent zeal which distinguish the Catholic priesthood. The Establishment has never suffered from either disruption or secession, such as often gives a powerful impetus to religious communities, for the Presbyterians are no more Dissenters from the Church of Ireland than the Church of Ireland is from them. They made no breach or rent in a Church of which they were members, like the Dissenters of England, for they were but a branch of the Scottish Establishment. It is almost needless to refer for the thousandth time to the odious tithe-system which, by making the clergy the reluctant instruments of endless litigation and implacable animosities, utterly destroyed their moral influence in the community. We all know how it often set the duty and the interest of kind-hearted clergymen in opposition to each other; so that, as Grattan tersely remarked, ‘It made the clergyman’s income to fall with his virtues and to rise with his bad qualities, just as it made the parishioner to lose by being ingenuous and to save by dishonesty.’ The clergy trusted to the power of England to maintain them in possession of their tithes, and often looked upon the people, either as avowed and dangerous enemies whom they had grievously wronged, or as semi-savages whom it was hopeless to attempt to civilise. The system inflicted more injury upon their office than the efforts of all the infidels and sectaries in the kingdom could have done.

It is equally needless to do more than allude to the politics of the Church, as illustrating the decline of its influence, for it has been uniformly identified with that party in the State which deemed it just and politic to deprive an individual or

his political rights and constitutional privileges because he happened to say mass and believe in purgatory. Ever since the time that the whole bench of Irish Bishops vindicated, as Carte (vol. i. p. 121) tells us in his *Life of Ormond*, the tyranny of Strafford's administration, the Church has presented the natural and only rallying-point of the whole Tory feeling of the country, and through all the political changes of the last thirty-five years, has borne an almost unwavering testimony against that course of liberal legislation which has been fraught with so much material and moral advantage to the kingdom. But nothing contributed so much to her weakness as the conduct of her clergy on the Education question. Thirty years ago they flung their moral power wantonly away. The Catholic clergy, as well as the Presbyterians, were wise and patriotic enough to discern the advantages of a system which, for breadth and completeness of organisation, for the variety and liberality of its appliances, and for the wisdom of its provisions for religious instruction in a divided country, could hardly be paralleled; while the strange spectacle was seen of a bigoted Protestant clergy, who had, up to that period, kept almost the entire education of the country in their own hands, allowing the best teaching power and appliances of the State to pass over into the hands of their greatest enemies. The National system offered no advantage to the Protestant over the Catholic or to the Catholic over the Protestant; and as the one party had always been accustomed to inferiority and the other to ascendancy, the priests as eagerly accepted as the others angrily repudiated, a system which was not based upon a recognition of superior or exclusive claims. The Churchman, however, was only standing upon his ancient ecclesiastical policy of allowing no education whatever in the country that was not distinctively Protestant—that is, of allowing no education whatever except upon conditions that the masses of the people would indignantly repudiate; and he would have kept them to this hour ignorant and demoralised, if the State had not undertaken to do—in the only way possible in Ireland—what it ought at least to have attempted three hundred years ago.*

* And now the extreme Church Educationist joins hands with the Ultramontane Catholic in demanding the destruction of that system which was at once the most equitable in its basis, and the most beneficial in its influences upon Irish society, that they may establish upon its ruins the system of denominational instruction, which will only strengthen and perpetuate the sectarian animosities of the country and mar the sense of common citizenship and equal

While we believe that we have not in the slightest degree exaggerated in the foregoing statement either the difficulties or the shortcomings of the Irish Church, let us not be understood for a moment to overlook the gratifying improvement that has taken place within the last thirty years both in the moral character of the clergy and in the general efficiency of the Establishment. Before that period, nearly one-half of the whole clerical body were non-resident, absenting themselves habitually from their religious duty chiefly on the ground that they had no suitable residences, as if such an idle excuse ever justified a minister of the Gospel, or even a public officer, in the neglect of duties for which he was handsomely remunerated. At present only 205 incumbents—and they are far too many—are non-resident, but their places are supplied by curates. It is pleasant to reflect that the old Orange parson, so strong in his theological grudges, has almost gone out of date, and that we are no more to be stirred by the edifying ardour of his Protestant vituperation; for his place is now mostly supplied by a person of another type of spiritual power, distinguished by the vigour and efficiency of his parochial ministrations, and by the breadth of his social and Christian sympathies. The passive, easy-minded men of other days, as well as the drinking, fox-hunting,

patriotism. But the Irish clergy are now so blind and infatuated that, with the view of recovering their lost influence over education, they are prepared to accept a system which will make the Catholic priest supreme and absolute in the Catholic school—in other words, hand over to the hierarchy the secular as well as the religious instruction of more than two-thirds of the Irish people. No measure, not even the endowment of the Catholic priesthood—an idea so abhorrent to their prejudices—could do so much to confirm sacerdotal authority. The Protestant clergy do not see that they can never maintain, under a denominational system, separate Protestant schools in many districts of the south and west, where their adherents do not number half a dozen families. We trust that the Government will strongly resist the demand of the two extreme parties in the interests of education itself, as well as of common citizenship, for the multiplication of separate schools in districts that are now amply supplied under the mixed system, can hardly be carried out without risk of deterioration. Churchmen may affirm, as they have often done, that the three leading denominations are at present as thoroughly isolated as they can be. The fact is far otherwise. The attendance in national schools is fairly mixed where there is a mixed population. In Tyrone, Londonderry, and Fermanagh, in which the population is mixed, between 84 and 95 per cent. of the schools have a mixed attendance, and from 84 to 93 per cent. of all the children in attendance on national schools are in mixed schools.

and sporting clergy, have undoubtedly disappeared with the long ages of their guilty neglect; and the Church of Ireland is strong, especially in the towns, in zealous and energetic men, popular in the style of their public addresses, incessant in pastoral visitation, paternal in their care of the poor, and pursuing, under all the disadvantages of a bad system, the education of the young. The country districts, however, still lag far behind the towns. As a class, the Irish clergy cannot be said to be conversant with the higher and riper scholarship of the day; they have given no impulse to theological thought; and they are undoubtedly far behind their English brethren in the reception of new and liberal ideas, and in turning to account the latest results of criticism and physical science. They are evidently bent upon throwing all their energies into purely parochial work; and, perhaps, for the present, they are better employed in this sphere than in pursuing speculations which, if pushed to excess, might rather weaken, discredit, and divide them. The increase of churches and clergy of late years is in itself an indisputable evidence of the aggressive zeal and strenuous activity of the Establishment, even though, as the Voluntaries remark, the churches have been built out of a new appropriation of ecclesiastical property.* But it must be remembered that this revived vitality has only come at a time when the great Romish adversary, strong already in numbers and in position, has been likewise extending his lines and taking up fresh positions of strength. We desire to see Irish Protestantism no longer an artificial institution, a dry and lifeless trunk thrust into the ground and sustained by external and artificial props, but a real living tree drawing its sustenance naturally from the soil; and therefore it is that we are compelled to raise a voice of protest against the continuance of the Establishment in its present external proportions and in its existing relations to the great mass of the Irish people.

The question of the Irish Church Temporalities has within the last two or three years again been brought into active controversy as one of the secondary questions of the time. Happily, the most material facts of the case are admitted on all hands, Churchmen themselves being no longer afraid to confess the demerits of the system. No object can now be served by

A. D.	Clergy	Churches
1806 . . .	1253 . . .	1029
1829 . . .	1950 . . .	1307
1863 . . .	2281 . . .	1633

(*Lee's Pamphlet.*)

denouncing reformers as infidels or Jacobins, as Papists or fanatics; for statesmen and politicians of every party and sect have long ago condemned it as an utterly indefensible institution. It is thirty years since Lord Macaulay put the following hypothetical case, which still applies with some degree of exactness to the Church in its present proportions:—‘ If there were in any part of the world, a National Church regarded as heretical by four-fifths of the nation committed to its care, a Church established and maintained by the sword, a Church producing twice as many riots as conversions, a Church which though possessing great wealth and power, and though long backed by persecuting laws, had in the course of many generations been found unable to propagatè its doctrines, and barely able to maintain its ground, a Church so odious that fraud and violence, when used against its clear rights of property, were generally regarded as fair-play, a Church whose ministers were generally preaching to desolate walls, and with difficulty obtaining their lawful subsistence by the help of bayonets; such a Church, on our principles, could not, we must own, be defended.’ It could not certainly be defended on the principle of that religious equality before the law which is the governing principle of modern statesmanship. Of course, we acknowledge the force of that sound maxim of practical politics, so apt to be forgotten by theorists, but without which the world cannot be governed—*Quod forsàn fieri non debuit, factum tamen valet*; but this ancient maxim was never intended to justify the perpetual continuance of an institution which had lost all relation to the ends of its original appointment, much less to protect it from the hand of thorough and judicious reform. We are glad to observe the alacrity with which Irish Churchmen themselves have taken up the question of internal reform—involving the re-adjustment of clerical incomes on a more equitable scale, the reduction of the number of bishops and of their incomes, the restriction of benefices to a certain amount, and the increased stipend of curates; but, strange to say, none of these clerical reformers mingles with his discussions an appeal to the undeniable interests and strong feelings of the Catholic population, or seems to recognise the anomaly of a Protestant Church, representing half a million of adherents, supported exclusively out of the lands of a Catholic country. It was this peculiarly anomalous feature of the case that suggested to Sydney Smith the well-known illustration of the State establishing butcher-shops in all the villages of our Indian Empire at the expense of the Hindoos—not for the benefit of the natives who eschew

beefsteak as sacredly offensive—but of some stray European who might happen to pass through the village and must have his meat diet. The time has surely come to recognise the importance of the Catholic element in Irish society, and to make such alterations in existing ecclesiastical arrangements as will, in some measure, re-adjust the social inequalities of the different sects.

We sometimes underrate the real progress of the Roman Catholic community, which has been very remarkable of late years. The aggressive spirit of the priesthood and the religious feeling of the people have vastly increased. How else can we account for the marvellous energy employed in restoring the ancient ecclesiastical edifices of the country in far more than their former glory; for the expenditure of five millions sterling within the last thirty-one years in church-building alone; for the intense desire to subject all secular instruction to exclusive ecclesiastical superintendence; for the extent to which the gentry and professional classes have yielded to sacerdotal ideas, and for their utter lack of moral courage in not more openly denouncing or opposing that policy of exclusion, separation, and social war which is so unrelentingly enforced by an Ultramontane hierarchy; for the immense zeal in education, especially through the instrumentality of the regular orders of clergy; and for the disposition generally, on the part of the masses, to view all questions whatever from the habitual standpoint of creed, party, or country? With an improved social position, a considerable and growing intelligence, and a rising and eager middle-class, Romanism has become a visible force in the country, of far greater magnitude and importance than before; and it is not to be wondered at that its priesthood and people—always opposed to the Protestant Church from historical recollections, from ancient suffering, and from disappointed hope, and still more opposed in modern times, on account of the social prestige, the political and moral weight, the Establishment gives to its hierarchy—should entertain the idea of overthrowing an institution which not only stands in the way of the complete political equality of all Irishmen, but, as they expect, of their own ultimate ascendancy as a religious sect. The revived energy of the Catholic clergy as a proselytising party is a great and conspicuous fact of Irish society, and Protestants themselves have admitted that they cannot maintain their ground—even with all the advantages of a well-paid Establishment, especially in purely Catholic districts—against the ceaseless abrasion of the surrounding mass of Romanism. We may admit all this, but it furnishes no reason whatever for

maintaining Protestantism in a position in which it is totally unfit to grapple with error, but should rather supply abundant reasons for altering the clerical instrumentality and the conditions of its exercise in such a way as to make it answer the ends of its existence.

Let us in the first place observe the numerical strength of the different religious denominations. The population of Ireland is five millions and three quarters. Of these four millions and a half are Roman Catholics, and one million and a quarter are Protestants. One-half of the Protestants are members of the Established Church, and one-half are Dissenters. The following table represents the numbers at two distinct periods:—

	1834	1861	Decrease	Increase
Established Church, including } Methodists }	853,160	693,357	13·4	. .
Roman Catholics }	6,486,060	4,505,265		
Presbyterian	643,058	523,291	18·6	. .
Protestant Dissenters*	21,822	76,661	. .	251·3
	7,954,100	5,848,973		

According to these figures, which are taken from the two

* This return of 'Protestant Dissenters,' which is totally incorrect, has led the English Voluntaries to boast that while the Established Church and the Presbyterian Church—both supported by the State—have declined, since 1834, to the extent, respectively, of 13·4 and 18·6 per cent., the Protestant Dissenters, without Government aid, have increased 251·3 per cent. The fact is far otherwise. They have actually declined to the extent of 4,892. The census of 1861 represents the 'Protestant Dissenters' as having been 21,882 in 1834, and 76,661 in 1861; but the signal mistake is committed of including the Methodists among the 'Protestant Dissenters' of 1861, when they were mostly included among the Episcopalians in 1834, and of including 10,073 'Other Presbyterians' among the 'Protestant Dissenters' now, though they were reckoned among the 'Presbyterians' in 1834, and of setting down 4,103 persons with religion 'unascertained' as 'Protestant Dissenters,' when they ought unquestionably to be included among the Episcopalians. Thus the Protestant Dissenters, after all these just and necessary deductions, must appear, in 1861, with a decrease in their membership of 22·4 per cent. In 1861 there were thirty-one Independent ministers in the country; now there are only twenty-five. Three of their chapels have been finally closed within the last few months, namely, those of Tralee, Mallow, and Youghal. These facts point very significantly to their decline.

census returns of 1834 and 1861, while the whole population of the country has declined 27·1 per cent. in 27 years—or more than one-fourth—the Roman Catholics have declined nearly one-third; the Presbyterians, between one-fifth and one-sixth; and the Episcopalians (not including the Methodists) between one-seventh and one-eighth. It should also be remembered that in 21 out of 32 dioceses, the Episcopalians have increased since 1834, in proportion to the whole population of the country, have remained stationary in 2, and have fallen only in 9. There can be no question, then, that the Established Church has actually declined less than any other body in the country, and that its revived evangelical vigour during the last thirty years, together with its pastoral care for the poor, has enabled it to maintain its ground better than the other sects. We are quite prepared to give the advocates of the Irish Church all the advantage of this comparative superiority in their arguments for continued endowment, though they might be reminded that it covers only the twenty-seven last years of their history, and that ever since 1671, when according to the enumeration of Sir W. Petty, the Protestants were 300,000 and the Roman Catholics 800,000, they have been losing ground, even in the face of successive Protestant immigrations from Great Britain.

Let us now briefly describe the ecclesiastical position of the Church, and the provision made for the support of its clergy. There are 2,428 parishes and 1,510 benefices in Ireland. The net annual value of the ecclesiastical revenues (exclusive of the annual value of episcopal palaces and glebe-houses) is 559,763*l.* The income of two archbishops and ten bishops is 55,110*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*, distributed according to the following table:—

	Net value.
Armagh	£8,328 3 6
Meath	3,664 16 4
Tuam	4,038 19 3
Down and Connor	3,524 10 11
Derry	5,939 3 0
Kilmore	5,246 17 0
Dublin	6,569 15 1
Ferns and Leighlin	3,867 9 6
Cashel and Emly	4,402 13 4
Limerick and Ardfert	3,961 14 9
Killaloe and Kilfenora	3,261 16 10
Cloyne	2,304 3 3
	£55,110 2 9

The net income of all the beneficed clergy is 390,659*l.*, and of the Ecclesiastical Commission, 110,820*l.* Of the 1,510 bene-

fices, there are 276 with incomes under 100*l.* per annum; 353 under 200*l.*; 426 under 300*l.*; and no less than 455 over 300*l.* Of these 455 benefices, 226 are by a late return represented as under 400*l.* per annum. The unequal distribution of income and labour—one of the worst anomalies of the Irish Church—is forcibly illustrated by the following table:—

BENEFICES WITH LESS THAN 100 CHURCH POPULATION.

	Church Popu- lation	Net Re- venue		Church Popu- lation	Net Re- venue
<i>Armagh Diocese :</i>			<i>Meath Diocese (con- tinued):</i>		
Ballymakenny . . .	31	166			£
Barnstown . . .	88	266	Dunboyne . . .	94	186
Clonkeen . . .	51	221	Dunshaghlin . . .	43	263
Clonmore . . .	12	162	Enniscoffy . . .	74	90
Dervor . . .	34	159	Galtrim . . .	13	94
Dromiskin . . .	91	333	Girley . . .	55	89
Dunleer . . .	72	268	Kentstown . . .	43	279
Foghart . . .	11	183	Kilbrixy . . .	9	99
Heynestown . . .	13	254	Kilbride . . .	11	312
Jonesborough . . .	88	194	Kildalkey . . .	96	108
Killencoole . . .	30	198	Kilmessan . . .	40	244
Moylary . . .	33	213	Kilmorn . . .	57	286
Rathdrummin . . .	10	227	Kilmore . . .	53	255
Stabannon . . .	55	154	Kilskier . . .	90	296
<i>Clogher Diocese :</i>			Knockmark . . .	12	250
Inniskeen . . .	91	265	Moyglare . . .	38	173
Killaney . . .	62	393	Newtown . . .	51	298
<i>Meath Diocese :</i>			Nobber . . .	37	194
Agher . . .	78	197	Raddanstown . . .	38	204
Almoritia . . .	7	171	Rahan . . .	83	99
Ardagh . . .	80	195	Rathbeggan . . .	12	117
Athlumney . . .	49	60	Rathconrath . . .	39	208
Ballymaglosson . . .	14	115	Rathkenny . . .	5	141
Ballymore . . .	82	199	Ratoath . . .	73	408
Balrathboyne . . .	40	268	Stackallen . . .	90	322
Bective . . .	78	95	Stonehall . . .	62	93
Benowen . . .	49	192	Syddan . . .	54	215
Castlejordan . . .	64	90	Tara . . .	80	289
Castlerickard . . .	56	153	Tryvitt . . .	12	226
Churchtown . . .	93	298	<i>Derry Diocese :</i>		
Clonard . . .	71	222	Clonmany . . .	59	331
Clongill . . .	19	199	Desertgray . . .	89	147
Clonmacnoise . . .	94	257	Inchisland . . .	91	83
Colpe . . .	94	101	<i>Down Diocese :</i>		
Donaghpatrick . . .	30	205	Dundonald . . .	78	184
Drakestown . . .	26	376	Kilclief . . .	84	99
Drumcree . . .	89	210	Kilaney . . .	34	99
Dumraney . . .	39	100	Sullinakill . . .	63	101

Let us view the disproportion in another aspect. The diocese of Meath contains an Episcopal population of 16,289; yet for

the spiritual supervision of this number a bishop receives 3,664*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.* per annum, 105 beneficed clergymen 24,504*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.*, and 26 curates 2,177*l.* In the diocese of Tuam, which is situated in the poorest of the four provinces, the bishop receives 4,038*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.*, 73 beneficed clergymen 17,410*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, and 17 curates 1,550*l.*—making a total sum of 22,999*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.* paid annually for the religious instruction of 17,157 Episcopalians, in addition to the large sums contributed by English Protestants for the support of the Irish Church Missions in the West. The diocese of Cashel, Emly, Waterford, and Lismore, with a Protestant population of 13,853, draws no less than 38,828*l.* 5*s.* 5*d.*—or, nearly at the rate of 3*l.* per head—from the lands of Ireland, the bishop of this happy seat enjoying a pleasant income of 4,402*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, the 106 beneficed clergymen dividing among them a sum of 31,010*l.* 17*s.* 1*d.*, and 40 curates 3,414*l.* 15*s.* Nearly the same state of things exists in the dioceses of Limerick and Killaloe, except that, in point of pecuniary emolument, the Waterford diocese is the most fortunate.

This, then, is the provision made for the religious instruction of one-tenth part of the whole population of Ireland, while four millions and a half of Catholics, without State aid, are compelled to maintain at their own expense their 3,014 priests and build their own edifices. It is important to remember that nearly one-half of Irish Protestantism has no share whatever in this 600,000*l.* a year of Episcopal revenues. There has been a manifest disposition on the part of Churchmen to ignore in their discussions the existence of Irish Dissent—and especially the strong and vigorous Dissent of Ulster—as if Episcopacy represented the whole Protestantism of the country, and its disendowment would be the virtual extinction of the latter. But it is impossible to overlook the importance of the non-Episcopal element, which represents 599,952 of the whole population. Here are the Presbyterians alone, numbering 523,291: a religious body without prelates, or prebendaries, or pluralities, or a richly-endowed university, or liberally-endowed schools, with their 591 ministers, strong in zeal and in unity of doctrine, smitten with no blackletter mania, without dogmatic or rubrical quarrels, and with no tendencies or provocatives to Romanism, maintaining their ecclesiastical position satisfactorily in the country with a paltry grant from the State of 40,000*l.* a year to their clergy.*

* It is well known that the progress of Ulster has been largely owing to the Presbyterians. They have been called 'the vertebral

These, then, are the material facts of the case, and the advocates of the Irish Church must be able to produce very convincing arguments indeed, on the ground of justice, expediency, or necessity, to vindicate its peculiarly anomalous position in the country. Let us patiently and candidly examine their arguments.

The first argument usually employed is of a purely historical character. It is affirmed with a large measure of confidence that the Irish Church is not by any means a new one introduced into the country in the sixteenth century, but the old Catholic Church of Ireland, which had already existed for many centuries; that it is the true successor of the Church of St. Patrick; that it was first formally established by the State in the twelfth century; that it reformed itself in the sixteenth century; that the bishops of the Church before the Reformation became the bishops of the Church after the Reformation; that the present Romish hierarchy is a foreign Episcopate introduced by the Roman pontiff in opposition to its ancient and lawful Episcopate; and that therefore the Church, which now possesses the tithes and glebe-lands, is the identical ecclesiastical body which possessed them before the Reformation. This series of assertions is usually sustained by a great parade of ecclesiastical learning. Now, there can be no doubt that all

‘column of Ulster, giving to it at once its strength and uprightness.’ The Census Commissioners express their inability to account for the fact, that, while the Presbyterians have a smaller proportion of the proprietors, and of the learned professions and the public offices, than the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, they stand highest of the three in respect of the small percentage of ignorant. Only 11 out of every 100 persons above five years of age are unable to read or write against 16 of the Established Church, and 45 of the Roman Catholics. The statistics of crime are equally favourable to Presbyterian morality; for, according to the latest return (1865), the Presbyterians had 3 per cent., the Episcopalians 10 per cent., and the Roman Catholics 86 per cent. of criminals in the Irish gaols. We wish we could speak as highly of their political intelligence and liberality. It is a singular circumstance, that in spite of all their antecedents, they are actually arrayed at this hour on the side of High Church Toryism. They have not a single Liberal representative of their own persuasion and country in Parliament. When we consider the noble stand made for Liberal principles by Presbyterian Scotland, as well as by the whole body of the English Dissenters, we cannot but express our amazement that Irish Presbyterians should throw all their power into the hands of that High Church party, which has sometimes persecuted, often insulted, and always despised them.

the Roman Catholic prelates except two adopted the Reformation, but the whole mass of the people were still strongly attached to the ancient religion; and we cannot for a moment allow that a Church consists only of its bishops any more than an army of its generals and officers. But we hold the argument to be quite untenable on ecclesiastical grounds. The Pope has power to confer orders or he has not. If he has no power, then the bishops from the twelfth century to the Reformation had no spiritual authority, for they claimed to possess no orders that they did not derive from the See of Rome; and how could they transmit to their Protestant successors—namely, to the twenty bishops conforming at the Reformation—what they did not possess themselves? But if the Pope has power to confer orders, then, unquestionably, the Roman Catholic bishops of the present day possess them, and are invested with spiritual authority over their flocks. The argument is quite unanswerable on High Church or Tractarian grounds. But the claims of Irish Episcopacy to represent the primitive Christianity of the country are far from being unquestioned, though all her writers tacitly assume the point as definitively settled or conceded in her favour. It is well known, however, that the Irish Presbyterians make a substantially similar claim on behalf of their ecclesiastical system. And when it is candidly considered that ‘before 1110’ (says a living historian of the Irish Church) ‘there were in Ireland no such things or persons as dioceses, cathedrals, deans, chapters, rural deans, vicars-general, archdeacons, parishes, parsons, rectors, vicars, curates, or tithes or rent-charge’; that Dr. Todd, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in his elaborate but very uncritical ‘Life of St. Patrick,’ has admitted that ‘there were frequently two or more contemporaneous bishops in the same place,’ and that ‘the martyrology of Donegal mentions seven such groups of bishops in seven such places,’ and quotes the charge of St. Bernard against the Irish Church, even of the twelfth century, that ‘it permitted almost every separate church to have its separate bishop;’ it is very hard to resist the conclusion that these primitive bishops were not, like modern prelates, the rulers of clergy, but the presiding pastors of independent congregations, on a footing of ministerial parity. It is really, then, worse than ridiculous for the advocates of the Irish Church to represent the Catholics as the real invaders, and the introduction of a Protestant clergy as nothing more than the restoration of property to its destined and legitimate possessors. Much stress has been laid upon the fact that the temporalities were conferred upon the Irish Papal Church by one English

king in the twelfth century, and were confirmed to the same Church turned Protestant by another English king in the sixteenth century; and that, as the first act of royal favour was good, so was the second. There is a very wide distinction, however, between the temporal provision made by Henry II. for the religious instruction of the whole nation—then totally Romanist—and the same provision being now applied to the instruction of only one-tenth of the same nation. On every principle of justice and right reason, it does appear as if the Reformation was the sheer robbery of one religious sect upon another religious sect; for it is not denied that the Catholic Church had enjoyed this property—considerably augmented by private munificence—by the strong and sufficiently long prescription of at least three or four hundred years. It is admitted, however, on all hands, that the Irish Church is the creature of an Act of Parliament; and how can Churchmen meet the argument that the endowments one Act of Parliament gave, another may take away?

But it is argued further, that the tithe is now a landlord's tax, and as ninety per cent. of the land is the property of Protestant landlords, the Catholics have no right to complain of Catholic landlords being compelled to pay only one-tenth of the tithe. It is agreeable to observe that the clergy have generally given up the doctrine that the tithe is a divine, indefeasible, inherent right, as if they held directly under the Levitical institutions, though there are many still who seem to regard it as the *articulum stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ*. But their arguments generally display a remarkable ignorance of the first principles of political economy. Tithes operate as an addition to the price of raw produce, and, like all other taxes, must be paid by consumers—that is, by the country in general. They increase in amount according as cultivation is extended, and according as the difficulty of raising raw produce increases, and are more burdensome in a year of scarcity than in a year of plenty. It is urged that tithe rent-charge is a composition for tithe, and is of the nature of a reserved rent, which never belonged to either landlord or tenant. This definition makes no account of the well-known fact that the landlord's tax is recovered from the tenant in the form of a higher rent, that a higher rent implies a higher price for produce, and that the eventual incidence of the tax must thus be upon the consumers of produce. No doubt tithes are very correctly described as neither landlords' nor tenants' property. But it is perfectly ridiculous to talk of Church property being as inviolable as private property, and of the title of the bishops to their lands

being as good as that of dukes and earls to their vast estates; for there is surely an important difference between trust property whose application is regulated by Act of Parliament, and property granted absolutely to individuals and their heirs for ever to do with it as they think proper. Besides, all parties recognise the right of the State to redistribute the revenues of the bishops and clergy, but there can be no recognition of a similar right on the part of the State to redistribute the wealth of several hundred landed proprietors. We are seriously warned against laying a sacrilegious hand upon the patrimony of the Church, inasmuch as a large portion of her present endowments is derived from the munificence of private individuals. This argument would have applied with equal force to the transfer of Church property from the Catholics to the Protestants at the Reformation, for all the private and testamentary property passed over into the hands of the Protestants, together with the tithes and glebe-lands. There is, however, an important element of difference in the case. Henry VIII. displaced the old hierarchy without making the slightest compensation to either bishops or clergy for the loss of their incomes. Modern legislation will deal more fairly with the members of disendowed establishments. But the advocates of the Church plead that, according to the Act of Union, the continuance and preservation of the Church was declared to be an essential and fundamental part of that solemn arrangement. It will not, surely, be argued that if the 600,000 Churchmen of Ireland should, in the course of one or two generations, dwindle down to 600 or to 60, the temporalities are not to be touched. Civilisation knows nothing of irrevocable laws which would become an intolerable evil to all parties from the constantly shifting attitude of human affairs. Parliament has again and again abolished in one generation what it had established in another, and to question its right to make necessary and useful changes is to bind over the present irrevocably to the past in 'a Mezentian coupling of life and death,' which is simply monstrous, and to put an end to all possibility of future progress. The Act of Union has not debarred us from modifying or removing other things which it prescribed as essential articles; for all compacts of this nature are only obligatory so long as the contracting parties do not think proper to modify or annul them. We know that heritable jurisdiction in Scotland was secured to the owners by the Act of Union in 1707, but abolished forty years afterwards in the very teeth of this arrangement, and to the evident promotion of the public good. The Act of Union, therefore, cannot prevent Parliament

from remodelling the Irish Church, or adopting such reforms as the interests of religion or of the country at large seem imperatively to demand. We are also reminded of the Coronation Oath of the Queen, which binds her to maintain for ever the integrity of the Irish Establishment. The Sovereign binds herself to preserve the Constitution; that is, she is not by any separate act of her own to infringe upon it, or make herself a party to illegal changes, but to give effect to the constitutional decision of the Lords and Commons. George III. persisted till his death in opposing all liberal legislation on behalf of the Catholics from a narrow and erroneous interpretation of his Coronation Oath; though his Protestant Majesty had no scruple in undertaking an obligation of an exactly contradictory nature in Corsica, when he swore to observe the constitution which made the Roman Catholic the only national religion of that island. The science of constitutional government is too well understood in these days for us to expect a recurrence of such royal blunders. There is nothing, therefore, in the obligation undertaken by the Sovereign inconsistent with her proper assent to any measure of ecclesiastical reform, of re-adjustment or reduction of revenues, or even of absolute disendowment, which Parliament in its combined wisdom might enact.

We cannot see the force of the argument that the reform or even the disendowment of the Church would be fatal to the stability of the British rule in Ireland, though impassioned orators speak of that event as the easiest way of opening a defile through which the enemies of the Constitution will find their way to the heart of the citadel. We are strongly disposed to believe that the army, and not the Church, has been for three centuries the mainstay of British rule in the sister-country; that the Church often endangered its stability by keeping up in the Roman Catholic mind a constant irritation against the State, which not only tolerated but supported such an obnoxious institution; and that but for the army, the clergy would have had great difficulty in getting their tithes or the landlords their rents. It will be hard, too, to convince the Protestants of Britain that the disendowment of the Church, as some strongly affirm, will be the virtual extinction of Protestantism in the country. It would certainly be a very serious thing to weaken, not to speak of subverting, the Protestant religion, in presence of a system which has, of late years, shown such increased vigour in all the prevalent modes of propagandism and proselytism. But we have always learned to believe that the efficiency of a Church to grapple with systems of error and maintain its own position depended, not on its political

incorporation, but on the learning, piety, and faithfulness of its clergy. Those who employ this argument must surely entertain a very low idea of the Irish Church as a spiritual institution, and of its hold upon the sympathies of half-a-million Protestants, including the wealthiest members of the community. The Irish Dissenters would laugh to scorn the idea of Episcopal disendowment paving the way to the final and territorial supremacy of the Roman Catholic faith. One clergyman gives Dissenters a six months' lease of existence after the removal of the Church. But when we consider that the Northern Presbyterians, who constitute nearly one-half of the whole Protestantism of the country, have held their ground for two centuries, in spite of High Church opposition and political exclusion, and that they present at this hour a far more compact and solid front than their brethren of the Establishment to the disciplined unity of Romanism; that the preservation of Episcopacy in large districts of the South has been mainly owing to the unwearied labours of the Methodists; and that the Church of Rome has increased its membership and gathered its recruits, high and low, not from the ranks of Nonconformity, but from the Church of Ireland itself; it displays no ordinary assurance on the part of clerical pamphleteers to represent the Establishment as the bulwark of religious freedom. We entertain no such cowardly fears for the stability of Protestantism in Ireland; for its revived vigour, its nascent evangelism, and its growing adaptation to the altered circumstances of the country, are the surest and best guarantees for its permanence. It has been affirmed that the Episcopalians could not support their own clergy without external aid, as the great mass of the humbler class of Protestants belong to their communion. They have no doubt been taunted by the English Voluntaries for their want of spirit and liberality, as contrasted with the liberal and independent support of the Dissenting ministers. The Voluntaries, however, may well spare their taunts till they leave their Irish brethren entirely to their own shifts. It is a fact, which has been often overlooked on both sides, that the 25 Independent ministers of Ireland receive no less than between three and four thousand pounds annually from the English Independent body to augment the insufficient stipend they extract from their 5,062 adherents; that the 25 Baptist ministers receive between two and three thousand pounds, in addition to the meagre allowance of their 4,165 adherents; that the Wesleyan Methodists, with their 169 ministers, derive 1,500*l.* annually from the English Conference; and that the Primitive Methodists, with their 81 ministers, obtain a yearly sum of

700*l.* from England and Scotland. We make no account of the smaller bodies of Presbyterians who receive no external aid from any quarter, for their ministers mainly subsist by agriculture and keeping grammar-schools, and are, after all, insufficiently supported. It is impossible to overlook the weight of the following considerations that might be fairly advanced on the other side:—first, that a mere redistribution or even reduction of the present revenues of the Establishment—judging by past precedent—will not diminish, but rather increase its efficiency; secondly, that even in case of a total disendowment, the clergy have nine-tenths of all the wealthy landed proprietors, and more than half of the professional classes on their side; thirdly, that there is nothing to hinder English Churchmen, who already subscribe 40,000*l.* annually for the support of Irish Church Missions, from subscribing as liberally for ministerial sustentation; and lastly, that, as the rights of all existing incumbents would be sacredly respected, the disendowment would thus become so gradual in its operation, that, at the end of thirty years, with an improved agriculture, an extended commerce, growing manufactures, and a diminished population, the Church of Ireland, in common with the other denominations, would be fully able to make a respectable and independent provision for its own clergy.

Having thus examined the leading arguments of Churchmen, we now come to the great question: **WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE IRISH CHURCH?** It is unquestionably one encompassed by much difficulty and doubt, and demands an impartial and dispassionate consideration. If the principles of political justice were allowed to regulate its decision, the alternative would undoubtedly be that **ALL** the ecclesiastical bodies in Ireland should be endowed or **NONE**. But the operation of other principles, partly political and partly theological, must necessarily influence and control the ultimate settlement. It becomes, then, an important question to parties who are anxious, amidst conflicting interests and claims, to reach a just and satisfactory conclusion, whether it is possible to reform the Establishment, by reducing its external proportions and diminishing its revenues, to such an extent that a surplus can be created sufficiently ample to satisfy the reasonable demands of other ecclesiastical bodies, in relation either to distinctly religious, educational, or charitable purposes? We believe that it is possible to answer this question in the affirmative; and we shall now proceed, with all needful brevity, to explain the mode in which the thing can be done.

We submit, then, that the reform of the Irish Church is to be

sought in following out that plan of reduction and amalgamation which, in the opinion of Churchmen themselves, has already been the means of strengthening the working part of her system. Let us begin with the bishops. The salutary legislation of 1834 swept away ten bishoprics, and reduced the episcopal incomes from 151,127*l.*—distributed among twenty-two archbishops and bishops—to 55,110*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*, the net amount received at present by two archbishops and ten bishops. We see no reason, then, why one archbishop should not do for the whole country, and four bishops for the four provinces. Dioceses have already been united more than once: we should like to know the reason why this precedent should not again be followed on the death of the present incumbents till all the dioceses are reduced to four. The income of the archbishop should be 5,000*l.*, and of the bishops 3,000*l.* each, subject to no ecclesiastical imposts or taxation. The whole income of the five dignitaries would then be 17,000*l.*, leaving a surplus of 38,110*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* at our disposal. We believe that these sums are quite large enough, in the existing state of the country, to support the dignity of the episcopal order; and they are not much less than eight of the present bishops receive of net annual income. There are 32 deans and 34 archdeacons, with average incomes of 481*l.* and 341*l.* respectively. Their positions are mostly sinecures, for there are several deans without cathedrals, and no less than seven deaneries without any duties or emoluments whatever attached to them. These cathedral dignities are not conferred, according to common opinion, as the rewards of learning and scholarship, or as the retreats of clergymen who have spent their energies in the service of the Church, but are held, in almost all cases, by clergymen who possess parochial benefices and officiate as ordinary parish ministers. The misfortune is, that they are usually conferred on incumbents with large incomes instead of being annexed to parishes without income at all. The archdeacons, who are supposed to be the *oculi episcopi*, though the bishops' chaplains now generally perform their work, are just like the deans, ordinary parish clergymen. We propose, then, that the number of deans and archdeacons should be reduced to 15 of each order, and that they should receive 400*l.* a year of net income as parish clergymen. The provision for the beneficed clergy is now to be considered. There are, as we have seen, 1,510 benefices, which represent an annual income of 390,659*l.*, or, in other words, a sum of 264*l.* to each clergyman. But no Churchman will have the hardihood to say that the number of these benefices could not be reduced by a further amalgamation of parishes. A thousand parishes were swallowed up in 1834;

and it would not be a difficult task to ascertain how many more might be extinguished, in order to bring the number of the clergy into a fair ratio with the number and distribution of the Episcopalian population. It must surely be admitted that 1,510 clergymen and 457 curates are far too large a body for the spiritual instruction of little more than half a million souls, even making a generous allowance for their wide dispersion, when the Roman Catholic Church can superintend four millions and a half with 3,014 ecclesiastics. The Established Church of Scotland has about 1,100 clergymen, who minister to about a million souls, and receive nearly 300*l.* annually. If the Irish Church were cut down to similar proportions she would have about 600 instead of more than 2,000 ministers.

The amalgamation of livings will mostly take place in the south and west of the country. There are some districts with four or five richly paid rectors who reside within three miles of each other and minister to scarcely a hundred souls in all. These contiguous parishes can be easily united, and instead of the 2,000*l.* which these clergymen obtain of annual income, a single clergyman, with an income of 250*l.* a year, could easily undertake all the spiritual necessities of the district.* There are also large Presbyterian parishes in the North, in which clergymen with 600*l.* and 800*l.* per annum officiate to a dozen or a score of Episcopalians. Several of these parishes could be advantageously united under the care of a single rector with a couple of curates. We believe, then, that, taking into account the number of clergymen that must necessarily be withdrawn from the sparse Episcopalian districts of the South and West, and from the densely Presbyterian districts of the North, 1,000 clergymen, with the requisite corps of curates, would be quite a suitable and sufficient provision for the religious instruction of Irish Churchmen. In other words, let the 1,510 benefices be reduced to 1,000; let each clergyman receive an average income of 250*l.* a year; let the 457 curates (we suppose this number to be still retained) have 100*l.* a year; and the whole amount of clerical emolument will be 295,700*l.* This sum will create a surplus, after thus making provision for the curates, of no less than 96,959*l.* The figures will then stand thus:—

Surplus from Bishops' incomes	.	.	£38,110	2	9
Do. from benefices	.	.	96,959	0	0
Ecclesiastical Commission	.	.	110,820	0	0
			<hr/>		
			£245,889	2	9

* Sir Hugh Cairns, M.P., and Archdeacon Stopford propose to settle missionary curates in such places, at a salary of 120*l.* per annum.

Thus we have a surplus of nearly 250,000*l.* We have made no allowance for the building or repairing of churches, or for the payment of parish clerks and sextons, and other general expenses, for the wealthy laymen of the Church ought surely to be as able to meet these necessary charges as the members of the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian Churches, who build their own edifices, and defray all congregational expenditure out of their private resources.

But another proposal of a comprehensive character is needed to complete this work of reform. Let all the church-property and the whole amount of the tithe-rent-charge be made over into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commission, and let the bishops, deans, archdeacons, and parish clergymen be paid, according to a given scale, certain fixed incomes without any deduction. One effect of this measure will undoubtedly be that the church-property at present in possession of the various sees will be enhanced in value by better and more disinterested management. It is a well-known fact, that there are dormant Episcopal revenues virtually lost to the Church through the neglect or cupidity of the bishops, and that nearly all the church-lands are subject to the evil of fines, and to the waste which fines must always occasion where the possessor has only a passing interest in the property. The annual value of the Episcopal estates would, it is calculated, be enhanced from one-third to one-half by their direct resumption by the State, and in the course of twenty or twenty-five years, would yield far above 100,000*l.*, instead of the much smaller sum which they return to their present possessors of gross annual income.

We now approach the consideration of a far more difficult question—How shall this surplus of 245,889*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* be appropriated? The solution of this problem, that would naturally suggest itself to any just and unbiassed politician, would be, that it should be applied in some form to the benefit of the Roman Catholic Church. We know that such a proposition will necessarily rouse great political hostility, as well as theological hatred, and the interested animosity of all who are actually implicated in existing abuses. The question then arises, In what form should the Roman Catholic clergy or people receive the benefit of the surplus? The endowment of the priesthood would be the most natural answer. For, independently of the security it would give to the Irish Protestant Establishment, it would probably soften that peculiar spirit of animosity which distinguishes the Irish from all other priesthoods in Europe, and it would place the priests, no longer solely dependent upon their flocks, above the necessity of complying

with their prejudices or fostering their bad passions. But two questions are here to be settled. First, is it probable that the Protestants of the United Kingdom would consent ever so reluctantly to the endowment of Romanism in this form? And, secondly, would the priesthood themselves accept of endowment? We have already alluded to the governing principle of modern statesmanship, which tends to the destruction of all monopolies and exclusive privileges, and the eventual establishment of a perfect religious and civil equality before the law. Now, this is the principle which the Voluntaries, who comprise the whole body of English and Scotch Dissenters, eagerly hope to see carried into modern legislation, but only in the sense of a complete and final disendowment of all established churches. They would unquestionably be opposed, sternly and unanimously, to the endowment of the priesthood, not merely because it would be an extension of existing endowments, which they are now raising a fund of 25,000*l.* to destroy by a course of persistent agitation, but because it would be, in their opinion, a flagrant violation of their consciences to endow the teachers of error. When we consider, besides, the strong animus which exists in the minds of Protestants in England, Scotland, and Ireland, occasioned less, perhaps, of late years, by the mere influence of theological prejudice and ecclesiastical rivalry than by the domineering and exclusive policy of an Ultramontane hierarchy, by the sympathy of the Catholic clergy and people with the obsolete despotisms of Italy, by their seemingly inextinguishable opposition to all liberal ideas out of Ireland, and by the deep, sullen, and rancorous animosity to England which no efforts of English conciliation can at all subdue, it is hardly possible to imagine any combination of political parties which could enable a Government, either Whig or Tory, to carry through such a measure of political justice. Presbyterian Scotland would be likely to oppose it as one man; and English Episcopalians, who have never been very ardent in their admiration of the Irish Establishment, would prefer its total overthrow to a measure which has always been abhorrent to their own religious convictions.

The next question is—Would the Roman Catholic clergy accept of endowment? No doubt, they have never received a formal offer from any Government, and they entertain no conscientious or doctrinal scruples on the subject; but the question of acceptance would necessarily present itself to their minds in two distinct aspects. In the first place, what would be the amount of endowment? It is generally believed that the priesthood receive an average income from their people of nearly 200*l.*,

and many in large town parishes receive as much as 400*l.* and 500*l.* a year. When we remember, then, that there must be a handsome provision made for thirty archbishops and bishops, and a reasonable stipend allowed to 3,014 priests, we fear that the surplus of 245,819*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* (even if the Presbyterians should receive no increase to their *Regium Donum*, and it would certainly be the wisest plan to endow their ministers out of the liberated surplus), would be very far from satisfying their pecuniary expectations. Of course Parliament could augment this sum out of the public taxes, but the Protestant taxpayers of the United Kingdom—whatever opinion they might form as to the justice of appropriating Irish state funds to Irish purposes—would be very strongly opposed to the application of the public revenues to such an object.* But there is still another aspect of the question: The Catholic clergy are at present modestly, and in many instances liberally, supported by their flocks; they know that the disendowment of the Irish Church will liberate from ecclesiastical uses a sum of 600,000*l.*, and that four-fifths of this sum, at the very least, must find its way into Catholic hands, either for educational or charitable purposes; and they expect, moreover, that a total disendowment will lead to the almost immediate extinction of the Protestant religion in many parts of the South, and to the ultimate recovery to Romanism of the ground lost in three hundred years. Can it be expected, then, that for the sake of a sum which would be, in their opinion, an inconsiderable instalment of their old tithes, they would consent to a compromise which would perpetuate in Ireland the existence of a Church so unpopular on grounds both religious and political, when their rejection of all pecuniary terms must lead to its eventual overthrow? We are forced to the conclusion that the idea of endowing the Catholic clergy must be abandoned.† The reply

* The 'Times' suggests that the priests should receive half a million out of the public taxes; with the understanding, we presume, that the Irish Church should retain the whole amount of its present endowments.

† Archbishop Leahy has repudiated the suggested endowment, and states his belief that he represents the opinions of all the bishops and priests in the declaration, that 'they would be opposed to any measure that would make the Catholic bishops or priests of Ireland the stipendiaries of the State in any shape or form.' Archdeacon O'Brien, of Limerick, has also expressed himself in the same sense, on the ground that an endowment would separate the priests and the people. A higher dignitary still—Archbishop Cullen—says: 'As to a state pension, the clergy of this diocese, recollecting the

of Earl Russell on the 26th of February to the question of Lord Lifford expresses the present policy of the Government exactly in this sense:—‘I believe,’ said the noble Earl, ‘that it would be most unadvisable on the part of any Government in the present day to propose such a grant, when we consider, not only the indisposition of the Protestants to make such a grant, but when we also consider the disposition of the Roman Catholics themselves. I do not say that some future Government may not find it advisable to propose a measure of this kind; but at the present time I think that such a course would be most impolitic, and I have no hesitation, therefore, in saying that the Government have at present no intention of making any such proposal.’

The question then recurs once more, What shall be done with the surplus? Is it possible to apply it in some other way—even indirectly—to Catholic objects, so that the majority of the Irish people might enjoy it? A Scotch Dissenter suggests that all the ecclesiastical revenues accruing from the lands of each parish in Ireland should be applied primarily for its own benefit, in some secular form, such as schools, public charities, or poor-rates. It has been suggested that the application of the surplus to poor-rates would be attended by fewer difficulties than any other; and though 245,889*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* would not liquidate more than one-third of the annual account, which amounts to 744,897*l.*, collected from the 163 Unions (1864), even this reduction would very sensibly affect the comfort and position of the humbler class of Catholic occupiers. Such an appropriation, besides, would be ecclesiastically proper; for in the earlier ages of the Church, and we believe in Ireland up to the Reformation, the revenues, whether derived from lands, or fisheries, or tithes, were divided into four shares (*quartula pars*), of which one went to the bishops, one to the clergy, one to religious fabrics, and one to the poor. But there are two objections to this proposition—one is, that such an appropriation would almost necessarily involve a looser administration of the Poor-Law funds; the other, that the landlords would be the chief and ultimate gainers. But still another plan has been suggested, by which the Catholic population could be benefited:—we refer to the development of a higher education by the establishment of Intermediate Schools to connect the National Schools and the Queen’s Colleges, and supply the missing link between

‘maxim, *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*, will not hesitate for a moment to reject it;’ and he affirms that the Holy See has been always opposed in principle to such an arrangement.

them. It is well known that the primary schools have become the instruments of a widely-diffused superficial intelligence, and that till fifteen years ago there were no institutions, practically accessible to the people, which could give a higher education and supply guidance and nourishment to the more active moral life of the community. This want is now amply supplied by the Queen's Colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway; but a link is still needed to connect them with the National Schools, so as to promote their full efficiency and success. The establishment of the primary system destroyed a superior class of private schools which formerly afforded the youth of the country opportunities of acquiring a scientific and classical education by means of which they prepared themselves to enter some college or otherwise to rise by their talents to a higher position in life. Let the State—it is now suggested—rectify this unintentional mistake by the establishment of a complete system of intermediate instruction like the gymnasia of Germany, and it will have only carried into effect the strong recommendation of the very committee to which we owe the Queen's Colleges themselves. This subject has already occupied the attention of the Government, and we all know that the late Endowed Schools Commission was specially appointed to ascertain whether the resources of this class of schools could be made more fully available, by a better adaptation to the existing condition of society, for the supply of a superior middle-class education. Their report upon this head was unfavourable. The Commissioners, with the Marquis of Kildare at their head, expressed their opinion that the redistribution and different application of the endowments of the Royal, Diocesan*, and other schools, would not at all supply

* The Royal schools and Diocesan schools are by their constitution essentially non-exclusive. They were never intended for the pupils of only one religious persuasion, and the masters have no power to compel all pupils to receive religious instruction in their own tenets. Yet they have been employed for more than two hundred years as seminaries for the sons of the Episcopalian gentry and as nurseries for Trinity College; exclusively committed to the superintendence of the Established Church, and made subservient to the increase of her congregations by imparting an exclusively Protestant education. The Erasmus Smith schools were projected by a London alderman of that name in the year 1657, the time of the Protectorate. The original indenture was discovered in 1858 by Professor Gibson, of Belfast, in the Birmingham Tower of Dublin Castle. Smith was a wealthy Puritan. The indenture contains the names of eighteen trustees—six Independent ministers and twelve Independent laymen, of whom three held high positions under Cromwell

the existing deficiency; and recommended the establishment of a system of intermediate instruction to be sustained by the union of local funds, under the management of local trustees, with grants of public money. If the State should now apply the surplus of 250,000*l.* to this indispensable object, it would certainly confer an immense boon upon all classes of Irishmen, but especially upon the Roman Catholics, who would thus be made to share in the advancing culture of the age, while the Queen's Colleges would attain an increased vigour and a stronger hold upon the affections of the country. A proposition of this nature is at all events entitled to grave and careful consideration. Earl Russell has recently expressed his deliberate opinion that 'the application of the funds of the Protestant Church to the purposes of education in which the whole of the people could participate, might possibly do much to establish peace in Ireland,' though he is apprehensive that 'the introduction of such a measure would be the signal for much animosity and heart-burning.' But his lordship's remark applied to the supposed appropriation of all the ecclesiastical revenues to educational purposes. We are disposed to think that a qualified proposition such as that we have described would be likely to engender less sectarian rancour than is generally to be expected upon any question affecting the status of the several religious denominations. We can hardly anticipate any rational objection or opposition to such an appropriation, and least of all from Irish Churchmen; for it would come with but an ill grace from the members of a denomination which, for more than two hundred years, has kept the entire machinery of advanced education—intended for Churchmen and Dissenters alike—locked up in its own jealous and exclusive possession. They themselves would partake of the advantages such an independent provision would secure for the whole community*, while they would have received fresh security for the possession of their residuary endowments.

—and was signed by Erasmus Smith, and duly registered; but the charter was not obtained for twelve years afterwards, when its powers and privileges were vested entirely in Episcopalian hands, and the appointment of all teachers and ushers made subject to the approval of the bishops of the Irish sees. The aggregate amount of Irish non-exclusive endowments, which are now held exclusively by the Irish Church, is about 68,000*l.* per annum.

* The Roman Catholics would necessarily obtain the largest share of the funds for intermediate, as they do at present for primary, education. Of the 800,000 children on the rolls of the National Schools, no less than 668,243 are Roman Catholics.

We trust that all the parties who are so deeply interested in the settlement of the Irish Church question—though with such diverse aims and conflicting pretensions—will be prepared to make large and mutual concessions. It is the character of our statesmanship, ever distinguished by sobriety of aim and practicability of result, to reach, through the full and thorough discussion of opposing claims, a broad foundation for liberal compromise and mutual conciliation. This, in all probability, will be the method in which the difficult and complicated question before us will be arranged. There will be no place, we believe, either for the extreme Churchman or the extreme Catholic in its ultimate settlement—the one bent upon preserving the Church in its present parochial and financial dimensions, the other equally bent upon its total and final disendowment. Fortunately for herself, the Irish Church possesses some liberal and enlightened men like Dr. Maziere Brady, who utterly repudiate the notion that the existence of a Church depends upon the continuance of a state provision for its bishops and clergy, and who can contemplate the existing agitation in a reasonable spirit:—‘ Though some men (he says) may believe, with some show of reason, that the Irish Church, for years to come, may retain her endowments and baffle her enemies, all men who are anxious for the true vitality and real progress of the Church will confess that her best interests are unlikely to flourish in the arena of political and religious strife, and that her powers for spiritual good may be seriously impaired in the struggle for retention of her temporalities.’ He evidently refers to a class of his brethren who have raised the old cry—*The Church in danger*—a cry that was never uttered by any voice however feeble or for any object however base, without being caught up in all the dark nooks where bigotry nestles with corruption—but the time is now past for that peculiar species of strategy which consists in boldly and persistently ignoring all the anomalies, abuses, and defects of an institution. People of this class are blind to all the indications of public opinion—gathering force year by year against them—and they may well spare us that pamphleteering scurrility which is the last resource of a party which cannot answer and will not submit. It is our earnest hope that, whatever may be the character and extent of the changes introduced into the Irish Church, or the measure of concession to Roman Catholic claims, the people of the sister-country will fully recognise the disposition of English statesmen to redress every injury, to repeal every injustice, and to mitigate if not remove every anomaly. We have been advancing securely and steadily in the path of Irish

reforms for more than a generation, never allowing political resentments or theological jealousies to traverse the even tenour of our way, and we are surely justified in expecting some recognition of this just and kindly policy on the part of those most largely benefited. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that the present temper of a portion—we hope, not a large portion—of the population is anything but a mere transient revival of the old Celtic restlessness, or that Irish enmity is to be as evergreen as the national shamrock. The middle-classes have of late years become less retrospective—greatly to their benefit and peace—and applied themselves with energy, temper, and foresight, to turn to account the solid advantages conferred by wholesome laws, equal justice, and impartial government. We trust that the time is not far distant, when all classes of Irishmen, Protestant as well as Catholic, will become more self-reliant and independent—ceasing to look to Government for every blessing and to blame it for every misfortune—and will grow up into a healthy and robust unity, forgetting the desperate antagonisms of the past, and employing their powers and opportunities in a new career of social progress. It is, at all events, the interest of England to see the sister-island nurtured into a new and abiding strength, and the two nations bound more closely together by the strong and powerful ties of mutual advantage and reciprocal obligation.

ART. VI.—*Mémoires de mon Temps.* Dictés par S. A. Le Landgrave CHARLES Prince de HESSE. Imprimé comme manuscrit. Copenhague: 1861.

PRINCE CHARLES of Hesse was a younger son of Frederic, hereditary prince and afterwards reigning Landgrave of Hesse, and Mary, daughter of George II. He was born on the 19th of December, 1744, and died in 1836. His Memoirs, dictated in 1816 and extending from his earliest recollections to 1784, comprise the most remarkable events of his life, especially his close relations with the Court of Denmark during the rise and fall of Struensee; his government of Norway when Gustavus III. was scheming to annex it to Sweden; and his personal attendance as a volunteer on Frederic the Great during the campaign of 1778, when many characteristic incidents were seen and noted down by him which apparently were never brought under the notice of Mr. Carlyle. These Memoirs are prefaced by an advertisement, from which we learn no more than how the unnamed editors have dealt with the text; namely,

that their rule has been 'to change the solecisms and particularities of style too liable to create misunderstandings, but 'in other respects fully to preserve the individuality flowing 'from the personal taste and character of the august author.' In some places they have also 'thought right to add a point 'of interrogation to avert the reproach of not having performed their task conscientiously.'

The book was printed for private circulation in a very distinguished circle; and for the honour of receiving a copy we are indebted to the condescending kindness of an illustrious personage at the Court of Denmark. We have reason to believe that no objection will be taken to the use we are about to make of it; for there is absolutely nothing in it which can hurt the feelings of the living or injuriously affect the reputation of the dead; whilst there is much that illustrates social progress, and much that properly belongs to history. It would be unreasonable to expect any writer of autobiography to be divested of self-esteem. But if Prince Charles reverts with pardonable self-complacency to the scenes in which he figured advantageously and the praises he received, we feel sure, from internal evidence, that the most implicit reliance may be placed in his accuracy and good faith. As he states that his parents exercised a more than ordinary influence on his course of life, we may as well begin by mentioning what we have ascertained from independent sources concerning them.

His father was a remarkable man in many ways; a strange compound of good and bad qualities, in which the bad predominated. His marriage with the Princess Mary took place in 1740, he being then twenty and she seventeen years of age. During a visit to England in June 1746, he is described by Walpole as 'tall, lusty and handsome, extremely like to Lord 'Elcho in person, and to Mr. Hussey in what entitles him more 'to his freedom in Ireland, than the resemblance of the former 'does to Scotland. By seeing him with the Prince of Wales, 'people think he looks stupid; but I dare say in his own 'country he is reckoned lively, for though he don't speak much, 'he opens his mouth very often.' . . . 'His amours are 'generally very humble, and very frequent; for he does not 'much affect *our* daughter. A little apt to be boisterous when 'he has drunk. Men go to see him in the morning before he 'goes to see the lions.' It may be collected from this account of his Serene Highness' habits that he made an indifferent husband, and Dr. Vehse states that the marriage was an unhappy one. It was not, however, till after fourteen years from its celebration, and the birth of three children (sons), that

a complete and final separation resulted from an event which Walpole likewise commemorates in his mocking and sarcastic way. In a letter to Bentley, dated November 20, 1754, he writes:—‘The Queen of Prussia is not dead as I told you in my last. If you have shed many tears for her, you may set them off to the account of her son-in-law, the Prince of Hesse, who is turned Roman Catholic. One is in this age so unused to conversion above the rank of a housemaid turned Methodist, that it occasions as much surprise as if one had heard that he had been initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries. Are you not prodigiously alarmed for the Protestant interest in Germany?’

Others were alarmed if Walpole was not, and Frederic the Great, in particular, took active measures to prevent the future subjects of the neophyte from being affected by the conversion; for which he thus accounted in a letter to d’Alembert: ‘The Protestants often turn Catholic merely out of fondness for fast days, ceremonies, and fine church music; for example, the Landgrave of Hesse, Pöllnitz, &c.’ An Act confirmatory of the established religion was passed in Hesse, and guaranteed by all the Protestant Powers. The Kings of England, Prussia, and Denmark assumed the protectorship of the children, who were placed under the immediate guardianship of the mother; and she took up her residence with them at Göttingen, within the electoral dominions of their grandfather. The revenues of the Lordship of Hanau, which Dr. Vehse estimates at 500,000 florins, were assigned for their support. She lived till 1772, sixteen years after the separation, but she was never reconciled to the Prince, nor ever saw him again. His three sons, also, were totally estranged and kept aloof from him until 1783, when they repaired to his court under circumstances narrated in the Memoirs.

He succeeded to the sovereignty in 1760, and did his best to promote the cultivation of literature and the fine arts. It was his ambition to raise Cassel to the rank of a first-rate Residenz or capital; he spent large sums in architectural improvements and embellishments; and to raise money for his accumulated expenses, he resorted to an expedient which has given him an ominous place in history and an unenviable association with genius. He set the example of what Germans term *Seelenverkauferei* (soul-traffic): he was the principal contractor with the British Government for the supply of German troops to serve in the American war; he sold 12,800 of his subjects at an average price of 100 thalers a head; and his Court of Hesse undoubtedly suggested the striking scene in Schiller’s ‘*Cabale und Liebe*’

between Lady Milford and the chamberlain who brings her the diamonds, the blood-bought wages of sin. But it was a Frenchwoman, not an Englishwoman, who was the favourite, and it is nowhere recorded that she had any compunctions of conscience touching the sources from which her ostentatious prodigality was supplied. Prior to the formation of this tie, he had married a second wife, a Princess of Brandenburg, with whom he lived on no more satisfactory terms than with the first. At the same time, it appears from the accounts given by occasional English visitors, especially by Dr. John Moore (the author of 'Zeluco'), that he kept a princely table and neglected none of the ceremonial observances of his rank. He died in 1785.*

In consequence probably of the very early age at which the Princess Mary married and left England, there is a complete dearth of intelligence regarding her. Walpole mentions her once, and Lord Hervey not at all. Her son says: 'We were placed under the guardianship of my mother, the ornament, and if I may venture to say so, the perfection of her sex.' The Seven Years' War made a prolonged residence at Göttingen unsafe, and in 1756 she removed with her three sons to Copenhagen, where they were brought up under the protection of Frederic V., King of Denmark, their uncle-in-law, his first wife (who died in 1751) having been Louisa, youngest daughter of George II. 'We were brought up,' says the Prince, 'from our infancy a little differently from the manner then pursued. My mother took as much part in our education as was possible for her, and it was *à l'Anglaise*. We had assigned to us, from the time when we got out of the hands of the women, a governor and a tutor (*informateur*), both Swiss, and far removed in their sentiments from the principles then in fashion.' Their governor was wont to say to them: 'Think nothing of your being princes; know that you are made of the same clay as everybody else, and that it is merit only which makes the man.' The seed fell on good soil, so far as the narrator was concerned. No one, he says, was more convinced than himself of the truth thus inculcated. 'The formalities of etiquette, the vanities of birth and rank, have always been objects of ridicule in my eyes. From childhood I put my trust in God. I regarded all men as equal in His

* The fullest account of the Court and Princes of Hesse is contained in 'Geschichte der Höfe der Häuser Baiern, Württemberg, Baden und Hessen,' by Dr. Edward Vehse, forming part of this voluminous work 'Geschichte der Deutschen Höfe,' &c.

‘ eyes, except by their attachment to Him and to their duty.
‘ This is the principle upon which my character was uncon-
‘ sciously based ; and therefore at the age of twenty-one, when
‘ I received the order of the Elephant, I took for my device,
‘ *Omnia cum Deo.*’

He gives a glowing account of the Court and Government of Denmark under Frederic V. But the details added in confirmation of his theory show that the standard of administrative excellence and national prosperity, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, differed widely from our own. The Court, he tells us, was directed by Count Moltke, the declared favourite of the King, who, having risen from the rank of a page to that of field-marshal, loved and perfectly understood his sovereign. M. de Bernstorff was Minister for Foreign Affairs, which he managed to the admiration of all Europe. ‘ He was frequently
‘ consulted by foreign courts. Never minister made his master
‘ speak more becomingly than he.’ The Danish fleet had been put upon a respectable footing under Christian VI., and was the honour and glory of the country. The army, a less popular service, was in an inefficient state, notwithstanding the marked preference of the King. It amounted to 70,000 men on paper: the infantry, composed of German recruits or deserters, and militia who received no pay and was only exercised on Sundays between the services; the cavalry, a kind of yeomanry, whose pride and merit lay in the sleekness of their horses, which were never pushed beyond a trot; and an artillery not worth mentioning, or to use the Prince’s precise expression, *peu de chose*. Nearly half these troops were quartered in Norway, then a province of Denmark; and the refuse of the officers were sent there. ‘ The same course was pursued in the civil service :
‘ men of tarnished reputation received places which they made
‘ lucrative by the aid of the cudgel, and ground down this
‘ kindly people, who might have been happy without the bad
‘ functionaries put over them, without the tyranny to which
‘ the traders of the great towns subjected them by the price of
‘ provisions, and without the strict prohibitory law against the
‘ import of any grain but that of Denmark.’

Pretty well for a paternal government under the guidance of pattern ministers ! But then Norway, as he goes on to explain, was treated as a colony; it was rarely, if ever, visited by Danes; and no one thought or cared about its wrongs. ‘ Besides,’ and the admission is startling, ‘ things were almost
‘ everywhere the same: except Prussia, hardly any country
‘ had thought of a better order of finance or of developing
‘ the national resources. The machine went on. There were

‘no complaints; all were believed to be doing well; the general contentment was assumed. Little revenue was received, just enough for the wants of the State. Any extraordinary expense necessitated a loan, to be repaid as it best might. The people muddled on; they neither advanced nor wished to advance: all change, all improvement, was held in dread.’

The obvious inference would be that a certain degree of grovelling comfort was enjoyed by the bulk of the population. But the very opposite was the fact:

‘Justice was precarious enough. The peasant in Denmark was a serf in the fullest acceptation of the word. There was no justice for him, no protection against his landlord. Many of the proprietors had been the stewards of the former owners. They had ruined their absentee masters, and had ended by purchasing their lands. The wretched Danish peasant found himself under the pitiless scourge of this breed; at the mercy of his master, who forced him, against his will, to take a bad farm and put it in order; and when, by the sweat of his brow and his industry, he had brought it round, ejected him and forced him to take another. The master forced him to marry whomsoever he (the master) chose. At the least opposition he gave up the wretch to the militia, to serve in it perhaps twenty-four years, or sold him, for from forty to fifty crowns, to the chief of a company or squadron, on condition that he should never be permitted to set foot on his natal soil or even in the province.’

It was only, he goes on to say, by the abolition of serfdom thirty years afterwards, a Herculean labour carried out by Frederic VI., that this state of things was remedied. Yet everything and everybody was against the royal reformer and the two or three wise councillors who cordially co-operated with him.

‘Public protests, intrigues, clamour, nothing affected him. He overcame all, without a single explosion of vivacity, leaving the law to act, and never putting himself forward more than the emergency required. Few victories have been as memorable as the tranquil enfranchisement of an unhappy people from the most degrading bonds to which man can be subjected, and the proof given to the entire nation that the proprietors lost none of their advantages; nay, gained in the end by an arrangement so just, so satisfactory for the master and his dependents.’

The Prince’s description of the commercial state of Denmark at the time is equally striking. There was a board called the College of Commerce, but its duties must have been slight; for commerce was in its infancy, and industrial enterprise was unknown. The cargoes of the few Danish vessels then engaged in the carrying trade were procured from France:

‘France was then (1756) considered as the seat of taste, of knowledge, of human grandeur, where the arts were pushed to the highest point. French manufactured goods were the first in the world. Their beauty and their cheapness caused them to be in general demand, even in the East. They kept out English goods which, although more solid than the French, cost more and did not satisfy the wants of the Orientals. I will here mention a fact which may give an idea of what determines commerce. Every pacha, every great officer, every Turk of distinction, clothes his household and his suite in new dresses annually. Light stuffs and bright colours are in demand; and in contrast to our uniforms or liveries, the Turk likes each individual of his establishment to glitter in a different colour. I adduce this to show the necessity under which the Danish vessels were placed of being loaded with French stuffs and goods, which at that time at least were exclusively in fashion in the East.’

The home-produce of Denmark was limited to grain and cattle, of which it exported just enough to procure a moderate amount of foreign luxuries. Even fruit and vegetables of a superior quality were imported from Hamburg; and the inhabitants of Copenhagen and the neighbourhood were only just beginning to turn their attention to horticulture. In his speculations on protected industry, it is curious to mark how near his Highness comes to the true doctrine, without mastering it.

‘Many people who have but superficial ideas of commerce, are angry at the export of productions, which, say they, should first have been worked up in the country. They do not see that these raw materials, converted into manufactured goods, might not fetch a price sufficient to cover the cost of the additional labour. . . . Commerce is a gift of the Divinity to men. It brings them together, it unites them, and forces them into bonds of friendship and interest. When we try to make everything at home and exclude everything which is foreign, we remain in our shell, like the Chinese, we isolate ourselves, and we are scarcely gainers.’

We are demonstrably losers, as the Prince would have been the first to admit, had (what hardly any one seems to have understood in his time) the true causes of manufacturing prosperity been explained to him.

Towards the conclusion of his summary of the agricultural and industrial state of Denmark, he declares: ‘After all these details I cannot help considering the reign of Frederic V., and most particularly the ministry of M. de Bernstorff, as the ‘aurora of Denmark, as its first awakening. What has not been done since in agriculture, in police, in internal order?’ There was certainly ample scope for improvement; and the contrasted condition of the rest of Northern Europe suggests the only plausible solution of such admiring enthusiasm.

Denmark had observed a prudent neutrality in the war that was rapidly approaching her frontiers, but her tranquillity was seriously menaced about 1758 from the same quarter which proved so fruitful a source of oppression and humiliation to her in 1864. On the death of Charles XII. Sweden was partially dismembered and a portion of the Duchy of Schleswig, claimed as a fief of the Crown of Denmark, was reunited to it by Frederic IV. The Duke of Holstein, nephew of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, vowed vengeance, and contemptuously refused to barter or compromise what he conceived to be his rights. More than once, when the good offices of France had brought him to the very verge of signing a compact by which he was to be compensated with Oldenburg, he started back and with a look of horror flung aside the pen. He became Czar in 1761 by the title of Peter III., and lost no time in announcing his fixed determination not only to reconquer the States lost by his forefathers, but to take the rest of the duchies and the whole of Jutland by way of indemnification. M. de Kerff, Russian Minister at the Danish Court, towards which he was personally well disposed, was charged to announce the will of his imperial master. Frederic V. asked, 'What do you advise me to do?' M. de Kerff replied, 'On my conscience I believe that your Majesty ought to perish at the head of your army.' The King rejoined, 'Then I will have no other thought.'

To carry out this heroic resolution an army of 40,000 men was rapidly assembled and pushed forward to encounter the Russians, who were advancing from Pomerania 60,000 strong. No confidence being placed in the Danish officers, the command-in-chief was intrusted to the Comte de St. Germain, a French general of reputation, who had quitted France in consequence of repeated quarrels with the Marshal Duke de Broglie. Prince Charles commanded a regiment in the ensuing campaign, which was abruptly cut short before anything decisive had occurred by the assassination of the Czar; on hearing which the Danish army was withdrawn into winter quarters. It was broken up in the spring, leaving so bad an impression of its efficiency that in the course of the year the Comte de St. Germain, who had loudly complained of the discipline and equipment of the troops, received *carte blanche* for a thorough military reform. 'Do as you propose,' were his instructions from the King's own mouth, 'and give such a plan of formation as shall seem to you most conducive to the public good.' The Count set to work accordingly; but his military science, such as it was, stood him in little stead when

he had to begin from the beginning, teach the rudiments, and see to the execution of details, as well as draw up comprehensive schemes or expound theories. His mode of proceeding, according to the Prince,

‘Might be all very well in France where the commissaries and so many others are charged with the details, and the general has only to issue his orders. But their arrangement in a country ill understood is always difficult, and was not his forte. He was a French general, who, at that time at least, was always more or less superficial. He did not trouble himself about drill, and was not fond of seeing the troops manœuvred. When they were reviewed before him, he would enter the tent where the ladies chanced to be and say: “Ah, I have “seen troops enough pirouette in my life: I am here for the service “of the ladies.”’

Universal confusion and discontent ensued: the King was speedily obliged to take the matter into his own hands; and the disappointment of an eagerly cherished hope was thought to have accelerated his death.

Promising to return to this subject of military reform, in which he afterwards took an active part, the Prince carries us off to Hanau, which, since the death of the Landgrave, his grandfather, was governed in full sovereignty by his mother, by virtue of the cession comprised in the terms of separation.

‘My mother had reigned since the death of my grandfather, which occurred in January 1760. I think I ought not to pass over in silence the great qualities of this respectable man. He was highly esteemed by his contemporaries; even the great King of Prussia told me more than once that my grandfather had been his sincere friend. He was adored by his people, whom he governed with wisdom, justice, and kindness. He often travelled in the country, spoke to the peasantry, and made little expeditions in a phaeton and pair. He sought to establish a good breed of horses, especially in the districts adapted for their increase. The peasants knew he preferred light bay horses, and took a pleasure in showing him that all the country had done their best to have all the horses of his favourite colour.’

Prior to the French Revolution there were about three hundred sovereign Houses in Germany, and the pettiest ruler, by a small sacrifice of his independence, could make himself despotic within the circle of his dominions if he thought fit. He had only to place himself under the protection of a powerful neighbour, and his subjects were compelled to submit to any amount of exaction or injustice he could inflict. A striking example was afforded by Hesse-Cassel in 1850, when the entire population rose as one man to expel the detested Minister, Hassenflug, and were compelled by Prussia to

take him back. But far worse things are known to have occurred in smaller States, withdrawn from public observation, and protected from public opinion, by their insignificance. We may judge of the fear and trembling with which the simple peasantry would regard a bad master by the servility with which, as we have just read, they set about humouring a good one; and the mysterious death of an Elector of Mayence may be taken as a sample of the tragedies enacted and hushed up at the Residences, each of which was a miniature representation of Potsdam or Versailles :

‘I chanced to become acquainted with the Elector of Mayence, Emmerich-Joseph of Breiterbach-Börresheim. I made one of his hunting party, and he showed me much kindness and friendship. He was a respectable prince and ecclesiastic, much loved by his subjects, less by his canons and clergy, because he was very tolerant and enlightened. His death gave me great pain. It was not natural. Two of his canons entered his room when he was slightly indisposed. People heard a noise and wished to send for a physician, but these canons had taken measures that no one should leave the palace. A hussar or heyduc jumped out of a window and went for M. de Grotzschlag, grandmaster and first minister. He hastened to the palace, but was refused entrance. The worthy Elector was no more. I have happily forgotten the names of the monsters who, I am assured, smothered this worthy Elector.’

He finds things at Copenhagen on his return much the same as when he left it: the army discontented; the finances in disorder; and the King in the best possible disposition towards himself. In the autumn of 1765 he receives a letter from General Huth, an officer of merit with whom he had become intimate at Hanau, offering to assist in putting the artillery on an improved footing, if the command were given to the Prince. It was given accordingly, and they set to work casting cannon and trying experiments, which read very like the modern ‘story of the guns.’ The main difference was in the calibre; Huth being for three, six, and twelve pounders; while the Comte de St. Germain maintained the superior excellence of the French division into fours, eights, and elevens. Guns called *amusettes*, carrying a pound ball, were highly esteemed, especially in hilly countries and for covering a retreat pressed by cavalry. A tranquil and agreeable course of life is suddenly disturbed by the illness and death of the King :

‘The good King Frederic died much too soon for the happiness of his people, January 14th, 1766. It was announced that we were to assemble in the antechamber of the palace at nine in the morning. We waited in silence for the fatal news. The whole square of Christiansburg was filled with people. The Count de Moltke came

out from the royal chamber pale and unable to utter a word. The ministry went with him to the balcony; many followed. I went with them, and found myself on the right of M. H. de Bernstorff, who had a white handkerchief in his hand; he cried three times to the people, "King Frederic the Fifth is dead: long live King Christian the Seventh!" and all the people replied by acclamations of "Long live King Christian the Seventh!" whilst I melted into tears. At this moment the young King came out from his father's apartment to the balcony, where he placed himself in the middle, between M. de Bernstorff and me. He had not the air of being the least concerned, and saluted the people with the best grace in reply to their acclamations. Seeing me extremely moved and my tears flowing, he grasped my hands and said, "Ah, my poor prince!" A thick cloud had covered Copenhagen up to this moment, and was rapidly dissipated when the proclamation was made. This was considered as a happy presage. The King entered, and at the end of the antechamber I saw Count Moltke fall on a chair in a faint, surrounded by some of his sons, who bitterly felt the loss of his benefactor and friend. I believe that there were but we two who sincerely mourned the good King, whose ashes I revere still. . . . In a word, I saw too well the adoration of the rising sun, and I withdrew sadly enough to Kongetorg, where my regiment was under arms.'

He speedily re-appears upon the bustling and anxious scene, and far from having reason to complain of the loss of royal favour, he has so much heaped upon him as to excite the envy of the court circle and be made answerable for whatever was thought to be going wrong. 'The intrigues which had already commenced amongst them (the members of the royal family) ended by uniting against me. The King had a taste, and even a passion, for military affairs, of which he knew nothing. He went frequently to the parade, where I accompanied him. I was accused of wishing to give him a military turn, from which endless consequences were deduced.' The occasion on which he first thought of confirming his position by a closer and more elevated tie was little likely to suggest thoughts of adventurous love or aspiring matrimony. After describing the state funeral of the deceased sovereign, he proceeds:

'It was, I believe, on this occasion that the first thought occurred to me that, in the circumstances in which I was placed, I might perhaps marry the youngest princess, who was then only sixteen, and for whom I knew there was no plan of marriage. She was very pretty, very well made, and had something very *spirituel*, sweet, and good in her physiognomy despite the extreme rigour and stiffness of her education. However, I gave her no token of my sentiments although I saw her every day either at dinner or at the suppers of the Queen-mother. The King himself one day began a

conversation which decided the affair. He asked me point-blank how he could fix me for good and all in Denmark, and expressed a wish that I should be established there. I replied that I desired nothing better. He then asked me whom I could and would marry. I replied: "That will depend absolutely on your Majesty; your youngest sister not being promised, I should be very happy if you would consent to bestow her on me." He caught me round the neck and said, "Yes, that shall certainly come to pass." I begged him to restrain himself a little, as this affair might still encounter many obstacles. He, however, confided it to the Queen-mother, who was much rejoiced, but it was necessary to procure the concurrence of the ministry.'

No difficulties were raised: the marriage was celebrated, and the Prince's influence continued on the increase, till his royal brother-in-law's reason, always weak and flickering, gave way. His waywardness first showed itself in a fancy for a constant change of ministers; and so soon as this grew manifest, the court became a complete focus of intrigue. 'No time was lost 'in remarking the facility of approaching the King, and of 'giving him, in audiences more or less long, the falsest notions, 'the most mendacious denunciations.' The Prince did his best to mitigate the evil, but his utmost exertions could do no more than break the fall of the old and tried servants of the crown. The following sketch of the King at his accession is valuable from one who had such excellent opportunities of estimating his qualities, mental and bodily:—

'This young prince, endowed with the handsomest face possible, with the most agreeable physiognomy, the best grace in everything he did, dancing to admiration, riding very well on horseback, inspired affection when he wished. One could not help believing that his heart corresponded with his exterior. He was entirely deficient in application, but had a great deal of *esprit*, was extremely quick at repartee, very gay, had a very good memory, in a word, a charming young man, whom one could not help loving. Shortly after his accession to the throne he took it into his head to become a great warrior, and fancied that he should surpass the great Frederic. He often regretted having been born on the throne, and believed that he should have been able to elevate himself to the same height by his talents and his merits, if he had been born in the lowest class. He had a passion without limits for becoming acquainted with women, having never, however, found one on whom his thoughts were fixed. He had imbibed very severe principles of religion, which he did not know how to subdue, and which for this reason he wished to annihilate.'

A little farther on the Prince reverts to this subject, and shows how he gradually lost his hold on the King's wavering understanding by sincerity:—

‘The representations that I was often obliged to make to him against his decided opinions could not do otherwise than render our daily conversation less agreeable than at the commencement. In the meantime all went on well, and he felt that I had no other interest in all I said to him than his own happiness. But little by little the disputes about religion began. His gallantry and the severity of his religious principles were in continual opposition. He saw no other alternative in the end (after having spoken to the intriguers already mentioned, and been inspired by them with the loosest notions of religion,) than to break with it contrary to his own convictions. I only became aware of this from his fits of gloom, his gay tone changed into bitterness, and his looking out for opportunities of wrangling about nothings. Seeing this almost insurmountable desire to give himself up to debauchery, I thought it my duty to speak to him frankly, and represent that he could not do better than conclude as soon as possible his marriage with the princess who was plighted to him.’

This was the unhappy Princess Matilda of England, sister of George the Third, who at sixteen years of age was placed in a position demanding a more than ordinary degree of prudence, knowledge of the world and self-command. The Prince says that she had a very agreeable physiognomy, very fair, and with much *embonpoint* for her age. ‘I am obliged to say that this princess, if she had married a reasonable man— one capable of loving and guiding her—would perhaps have formed the ornament of the throne. A concatenation of circumstances, which I feel reluctant to retrace, reduced her to the greatest unhappiness.’

Now that it has become the practice—and we are far from thinking an uninstrucive, unfair, or demoralising one—to review the verdicts of history on personages whose guilt was assumed by their contemporaries, especially unfortunate queens like Mary Queen of Scots and Marie Antoinette, we are not astonished to find that plausible doubts have been thrown on the alleged criminality of Matilda Queen of Denmark. The memoirs before us derive much additional interest and importance from the fact that the writer is an unimpeachable witness as to much of her conduct which fell under his immediate observation. The commencement of her matrimonial life reads like the introduction to a tale of sorrow or the first scene of a tragedy. The King spoke of the marriage with undisguised repugnance as an intolerable restraint, and only consented to it from the mixed motives already intimated, which implied little in the way of esteem, affection, or consideration for the bride. Her *grand-gouvernante*, chosen for her by the Queen Dowager and the ministers, was Madame de

Pless, a most respectable lady, with whom she had about as much chance of getting on smoothly as Marie Antoinette with Madame de Noailles, nicknamed Madame Etiquette. The King, who knew and disliked Madame de Pless, protested, but ended by bursting out laughing and confirming the nomination. She fell into an absurd misapprehension of her duties at the outset. To gratify the eager longings of his Majesty, the time allotted for the Queen's journey from Altona to Copenhagen had been studiously abridged; but one fine morning, whilst the Council was sitting, a courier arrived from the *grand-gouvernante* to say that, whilst waiting for her royal mistress, it had occurred to her that the hurried journey would be fatiguing, and that she had therefore taken upon herself to prolong it by a day:

'I must own that I could not help laughing to see the surprise of these gentlemen on hearing that Madame de Pless had changed the precise orders of the King. Counts Bernstorff and Reventlow and myself proceeded to talk over this letter; and Count Bernstorff decided to send a courier immediately to Madame de Pless, to the effect that, all the resting places and relays being ordered, it was impossible to change anything in the programme. The Queen, therefore, arrived very happily at Rothschild, and the King repaired there with his brother, Prince Frederic. I was also of the party. The King got into a carriage with the Queen and conducted her to Fredericksburg, where she lodged till her entry into the city. There were balls three evenings in succession. We danced the "Kehraus." The King was very gay; he danced with the Queen. I led the "Kehraus" with my wife. All of a sudden the King cried out to me: "Lead the dance through all the apartments!" I passed through some rooms on the same floor, and on arriving at the Queen's antechamber, the King ordered me to enter her apartment, which I did. Madame de Pless threw herself like a dragon in my way and vowed I should never pass through the apartment of the Queen. The King, in the vivacity of the dance, hearing this apostrophe, exclaimed, *Bekümmern Sie sich doch nicht um alt' Weibergewäsch* (don't mind old women's prattle). I continued the dance, passed through the Queen's chamber, and came out on the other side. Madame de Pless made a terrible row, and all fell on me. This displeased the King prodigiously.

'The Queen at first formed an intimate acquaintance with my wife, whom she named her knight. She also showed me much confidence and kindness. The entry took place with much magnificence, and all was done according to the prescribed etiquette. The dinner was *en famille*. The King, the three queens (two being dowagers), my wife, the old Princess Charlotte (great aunt of the King), and myself. The three queens were seated together, and the King opposite, by my side. In the evening the nuptial benediction was bestowed in the church of Christiansburg. There was a table with a hundred covers

in the hall, and the couple were conducted to their rooms. I remained with the King, who conversed with me a long time on his present position. I was congratulating him on his happiness, when he was summoned to the Queen's chamber, and I wished him the happiest union. My wishes were unfortunately not granted.'

Another remarkable marriage took place about the same time, the details of which are related by the Prince, who played a distinguished part in the pageant. The King's eldest sister was married by procuration to the Prince Royal of Sweden, and Prince Charles was despatched to announce her approach to the expectant bridegroom at Helsingborg :

'I was received very politely on the quay, and taken straight to the house of the Prince Royal, afterwards Gustavus III., who received me with open arms. He was endowed with much *esprit*, and had received a careful education, but there was something false in his physiognomy, which struck me at once. He loaded me with polite attentions. On the approach of the Princess Royal he repaired to the quay and I accompanied him. I was by his side when he saw her rise from the boat to come on shore. He exclaimed aloud, *Dieu, qu'elle est belle!* It is true that she had a majestic bearing and was very handsome; all about her was fine when she was in full dress; tall, large, with fine eyes, and much goodness in the expression of her face. The Prince Royal gave her his hand and led her to his house. The quay was covered with blue cloth ornamented with crowns, the street with blue cloth; the houses occupied by the Prince were near each other. They were, doubtless, the best in Helsingborg, which, at that time at all events, contained only houses of one story, and many thatched cottages. The dragoons of Scania lined the streets, large men on little horses, the uniforms of the time of Charles XII. All looked very odd and very shabby.'

It was a bold measure to give a ball under such circumstances, and the attempt, although events fortunately took a comic turn, nearly led to a catastrophe :

'There was a ball in the evening at the Prince's house, where a dancing room was prepared in the garret. Instead of tapestry, the walls were hung with horsecloths, arms, and other articles. The ball began. M. de Llano, Spanish Envoy to the Court of Denmark, an excellent dancer but of a height and bulk requiring a degree of solidity in a ball-room which was entirely wanting to this, beginning to dance with his wonted vivacity, the room was on the point of breaking down. The dancing was stopped till the garret was propped with beams in the lower story. We exerted ourselves to restore the courage of the ladies, and the ball continued.'

In the meantime, no amelioration was perceptible in the demeanour of the King of Denmark. The symptoms of his mental malady grew worse within a month or two of his mar-

riage, and his brother-in-law speedily abandoned all hope of controlling or restraining him. He had a passion for practical jokes, not unfrequently attended with dangerous consequences. One of them caused the death of his aunt. A page, by his order, dressed himself as a savage, and entered the dining-room, where the royal family were assembled, on all fours. The Princess, who had never seen anything of the sort, uttered loud screams and, as he came nearer, tried to rush out of the room. They assured her it was only a page. 'She was ready to faint, and sank down on a chair in the anteroom. The King took her a glass of water. She sipped a little; and as less attention was momentarily paid to her, and she was only a step or two from the door, she opened it—the gentleman in waiting flung open the folding-doors and made a low bow—never to return.'

One of the King's fancies was to beat his pages, and to be soundly thrashed in return. The greatest favourite, Count de Holke, was the one who applied the cane or horsewhip in good faith. At other times (as we learn from the memoirs of his tutor, Reverdil), his Majesty, stretched on the ground, represented a criminal on the wheel; one of the favourites was the executioner and with a roll of paper enacted the part. His diseased imagination had been caught by the revolting details of a judicial sentence which he had been required to sign, and he actually attended the execution in disguise.

Prince Charles found his position at Copenhagen no longer bearable or tenable, and went to reside with his mother at Hanau, after communicating in strict confidence to Count de Bernstorff his opinion that the King was deranged. The Count replied that there was unhappily something of the sort; that the Count de St. Germain had spoken to him about it and added: 'The King has a malady very strange, and very rare: we call it in France, *fou de cœur*.' His Majesty's proceedings, after the departure of his monitor, are thus described from hearsay:—

'The King soon gave himself up to the lowest debauchery and intemperance. He made the acquaintance of the most notorious person in Copenhagen. She was called Milady. He went the round of the streets with her at night, broke the lamps and windows, and, in fact, led a terrible life. At this time there were quarrels between the King and the Queen. It was asserted that Madame de Pless was the chief cause of them, and that, on many occasions, she prevented the Queen from having the least *complaisances* for the King. She had had taken a high tone with everybody, and pretended, like another *Princesse des Ursins*, *dass sie die Pfeile schnitzten*, and that

the gentlemen of the Council *solche verschiessen sollten*, which they found anything but agreeable or in the manner of their old friend.'

In the hope of giving a healthier tone to the King's mind—at all events of breaking off his course of life—his ministers proposed to him to make a tour in Germany, Holland, France, and England. He agreed, and started at once for Hanau, where he passed eight days with Prince Charles and his family. At the first ball given in his honour, he took a seat by his brother-in-law, and began: 'Listen, my dear Prince; I have something to say to you. You will probably hear all sorts of things that have been said of you. I must tell you fairly, I was then maliciously disposed towards you, I don't know why, and I told a terrible number of untruths about you to everybody; but you must not mind, for I am now fond of you again.' The Prince thanked him for this notable mode of confidence, but asked him how it was possible that he, who knew him so well, could act thus? 'As for that, I do not know; but I was malicious in right earnest.'

The impression his Majesty left in England may be collected from Walpole, who (August 13, 1768) writes:—

'The puppet of the day is the King of Denmark; in truth, puppet enough; a very miniature of our late king, his grandfather; white, strutting, dignified, prominent eyes, galant, and condescending enough to mark that it is condescension. He arrived the night before last; is lodged at St. James', where he has levées, but goes and is to go everywhere, to Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Bath, the Lord knows whither, to France, to Italy; in short, is to live in a crowd for these two or three years, that he may learn mankind by giving all mankind an opportunity of staring at him. Well! but he is not twenty, and is an absolute prince: sure subjects are happy when absolute twenty only runs away from them. He was last night at my Lord Hertford's, having told my Lord, who, by his office (of Lord Chamberlain), received him at St. James', that, having made his first acquaintance among the men with him, he would be acquainted among the ladies first with his wife.'

On the 22nd September, 1768, Walpole reverts to the subject:

'I can tell you nothing but what you see in the papers of the King of Denmark hurrying from one corner of England to the other, without seeing anything distinctly, fatiguing himself, breaking his chaise, going tired to bed in inns, and getting up to show himself to the mob at the window. I believe that he is a very silly lad, but the mob adore him, though he has neither done nor said anything worth repeating; but he gives them an opportunity of getting together, of staring and making foolish observations. Then the newspapers talk their own language, and call him a great per-

sonage; and a great personage that comes so often in their way seems almost one of themselves raised to the throne. At the play of "The Provoked Wife," he clapped whenever there was a sentence against matrimony; a very civil proceeding when his wife is an English princess.'

If the King of Denmark was a miniature of George II., a little man, he may have looked like a puppet; but Walpole habitually saw through a medium that, like a telescope reversed, diminished everything he looked upon; and in this instance he is opposed not only to Prince Charles, who, setting down impressions in advanced life, had no motive for partiality, but to the concurrent testimony of the French Court. There at least he said things that were thought worth repeating. A French nobleman told him that he had the honour of being his near relative: 'Hush, cousin, I am here 'incognito,' was the reply. On his return from Versailles to Paris, a party of officers, whom he was passing in the road, raised a cry of '*Vive le Roi.*' He stopped the coach, put his head out of the window, and said: 'I am on my way from visiting 'him, gentlemen, and I left him in perfect health.' Walpole might think this a silly remark, but it passed for a witty one. Louis XV., pointing to a lady verging on her grand climacteric, Madame de Grammont, asked the Danish King how old he thought her. He hesitated, upon which the King of France added, 'Well, she is past fifty.' To this His Majesty of Denmark more politely rejoined: 'At your court, Sire, 'there is no such thing as growing old.' Prince Charles states, in general terms, that King Christian behaved to admiration, brought back with him the universal applause of the countries he had traversed, and was received with public acclamations on his return to his capital.

The most remarkable incident of this journey was that it gave Struensee an opportunity (for which he had long been vainly watching) of attaching himself to the court, not with the designs of a mean adventurer, but with the honest intention of advancing the public good along with his own fortunes. He was born in 1737, at Halle, in Saxony, where his father was a distinguished professor of theology. He adopted the study of medicine, which had the not uncommon effect of inclining him to materialism; and he came upon the social stage a reputed sceptic, an avowed lover of pleasure, endowed with all the advantages that a handsome person, winning manners, recognised probity, and a highly cultivated understanding could bestow. If we may believe Reverdil, it was his accommodating

morality that ingratiated him with his first patron, Count de Rantzan; and to the same cause may be traced his intimacy with most of the persons, male and female, who contributed to his rise. The success and frequency of his gallant adventures were such as would have excluded him altogether from the circle of a young queen, had ordinary precaution been taken to shelter her from suspicion or reproach.

His first appointment as travelling physician to the King was procured through Count de Holke. He declares in his Apology, that, during the journey and the six months following, he meddled with no affairs but those connected with his office of physician and afterwards of reader. But the wide scope and (let it be added) the elevated nature of his ambition may also be collected from this document; and his friends, who knew his firmness and breadth of view, augured from the moment he was attached to the court that sooner or later he would govern it. He began by captivating the King, whose weaknesses he is accused of humouring; and indeed there was no other mode of guiding him. The scheme imputed to the new favourite by his enemies was to govern through a mistress personally devoted to himself. His supposed or intended creature was Madame de Gabell, who lent herself to the plot on an assurance that the King, whose advances she had formerly repulsed, was already an altered being and might be completely cured through her instrumentality; but she shrank from the task on finding that she had been deceived in this essential point. Struensee's rumoured complicity with this lady caused him to be held in absolute detestation by the Queen, who was suffering from a fixed melancholy and languor, and threatened with dropsy. When all the medicines prescribed for her had failed, the King proposed to consult the young doctor and, not being able to persuade, commanded. The young doctor's knowledge of the female heart amply made up for any want of professional skill or experience. After seeing and questioning the Queen, he assured her that there was no fear of dropsy, that her malady was by no means serious, and that he would undertake to cure her in a short time. 'Vexation, ennui, sedentary habits,' he said, 'have done all the mischief: you want little medicine, but a great deal of exercise, amusement, and diversion. Ennui, the denizen of courts, proceeds principally from etiquette: this must be proscribed, at least reduced to certain days which are particularly consecrated to it. The Danish ladies never ride on horseback: you must set them the example. They may begin by being scandalised,

‘but fashion and habit will bring them to more favourable views.’*

The Queen followed this agreeable prescription, which fully answered the double purpose of restoring her health and spirits, and opening her eyes to the injustice of which she had been guilty towards the fascinating companion of her daily rides. It is a familiar observation that hatred is more easily converted into the opposite feeling than indifference; and certain it is that Struensee speedily became the sole keeper of his royal mistress’ conscience, her guide, counsellor, philosopher, and friend. Nor did he run upon the rock on which more than one predecessor, or would-be predecessor, had been wrecked. Instead of disuniting the royal couple or playing one against the other, he studiously smoothed away their domestic disagreements and brought about a cordial reconciliation, for which he was rewarded by their joint concurrence in his views. He ended, as is well known, by attaining the highest dignities and securing an entire monopoly of power, to which he admitted no partner, except his early friend, Count de Brandt.

In an absolute court so constituted, all depended on the most precarious of tenures, the declared will of a deranged sovereign; and Struensee was upset at once by the production of the royal warrant for his arrest, surreptitiously obtained by misrepresentation. The Queen was arrested at the same time, and the accusation that weighed most against him was that of a connexion with her passing the limits of licensed and permitted intimacy. This they each of them denied and confessed by turns; and the documentary proof was extorted by means and under circumstances which induced the English Minister at Copenhagen to enter a spirited protest against the treatment to which the sister of his sovereign was exposed. The main cause of Struensee’s overthrow was the uncompromising spirit in which he set about reforming the time-honoured abuses of the state and reducing the privileges of the aristocracy. There was more of Richelieu about him than of Leicester or Rizzio. But there is no necessity for minute investigation of this historical romance; our immediate object being simply to enable the reader to appreciate the additional evidence brought to bear upon it by these Memoirs.

After describing the discontented state of the court under Struensee in 1770, Prince Charles, who had been named governor or stadtholder of Holstein, turns back to mention a

* Struensee et la Cour de Copenhague, 1760—1772; *Mémoires de Reverdil*, &c., p. 149.

visit paid him by the King and Queen the preceding summer:—

‘ We went out a league to meet them. The Queen appeared enchanted to see my wife again. They received us like old friends. On alighting from the carriage the King desired me to give my arm to the Queen; he conducted my wife to her apartments. After an hour of conversation, during which anecdotes of past times were recalled, the Queen took my arm and said, “ Take me to the cabinet of the Princess Louise, but don’t make me pass through the antechamber where the Court are.” We went, almost at a run, by the corridor quite to the back door on the side of the staircase, when we saw some of the King’s suite coming up this staircase. The Queen saw Struensee and said, immediately before the door, “ No, no, no; I must return—let me go.” I represented to her that I could not leave her alone in the corridor; “ No, no; return to the princess,” and she fled by the corridor. This struck me much, but I obeyed. It was almost the last moment when she showed her former confidence in me. She was always embarrassed with me when Struensee was present. At table he was always seated opposite to her.’ . . . ‘ The dinner was at noon, at the King’s table. There were occasional receptions. The Queen then played at quinzé; I was placed on her right, Struensee on her left; Brandt, newly arrived, and Warnstedt, pages of the chamber, made up the party. I do not like to retrace the manners and remarks that Struensee took the liberty of addressing publicly to the Queen, leaning his elbow against her’s, “ Now then, play. Do you not hear.” I own that my heart was broken to see this princess, endowed with so much wit and grace, and whose heart had hitherto been excellent, fall to this point, and in such bad hands.’

A good deal of familiarity may be excused on the part of the medical adviser whose declared system was to save his royal patient from the wearisomeness of etiquette; and Queen Matilda is entitled to the full benefit of the excuse suggested for Queen Astarte in ‘ *Zadig* ’ (borrowed by Sheridan for Lady Teazle):—‘ *Malheureusement rassurée sur son innocence, elle néglige les dehors nécessaires. Je tremblerai pour elle tant qu’elle n’aura rien à se reprocher.*’

The royal party went next to Trevendahl, whither the Prince and his wife were not invited to accompany them. They were left out, he intimates, for the very sufficient reason that this place was selected for ‘ the least decent orgies.’ A few days after the arrival of the royal party, the Queen’s ladies-in-waiting, the Ministers, the grand marshal, &c., were sent away, leaving the King and Queen with only Struensee, Brandt, and Warnstedt, at Trevendahl, where they spent four weeks. Their mode of passing their time is left to conjecture: quiet was what the royal pair both required; and an orgy implies a degree of coarseness and turpitude that was never brought home to

Struensee or the Queen. Soon after their return to Copenhagen, Struensee was made Count, and appointed Prime Minister, with the extraordinary privilege that his signature should be obeyed like the King's. Prince Charles is so far just to him as to state that he endeavoured to select the most capable persons for the administration of affairs; and it will be remembered that his Highness was absent in Holstein when things came to a crisis, and the revolution (or *coup d'état*) of January 22, 1772, took place:—

‘The English envoy more than once offered Struensee all sorts of advantages if he would make off. He was inclined so to do, but the Queen absolutely refused to consent. General Wagner, Steward of the Court, proposed to Count d’Osten (Minister for Foreign Affairs), whom he saw dissatisfied with Struensee, a charge easy of execution. Osten entered into the project with the greatest vivacity. He went direct from Wagner, thoroughly resolved to execute it, to Struensee, when the hour for speaking to him arrived. On leaving his cabinet, he went straight to Wagner, who was in the antechamber, and said aloud, “This I must say: Count Struensee is one of the first heads I ever knew.” Count Struensee had just settled with him an ancient right of the family of Osten on the chairmen of Copenhagen, for which he received an order on the treasury for seven thousand crowns. He escaped for the time the loss of his place, till unhappily he ripened for the scaffold.’

The court conspiracy was preceded and encouraged by a popular tumult from one of those slight causes which frequently influence great events. When the court was at Christiansburg, there were almost every day mobs of sailors in the square, grumbling and vowing the destruction of Struensee. ‘A new and very faulty arrangement had been made in the marine, by which these people, after working at Holm, were forbidden to carry away the shavings which they wanted for firewood. Their discontent was excessive. Struensee received anonymous letters from all quarters, telling him that ‘he was lost if he stayed.’ The Prince’s account of the catastrophe differs little from that generally received. At the head of the intrigue was the Queen Julie-Marie, in whose chamber the parts were assigned and the mode of execution laid down. Accompanied by Prince Frederic and Count de Rantzau, she boldly made her way to the King’s bedroom, woke him from his first sleep, and required him to sign a warrant for the arrest of his wife. He was frightened and refused, till they told him that his life was threatened, that Struensee meant to take it; and he then signed an order for the arrest of the Queen Matilda, Struensee, Brandt, and some others:—

‘The prosecution was conducted with extreme severity by a commission. Struensee, after having denied all they reproached him with, was suddenly seized with unaccountable remorse, recalled his judges, and made confessions more than convincing.’ [It has been stated that they were extorted by the threat of torture.] ‘Several members of the Council repaired to Kronenberg, to the Queen Caroline Matilda. They told her that they were come by the King’s orders to show her these terrible avowals. The Queen declined all knowledge of them, flew into a passion, and said that it was false. Then M. de Schach advanced and said to her, “If this is not true, Madame, there is no death cruel enough for the monster who has dared to compromise you to this extent.” The Queen was alarmed by this statement, and, after having reflected a moment, she said, “But if I also confessed, could I save him by so doing?” M. de Schach rejoined, “Assuredly, Madame, that would mitigate his fate in every way.” “Well, then, I will sign,” said the Queen; and she signed.’

Another story was, that whilst she was yet hesitating, her hand was taken and made almost involuntarily to trace the letters of her name, and that she instantly flung down the pen with an indignant repudiation of the signature.

‘The King of England (continues the Prince) was irritated to the highest degree. A fleet under Admiral Hardy was threatened. The Queen’s confession did not disarm the anger of the King (George III.), but it put an end to all warlike preparations. A frigate came for the Queen and conveyed her to Stade. She died some years after (1775) at Zelle.’

Struensee was executed, after formally abjuring his infidel notions at the instance of a Protestant divine, Munter, who has filled a volume with his conversion and death. In the course of the same year that witnessed his fall, a revolution in the neighbouring kingdom exercised a material influence on the prospects and movements of Prince Charles. Gustavus III. of Sweden having re-established despotic monarchy, looked about to see how he could turn his power to good account, and the idea occurred to him that he might sever Norway from the dominions of his ally to be afterwards added to his own. With this view he sent emissaries to stir up the Norwegians in the hope that they would end by declaring for him. The Danish Court took the alarm, and Prince Charles was nominated to the viceroyalty, not without strong opposition in the Council, where Count d’Osten said that, if he went, he would make himself king. M. de Schach and others repelled this insinuation, and Admiral Roemeling closed the discussion with the remark: ‘Well, it is better for Denmark that he should do so, than that Sweden should take it.’ He set out immediately, and after

taking measures for putting the army on a better footing, proceeded to conciliate the favour of the people:—

‘I was very well received at Christiana. They looked on me as the redresser of so many evils under which Norway was oppressed. I gave receptions and dinners, and saw a great many people. I wasted little time with the men, and conversed with the ladies. General Huth said to me, “Try only to gain all the long robes (*lange Röcke*), the rest will follow of itself.” I followed his advice, and always stood well with the women and the clergy.’

General Huth partly anticipated the advice given by Napoleon to the Abbé de Pradt on his setting out for his Polish mission: ‘*Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes.*’ The Prince was eminently successful both in making the Danish rule popular in Norway and in putting the country in a state of defence. According to the Spanish Envoy at Stockholm, Gustavus remarked: ‘I do not know what Prince Charles ‘has been doing, but he has severed all my ties with Norway ‘of which I felt sure; they intend to make him their king.’ After relating this incident, he adds: ‘They publicly named ‘me King Charles in derision, hoping thereby to create ‘umbrage at Copenhagen.’ Umbrage or jealousy enough already existed there; for the Queen Julie-Marie was anxious to retain the King under her own exclusive control, and dreaded the countervailing influence of the brother-in-law and his wife. She and her clique, therefore, grasped at the first pretence for sending him back to Norway. On his next return, advantage was taken of his military predilections to propose a campaign with Frederic the Great; and on his eagerly assenting, the Queen Julie-Marie lost no time in procuring him an invitation from the hero of Rosbach, who was then preparing for the Bavarian war of 1778. The Prince repairs to the Prussian camp at Schoenwalde, in Silesia, where he joins company with his elder brother, also a volunteer with the rank of major-general in the Prussian service:

‘The next morning we set out for head-quarters, on horseback, and when we had arrived within a quarter of a league we saw the King approaching with an aide-de-camp. We drew up on the side of the way. The King came up. “Ah! it is the prince, your brother; I shall have the pleasure of receiving you at head-quarters.” The presentation took place in this fashion, and went off well. On arriving at head-quarters I heard, on all sides, “That is the Danish Field-Marshal.” The King soon appeared, came up to me, made many inquiries about his kind friend, Queen Julie, and was extremely gracious to me. I was invited to the royal table with my brother. Covers were laid for eight. The Hereditary Prince of Brunswick and some generals were there. The King questioned me a good deal

during the dinner, which lasted a long time; he spoke to me of Norway, and seemed tolerably satisfied with my answers. It was the same the day following; however, the questions were often a little biting (*mordantes*). We were afterwards invited, my brother and myself together, every other day to his table. The third or fourth day he appeared a little excited as we took our seats. He had probably received the news that the negotiations relating to Bavaria, a large part of which had been occupied by the Emperor Joseph, were not successful, and it was necessary to begin the war.

'At table the King renewed his questions, and particularly as to the agriculture of Holstein. I told him that the horses and cattle were the principal branch, that there were estates maintaining three, four, five hundred cows. The King replied with vivacity: "Par Dieu, I believe my good friend, Queen Julie, would willingly assist me with thirty thousand oxen." "I have no doubt of it, Sire," I replied, "and in this case it would be I who should command them; and if Hannibal with a number of oxen could destroy the Roman eagles under Fabius, I do not doubt that I should be equally fortunate for the service of your Majesty." The rest of the company were silent and cast down their eyes. The King assumed a milder tone and said, "Ah, my dear Prince," and proceeded to speak of other things. This gained me his esteem, and I heard some days afterwards from Count Goertz and others, that his good opinion of me had improved day by day.'

War was declared the day following, and the army crossed the frontier in a manner which implied either trustworthy information that no opposition was to be apprehended or a strange absence of precaution in so experienced a tactician:

'The King marched with the advanced guard of thirty squadrons, the light artillery and the ten battalions. I accompanied him. He marched alone at the head of the regiment of Ziethen Hussars. General Lossan, commander of the regiment of Black Hussars and brigadier of these thirty squadrons, followed the King, and I rode by his side. The King's aides-de-camp kept as far from him as they could. There was only one, Major Prittwitz, who accompanied him when ordered, and he was not far off. We passed by little cross-ways, by steep descents, and when we arrived in a little meadow which we entered, man by man, the squadrons were drawn up anew in this hollow, where ten or a dozen riflemen might have treated us cruelly. When the first squadron was formed, the King suddenly gave the order "March!" in a hollow voice; we reascended on the other side; and the King said "*Gewehr auf!*" Up to this time the King was the first Prussian in Bohemia.'

The Austrians were speedily descried in force on the opposite side of the Elbe, and Frederic halted four weeks watching them, without an attempt to cross, hoping that the Empress Maria Theresa would make peace on what he deemed reasonable conditions. The interval was occupied in habituating his troops

to the hardship and dangers of war by sending out numerous foraging parties, who had frequent skirmishes with the Austrian cavalry. Frederic commonly took the lead himself, and exposed his person, for no apparent object, with a profound indifference that seemed to proceed from fatalism or contempt of life. His army was attacked by dysentery; nor, says the Prince, did it suffer solely from disease. The desertion was terrible, and the deserters were computed at ten thousand. This led Joseph to say: 'The King of Prussia is here for foraging, and I for recruiting.' Mr. Carlyle says that the Prussians called it the potato war, and the Austrians 'Three-button Loo,' a game not worth playing. The summary account of the campaign given by Frederic in his 'Memoirs' is, that the strength of the Austrian position prevented him from advancing; and that when he had exhausted all the forage and provisions within reach, he had no alternative but to fall back.* The Prince pauses to describe the King's table, diet, and behaviour to his guests:

'The King's table was very interesting to me; almost all the other guests dreaded it and lamented its duration. There were few dishes, but what there were, were good. The King drinks a light *vin de Grave* in a great deal of water, and he drank a great deal, especially water. A bottle of still champagne was given at the end of the dinner. He took one glass, rarely two. We were only seven or eight at table. He always emptied his water-bottle, and when the conversation grew animated, ordered a second. We were then sure that we should remain a good half hour more at table; but if there was a discussion or, if I may venture to say so, a dispute, of which he was very fond, and which he seldom got with others, the sitting was immeasurably prolonged, to the great despair of the guests.

'I learnt at the commencement that the King was in the habit of saying, "My table is a republic, every one may say what he likes;" but I was also told, "No one speaks but himself."

'It's ill arguing with a king who has an army of a hundred 'and fifty thousand men, and *such very hard-soled boots!*' said Quintus Sicilius (*alias* Guichard), after having had his shins kicked for contesting one of his royal patron's sceptical dogmas; and he was not the only member of the republic who suffered by trusting to the toleration of its president. Frederic was certainly more prone to imitate his brute of a father than to copy the Grand Monarque, who, when violently provoked, flung away his cane, exclaiming, that to strike a gentleman was unworthy of the first gentleman of France. But a prince,

* *Cœuvres Historiques de Frédéric II., Roi de Prusse, vol. vi.; Mémoires de la Guerre de 1778.*

the grandson of a king, could not be kicked or caned like a philosopher or man of letters; and Prince Charles says that he made no scruple of disputing the King's paradoxes; indeed, he thinks he rose in favour by the frankness of his language and the independence of his tone.

No writer, not excepting Schmettau*, has given so many curious details of this campaign, or so many characteristic traits of Frederic in connexion with it, as Prince Charles. The pages devoted to it by Mr. Carlyle are among the least satisfactory in his book: lifeless, colourless, and dealing in platitudes or bald generalities, ill-redeemed by forced quaintness of language. 'To us,' he says, 'all it (the campaign) yields is certain anecdotes of Frederic's temper and ways in that difficult predicament which have a ready kind of worth in the biographical point of view.' And what better kind of worth could a biographer desire? Surely Mr. Carlyle, of all people, is not for falling back upon the exploded dignity of history, which rejected everything that gave individuality to the actors or movement to the scene. Whether right or wrong, judicious or injudicious, the mode of treatment adopted by him and other English writers for this Bavarian war is an additional reason for drawing somewhat largely on the portion of these memoirs relating to it.

We suspect, moreover, that the 'certain anecdotes' were the less welcome, because their incidental tendency was to modify the unqualified praises that have been lavished on the aged despot in the extravagance of hero-worship. Thus, we collect from both Schmettau and Prince Charles that Frederic resembled Napoleon in ingrained selfishness, and was as little capable of generosity. In his later years especially, he made no allowance for failure, and met consequently with little sympathy when he failed. It has been related on good authority that when attack after attack had been made on the English positions at Waterloo without effect, the French generals felt a malicious pleasure in marking the irritation and surprise of the Emperor, who, having never encountered English troops before, had contemptuously discredited the reports formerly made to him by discomfited commanders of their steadiness. Something of the same kind was observable amongst the Prussian officers when their king committed a mistake:

'Lieutenant-General Wunsch had quitted the camp of Weldorf

* *Mémoires raisonnés sur la Campagne de 1778, en Bohême, par l'Armée Prussienne aux ordres de S. M. le Roi. Par le Comte de Schmettau. Berlin: 1789.*

with the ten Polish battalions and some cavalry to occupy the Ratschenborg and cover this passage into Silesia. When the King had caused the rest of the army to advance on Weldorf, he believed all the passes into Silesia sufficiently covered to bring convoys under escort from that town. But an Austrian partisan or hussar stole upon the march of this convoy by the defiles. The escort was not on the alert, and a large part was lost, as well as some prisoners. When I came to the parade in the morning, every one was eager to regale me with this news, which struck me as very disastrous; but the joy at the King's having met with a reverse, which they attributed to him, was inconceivable. I was indignant at it. This is why I was called the royalist. They added: "He will now lock the stable after the horse has been stolen."

'In all things the disposition of men's minds was very different from what it ought to have been for this great man. Filled with the vastest ideas, and busying himself with the smallest details, he could not see to everything himself, and as there was no one who possessed his confidence to the same degree as Winterfeldt and others had done, no one undertook to prevent deficiencies in time, and hence so many little faults; but substantially they were soon repaired, and the Austrians were habitually anything but enterprising.'

The Hereditary Prince of Brunswick had expressed an ardent wish for the command of a detached corps, and in an evil hour the wish was granted. The King went forward with four hundred hussars through a large wood. This march, observes the Prince, was very hazardous, as no one knew who occupied the wood. But the King proceeded leisurely and composedly, conversing with old Ramin.

'As we emerged from the wood we distinctly saw the corps of the Hereditary Prince march in two lines on the heights and halt at a brook which separates them, and is traversed by a road. We saw their tents pitched. The King stopped and flew into a passion, having ordered the Hereditary Prince to pass this brook and take up a position at the end of the mountain which overlooks the Elbe. The Prince had seen the arrival of the King, and hurried to ask his orders. The King advanced to meet him alone, and ordered him to return immediately and advance his troops according to the order he had given. In the meantime the King continued his route towards this point, and the Hereditary Prince found himself soon afterwards behind the King, who was consulting a deputy quartermaster about the passage of the Elbe, which is very small here, not far from its source. He did not say a word to the Hereditary Prince, who excused himself by urging that General Anhalt had shown him on his own plan, traced by the King, the camp of his corps at this place, and that it was certainly an error in the draughtsman.

'I drew near to the Hereditary Prince and said aloud, "Mon Dieu, how sorry I am to see all this; it may do a great deal of harm

at this decisive moment." Up comes Anhalt in hot haste, crying to the King: "Shall we cross, your Majesty?" The King, waiting till he was quite close, turned short upon him with, "Go to the devil" (*Scheer Er sich zum Teufel*). Anhalt was beside himself with surprise and fright.

It is a remarkable illustration of the condition of these scions of sovereign houses and principalities, that they should abound in a service where they were daily liable to be snubbed or disgraced, like any other subordinate dependent on his pay. On the day of the Hereditary Prince's mishap, only his brother, Prince Frederic of Brunswick and Prince Charles were invited to the King's table. His Majesty was very pensive during dinner. All of a sudden he said: 'I found some grooms to-day foraging in my quarters. I hear that they are some of Count de Goertz's people. I was obliged to drive them out myself.' It turned out that the royal quarters being entirely deserted, some servants of the Count had entered in search of forage, and were caught by the King, who thrashed them soundly with his own royal hands. To use the Count's words, '*Er hat meine Leute gestern zu Rittern geschlagen.*'

The King, like all great generals and most great men, was a good sleeper. Every evening his reader, M. de Catt, an honest and sensible man, was in attendance, and remained two hours, during which the King talked familiarly on all subjects. He then retired to rest, commonly at nine o'clock. 'His sleep was calm and deep. At six he was again at work: the private secretaries, of whom he had three, brought him the letters that had arrived the day before: they made a *précis* on a folded sheet of paper, and he dictated the answers, ordinarily very concise.'

Wherever the King was absent, things generally went wrong; for the plain reason that his officers had lost self-confidence, and were seldom made acquainted with his plans. He remained with the rearguard in the retreat so long as there appeared any chance of an attack; and then, seeing no signs of the enemy, pushed on to make arrangements in the front. As soon as he was gone, an unlucky move was made by General Braun, who quitted his covering position on the heights; and an affair took place which would have ended ill for the Prussians but for the military *coup d'œil* and personal exertions of Prince Charles. The artillery drivers, seized with a panic, had cut their traces and abandoned their guns; seeing which and calling on some mounted officers to support him, he drove back the drivers by blows and threats, and brought off the

guns. Two aides-de-camp had their horses killed under them in this affair; a fact on which the Prince took care to dwell in his report to the King; who said nothing at the time, either in the way of praise or blame. But the next day the two aides-de-camp called on the Prince, by the King's order, to announce that His Majesty had given them a hundred crowns each to buy horses to replace those which had been killed; and from that day forth orders were given that the Prince should be always invited to the royal table.

Frederic could be kind in manner as well as in deed. Major Sydow, who commanded a battalion threatened by cavalry, was slow in comprehending the King's order and was angrily rebuked in coarse terms. Just then, the enemy opened fire, which was so effectively returned that they fell back in confusion; and the King, looking round, saw Sydow severely wounded in the arm. He went straight to him: 'Ah, my dear Sydow, are you wounded? How sorry I am! A surgeon here!' He went himself to hasten one, and had the wound dressed in his presence.

He had just invented a new order of march, which was very disagreeably tested by a flank fire from a party of Austrian riflemen posted in a wood. The exposed troops, unable to defile, got clubbed: most of them fired in the air, as if at a review; and part of a cavalry regiment was flung into a hollow by the sudden recoil of the column and the unexpected discharge which frightened the horses. 'I was alone, near the King,' says Prince Charles; 'for every one on these occasions got as far from him as possible. He called as loud as he could, "What is the matter?" "What are you about?"' Not choosing to take the responsibility of informing him, the Prince hurried off, under pretence of ascertaining the real state of things, when he met General Bornstedt, and shouted to him at the pitch of his voice: "'The King desires to know what has fallen out here.'" He replied, courtier-like: "'Ah, there were some Pandours firing from the wood, and a soldier's wife was hit, and so all the rogues turned round about and fired in the air. But all is set right again, and the patrols are set.'" 'I carried this report to the King,' adds the Prince; 'on whom, as it seemed to me, it made a strong impression.'

We do not wonder that the admirers of Frederic are reluctant to dwell upon this campaign; for he not only did nothing worthy of his fame, but he sometimes recalls the retort of Hugh Elliot, when asked by him, 'Qui est done ce Hyder Ali, qui vous donne tant de peine?' The English Minister replied: 'Sire, c'est un vieux coquin, qui a commenc e par

‘ voler tous ses voisins, mais il radote à present et l'on ne s'occupe plus de lui.’ There was a slight skirmish between the pursuing Austrians and the rear-guard :—

‘ We heard firing, and even a couple of volleys from battalions : some wounded came in. At length the King told General Ramin to go and see what had been doing and withdraw the troops, the fire having ceased. The King then sent on the last brigade of the left wing, and rode to meet the regiment, whose bravery he commended, saying, “ You will make me poor. Each battalion will receive two hundred thalers. The staff-officers will attend me to-morrow morning early before the parade.” The King started immediately, and I was quite alone with him. We were going at a foot's pace. All of a sudden he said : “ Tell me frankly what you think of this retreat.” “ Why, Sire, it is very well, and it has been made with the greatest order and without loss ; but if your Majesty will allow me to say so, that of Trautenuau much surpasses it, insomuch as it got over the difficulties of the ground, and your Majesty was at every moment prepared to attack Wurmser in front if he had presented himself.” I added : “ I have read those of Luxembourg, but, on my honour, I have found not one comparable to that, which struck me as the most skilful of which I ever heard.” The King was silent, but bent his head down to the saddlebow. I learned afterwards at Breslau from Catt, that the King had said to him, “ Do you know, M. de Catt, that my retreat has been highly praised, and by connoisseurs ? ” Catt added that the King was radiant with joy.’

The Prince accounts for this joy by repeating that no one but himself ever said an agreeable thing to the King, however true ; nor, it would seem, a disagreeable thing either. On His Majesty's arrival at the camp, not a word was said by way of comment on his announcement that there had been *une fort jolie affaire* ; but as soon as he had entered his lodging, Prince Frederic of Brunswick and the rest of the officers crowded round Prince Charles, asking :—

“ Has there been an affair ? ” “ You heard it from the King himself ? ” “ Were you in it ? ” “ I have never left the King for a moment.” “ Then what the devil have you done : you heard all ? ” “ Keller was in the wood, and after some firing he marched off without being pursued.” “ Well,” said Prince Frederic, “ *der windbeutel doch nicht,* ” and they all burst out laughing.’

The concluding phrase of this colloquy is exactly to Mr. Carlyle's taste, as it may be freely translated, ‘ And he is no ‘ wind-bag,’ clearly implying that he was one. To carry on the farce, the Order of Merit was conferred on General Keller and his four staff-officers. The King's own account of this affair is, that the brigade of Keller, which occupied a height

attacked by Wurmser, defended itself valiantly, and repulsed the enemy with the loss of four hundred men.*

Various stories are told of the influence of physical exhaustion or disease on commanders in critical emergencies. If Melas, past eighty, had been able to keep the field at Marengo, the fate of the day, and with it the fate of Europe, might have been reversed. On the third day of Dresden (as Hoffman, who was in the town, asserts) Napoleon's energies were impaired by the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions; and he was prevented by an irritating complaint from performing the part of an active commander in his wonted style at Waterloo. Charles XII. of Sweden was as calm in his litter as on horseback; and it was from a wicker carriage that the decisive charge at Fontenoy was directed by Saxe. Frederic, with rare self-knowledge, declined to place himself in a critical position when his powers of mind might be weakened by bodily pain or weakness. The Prussians were advancing towards the Elbe, when the Austrian army was encamped on the opposite bank:—

'The Emperor Joseph II. believed, with all the Austrians, that the Prussians were about to pass, but Lascy was away. He demanded counsel with marked embarrassment of all the generals, and none dared to give him any, fearing Lascy. If the King had passed at this moment, the confusion amongst the Austrians would have been complete, as the command was altogether abdicated. But he had his reasons for not passing the Elbe. The first negotiations of Thugut had inspired him with the hope of attaining his object, of preventing the too great aggrandisement of Austria in Bavaria, without a long war, which he was the more anxious to avoid, as he afterwards confided to me, because he was apprehensive of a fit of the gout. I ventured to represent to him, that having heard of his having had himself carried on a similar occasion on a litter by his grenadiers, I did not see what would have hindered him from leading the army to victory. He replied: "If it was only a slight attack of gout I should not care, but it gets worse during nine days, it lasts nine days, and it takes nine days in going off; and during all that time I have always a kind of affection of the brain. I feel that I am not in a state to command, that I cause nothing but confusion, but it is then that I am most jealous of authority, and I see but too well that I am obliged to give the command to another who would march forward and leave me behind. This is what determined me not to press farther into Bohemia."'

On another occasion when he was in a talkative and confidential humour, he desired to be told frankly what, in the

* *Ceuvres*, vol. vi. p. 159.

Prince's opinion, was his master-stroke in the whole of the Seven Years' War:—

‘I replied, “If your Majesty insists, I will say frankly what I think. When V. M., after the battle of Hochkirch, formed the army, which could not help having been thrown into confusion by an unexpected night attack, on the heights quite close to the field of battle; when V. M. thereby checked a victorious enemy, marched afterwards on Neisse, which was on the point of capitulating; forced the Austrians to raise the siege, and thus gained the honour and fruit of the campaign.” My reply appeared to please the King, although I saw, from the faces of the company, that they had trembled at my hardiness in venturing to instance a lost battle. The King rejoined: “That was not so difficult as you believe. I thought of the Battle of Sohr; Prince Charles was beaten and in retreat. A body of Saxons, five or six thousand strong, supported his position and formed the rear-guard. My cavalry halted not far off. I ran towards them, crying, *March! Forwards! At them!* I was received with continued cries of vivat and victory, but no one stirred. I lost my temper, I stormed, I thrashed, I scolded—and I fancy I know how to scold when I am angry—but I could never make that cavalry advance a step. They were drunk with joy, and paid no attention to me. When I rallied my army on the heights of Hochkirch, I said to myself, If, on that occasion, I could not force on troops who were my subjects, who were bound to me by oath, surely it will not fare better with that — Daun; and, in fact, he did not attack me in my position.

“If ever, my dear Prince, you have the misfortune to be defeated, which I by no means desire for you, for it is a very disagreeable thing, I advise you to make your first rally on the nearest heights—for example, here at Jägerndorf, on these heights—from which you may impose on the enemy, who will be unwilling to risk the loss of the battle he has won.”’

This is one of those flights of genius which fairly entitle a commander to be called great, and would be generally recognised as such, even had the intuitive sagacity of Frederic at Hochkirch not been immediately verified by the event. The Prince subsequently ascertained that Marshal Daun was unable to lead forward two regiments of infantry at the head of which he placed himself. He gave the word *March* again and again: the soldiers lifted their feet, but, instead of advancing, they fell back. At last Daun fired a pistol into the battalion, shouting out, ‘You are regular scoundrels’ (*Ihr seid wahre Hundsfötter*). He reported them to the Empress, who replied by forbidding him to name the regiments, which would oblige her to punish them and disturb the great joy she felt, but ordered him to expose them on the first opportunity to the hottest fire, and, if they were guilty of cowardice again, to punish them in the severest manner.

The advantage of being admitted behind the scenes by such anecdotes will be obvious to any one who will take the trouble to compare the formal histories of the events. Mr. Carlyle, for example, the most painstaking of writers, had no means of knowing why the victory was not followed up in either case; and he states that the pursuit at Sohr 'drew bridle at that village: unsafe to prosecute Austrians farther, now in the depths of Hungarian Forest.'

Frederic was in the habit of looking sharply after the conduct of his officers when living at free quarters, and seldom suffered them to plunder on a large scale on their own account. Some surprise, therefore, was expressed at his not checking the old General Stutterheim in his wholesale exactions at Troppau, of which the Empress Maria Theresa complained loudly. The explanation was at length given in the remark: 'They must be made to cry out, that Maria Theresa may hear of it. It is the only way of compelling her to make peace.' He thus justified the strong dislike of the Empress which he uniformly expressed:—

'From the commencement of my reign I have closely observed that b—; for all my policy turned upon her. . . . Benoit (Prussian envoy in Poland) had discovered ancient pretensions, which he wished me to press. I caused them to be investigated, and, finding them not without foundation, I formed my plan (of partition) accordingly. The Empress of Russia accepted at once, but the Empress of Austria was far too conscientious to engage in it. I then sent Edenheim to Vienna, to gain her confessor, who persuaded her that she was bound for the good of her soul to take the portion assigned to her. Then she began weeping terribly. In the meantime the troops of the three co-partitioners entered Poland and took possession of their portions, she weeping still; but all of a sudden we learnt, to our great surprise, that she had taken more than her share; for she went on weeping and taking, and we had great trouble in getting her to be content with her slice of the cake. There you have the woman all over.'

The King's story in his 'Works' is that the Empress consented rather than break with Russia and Prussia, but that her demands grew rapidly and at length became so exorbitant as to be inadmissible. The received version is that the adhesion of Austria was the work of Prince Kaunitz, and that her official assent ran thus: '*Placet*, since so many great and learned men will have it so; but long after I am dead, it will be known what this violating of all that was hitherto held sacred and just will give rise to.'

The first information received by any one in the army of

the King's intention to go into winter quarters, was communicated by letters from Berlin, stating that his Majesty's dogs had started from Potsdam in a coach for Breslau. At the first grand dinner there, his chief canine favourite, a female, occupied a chair by his side :—

'All these dogs—there were five or six of them—came to me with many caresses. The Abbé Bastiany, on the contrary, Canon of Breslau, a very clever man, much liked by the King, could never enter the royal chamber without being assailed by all the dogs barking and howling, to the great amusement of the King, who used to say, "My dogs cannot endure Catholics."'

The table was served in the best style, on the finest Berlin porcelain :—

'I dined every day with the King. One day I had a sufficiently animated conversation with him on the subject of religion. He could not see the crucifix without blaspheming, and when he spoke of it at dinner, as well as of the Christian religion, I could not join in the conversation, but I looked down and preserved a complete silence. At length he turned to me with vivacity, and said, "Tell me, my dear Prince, do you believe in these things?" I replied, in a firm tone, "Sire, I am not more sure of having the honour to see you than I am that Jesus Christ existed, and died for us, as our Saviour, on the cross." The King remained a moment buried in thought, and grasping me suddenly by the right arm, he pressed it strongly and said, "Well my dear Prince, you are the first *homme d'esprit* that I have found a believer in it." I added a few words to reiterate to him the certainty of my faith.

'Passing through the adjoining chamber the same afternoon, I found General Tauenzien, who had heard what passed, the greatest and strongest-minded man I ever knew. He put his hands on my shoulders, and covered me with a torrent of tears, saying, "Now, God be praised; I have lived to see one honest man acknowledge "Christ to the King's face." This good old man overwhelmed me with caresses. I cannot retrace this happy moment of my life without the greatest gratitude to God for having vouchsafed to me the opportunity of professing, before the King, my faith in Him and His Son.'

What a picture is here suggested of the vaunted toleration of this royal philosopher! If we are not misinformed, the offence for which Quintus Sicilius had his shins kicked was maintaining the immortality of the soul.

Prince Charles' advice to the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, on taking the command of a Prussian army, contains the pith of his general estimate of the King :—

'In all your letters and reports to the King write as plainly as possible, and say, I have done such and such a thing; I have executed

your Majesty's orders in this and that; but never finish your letter without adding an inquiry whether he ordered you to do such or such a thing in this manner or another, or a request to be told how you ought to act in such or such a case *that you know at least as well as he*. But it is absolutely necessary that you should appear to feel his superiority, and seek opportunities of being instructed by him, which is his greatest pleasure.'

The campaign was over; the King had arrived at Berlin, and Prince Charles was on his way to join him, when he had the ill-luck to verify (as he thinks) a strange theory touching the contagious nature of gout. 'I was probably infected by a confounded foot-bag belonging to Colonel Köppern, which, spite of all my protestations, was placed under my feet. A large greyhound of mine lay upon this bag when I came to Köppern's, and caught a similar disease, from which it suffered much.' At Berlin he received an invitation to Sans Souci, where the King had just been carrying on a vehement altercation with his maître d'hôtel, M. Noel; to whom he announced that, considering the expenses of the war, he could not give him so much per dish:—

'There were eight dishes. The King would only give two crowns a dish instead of four. M. Noel assured him that then no dish would be good and to his taste. At last the King, to cut short the discussion, would have only four dishes, at four crowns a dish; but on the day of my arrival he ordered the eight dishes to be restored. I must say that they were excellent. The soups were admirable: as many lacqueys and hussars as there were guests entered the apartment and brought each a covered porcelain basin filled with soup and all sorts of delicacies. The dishes were for the most part *à la Française*, and some of extraordinary merit. There were, amongst others, a *bombe à la Sardanapale*, and then a ragout very curiously prepared, which the King called the *arrière-faix* of her Majesty the Queen Marie Antoinette. In explaining to me this superb ragout, he said: "You can write to the Queen, who is a good friend of mine, that I treated you to the *arrière-faix*. You will present my best compliments to her." "Your Majesty may be assured," I replied, "that I will not fail to do so." "Ah, mon Dieu! my dear Prince," exclaimed he, "you wish then to ruin me with her. In Heaven's name, not a word of it."

At a time when the greater part of Europe was governed directly or indirectly by women, he could never refrain from indulging his sarcastic vein at their expense; and it was a coarse epithet applied to Madame de Pompadour, and reported to her, that brought France in a critical emergency on his back. Altogether, these reminiscences strikingly and amusingly confirm that sound and just estimate of Frederic which Mr.

Carlyle has been utterly unable to reverse or even modify. The splendour of his genius, the grasp of his mind, the strength of his volition, his powers of endurance, his constancy of purpose, his fertility of resource, his presence of mind in difficulty, his insensibility to danger, are beyond dispute. Equally palpable are his degrading vices and his weaknesses; and we own ourselves unable to discern how the lessons of history, or public virtue, can be enhanced or enforced by veiling them. Philosophy and philanthropy may well hang their heads, and the recording angel may drop a tear, when Bacon is found guilty of meanness or corruption; for the lustre of a noble example, an elevating object of contemplation and emulation, a beacon-light to future ages, has been dimmed. Even in this instance, however, we would no more extenuate than we would set down aught in malice. But it is good for mankind in every way to see the great captain or conqueror, who has lived for self-aggrandisement and self-glory, reduced to his just proportions as a man.

‘When,’ exclaims the imperial biographer of Cæsar, with his uncle in his mind’s eye, ‘extraordinary facts attest an eminent genius, what more contrary to good sense than to impute to him all the passions and all the sentiments of mediocrity?’ What, we ask in our turn, more contrary to good sense, to good faith, to sound reasoning, than to confound intellectual with moral superiority, to deify success, to falsify character, or shut our eyes to truth? Was or was not the eminent genius animated by the passions and sentiments of mediocrity, or, more correctly speaking, by passions and sentiments of which honest mediocrity would be ashamed? If so, the course of the historian or biographer is plain. These be your gods, oh, Israel! By all means let us see them as they are. Let the whited sepulchre be thrown open. Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star. Paint their portraits, as Cromwell insisted on having *his* painted, with the blotches. If the world is ever to be cured of its passion for military fame, for that sort of greatness which is attained by wasting a million of lives or trampling on the liberties of nations, it will be by such sketches as that of Napoleon at Fontainebleau after his ineffectual dose of laudanum, or that of Frédéric riding about with pills of corrosive sublimate in one pocket and a bundle of his own bad verses in the other.

In an interview, his last, with Frédéric, in 1783, the Prince succeeded in dissuading him from going to war with Russia for the Crimea, on the plea that its occupation would be rather a source of weakness than of strength:—

‘He believed that she (Catherine II.) would break with England. I assured him of the contrary. “But why then?” said he. “Out of gratitude, Sire; for she draws a pension from England as Grand Duchess.” The King was startled by this idea, and exclaimed, “Mon Dieu, how can that be possible?” I replied: “The want of money often determines successors to accept the means of waiting at their ease for the time of reigning. The Prince of Asturia is similarly situated. He also has a pension from England.” All I said appeared to make a strong impression on the King: Finally, in another conversation after dinner, the King opened himself completely and said: “You see, my dear Prince, that the army is ready to march; the Empress has taken possession of the Crimea; I cannot permit her to aggrandise herself to this point with impunity. Tell me then your sincere opinion.” I said: “Sire, since you order me, I will speak with the greatest frankness. Russia in conquering the Crimea loses more than she gains in strength, at least at the beginning. It is possibly a superb country, but an unsettled people, Tartars, who will abandon it and leave it uncultivated. An army of 100,000 men must be maintained there. Moreover, the Emperor Joseph will feel himself obliged to support Russia, to declare war against you.” “I have no doubt of it,” said the King, “but France will send 100,000 men against the Austrians.”’

The Prince objects that they will be the same French that his Majesty had beaten at Rosbach, and that at their first victory, if they won one, their Queen (Marie Antoinette) would ask her husband if he had instructed his Minister to crush her brother; when they would be withdrawn. The far wiser course, he urged, would be to seize the opportunity of regaining Catherine, by saying that he was gladdened by her glory and congratulated her on her conquest.

‘The King became very pensive. All of a sudden he recovered himself, pressed my left arm with his right, and said, “You are right, my dear Prince; and I will follow your advice.” I venture to say that I have reported every term, every word, of this important conversation, and I always thank God for having employed me as an instrument of peace, to prevent a rupture which would have caused oceans of blood to flow throughout the world, and *might even have thrown Denmark into the greatest embarrassment through its treaty of alliance with Russia.* When I returned to Holstein, I found Count de Bernstorff at Altona. I repeated the whole conversation to him. He wrote me some weeks afterwards that he had never been more struck than at hearing the declaration which the King of Prussia had just made at Petersbourg, where all the words I had suggested to him had been exactly employed.’

According to Dr. Vehse, Prince Charles occupied himself during his whole life especially and earnestly with freemasonry,

secret societies, and the Rosicrucian system, as well as with theosophy, alchemy, astrology, and other branches of hidden knowledge. He was one of the Illuminati or adepts of his time, and was connected with all the most eminent of the class, including Lavater, Jung-Stilling, and St. Martin, the translator of Jacob Böhme. Lavater, who fancied himself to have seen transfigured beings with their feet on rolling planets and suns upon their heads, assured Prince Charles that the apostle St. John was still wandering upon earth *incog.* and would soon call upon him visibly. We are not informed whether the Prince stayed at home to receive his inspired visitor; but Jung-Stilling distinctly asserts, in his *Life*, that he learnt under the seal of secrecy the sublimest mysteries from the Prince. ‘Schleswig,’ adds Dr. Vehse, ‘was the place of rendezvous for all the mystery-men of the age. The famous ‘adventurer and wonder-monger, Comte de St. Germain, died in Prince Charles’ arms in 1784. His papers devolved on the Landgrave, who, however, never revealed any of the mysteries of this man.’

Prince Charles has done better. He has shown that there were no mysteries to reveal; that the Comte de St. Germain (who must not be confounded with the general of that name) was simply a man of science, who reasonably enough might have been burnt for a wizard or magician in the dark ages, and (not so reasonably) was mistaken for a conjuror by the countrymen and contemporaries of Voltaire. He was especially learned in chemistry, botany, and metallurgy, and understood to perfection the art of polishing precious stones. ‘There was hardly anything in nature,’ says the Prince, ‘that he did not know how to improve and utilise. He communicated to me almost all knowledge of this kind, but only the elements, making me thence investigate for myself by experiments the means of success, and rejoiced extremely at my progress.’ They set up a dyeing establishment in partnership, which succeeded; and the money the Comte made in various ways by the practical application of his inventive genius was sufficient to account for his splendid mode of living and his charities, which led the uninitiated to believe that he had discovered the philosopher’s stone or the art of making gold.

‘People may be curious to know his real history, and I will sketch it with the most scrupulous veracity, following his own words, and adding the necessary explanation. He told me that he was eighty-eight years of age when he came here; he was ninety-two or ninety-three when he died. He said he was the son of Prince Ragozky, of Transyl-

vania, and his first wife, a Tekely. He was placed under the protection of the last Medicis, who made him sleep, when a child, in his own room. When he learnt that his two brothers, sons of the Princess of Hesse Rheinfels or Rothenbourg, if I am not mistaken, had submitted to the Emperor Charles VI., and had received the names of St. Charles and St. Elizabeth, after the Emperor and Empress, he said to himself, "Well then, I will call myself Sanctus Germanus, the holy "brother."

'I cannot guarantee his birth, but I ascertained from other sources that he was prodigiously protected by the last Medicis. This family, as is well known, possessed the highest sciences, and it is not surprising that he got his first knowledge from them; but he professed to have learnt the physical sciences by his own application and experiments. He was thoroughly acquainted with the properties of plants and herbs, and had invented medicines by which he preserved his health and prolonged his life. I have still all his prescriptions; but the doctors vehemently denounced his science after his death.'

The inference is that this mysterious personage was somewhat of a charlatan, although an amiable and beneficent one. In freemasonry, the Prince was grandmaster of the German provinces and of Italy. The Society called the Illuminati was formed in Germany in 1782. The commencement promised well; but it speedily became manifest that their real object was revolution in Church and State. A leading member, M. Bode, laid the rules and lists before the Prince, saying: 'You see here a system which may cause the misery of mankind if it falls into bad hands; but governed by a man of sound understanding, it may also do much good. I place these papers in your hands, being fully empowered by the Order, and you must be one of the chiefs: it is the north of Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia that will depend entirely on you.' After taking time to deliberate, he accepted the charge, stipulating that no one should be admitted without his sanction: and he takes credit for having thus checked the spread of Jacobinism in its most baneful shape. His conduct in this matter certainly contrasts most favourably with that of the Duke of Orleans, Egalité, who accepted the same charge for France.

The Memoirs conclude with an account of the change of government, or revolution, as it has been termed, in Denmark, effected by the Prince Royal in 1784; and we hear little or nothing of the Prince's public life during the stormy periods which speedily ensued. As he was only forty-five in 1789, his absence from the stage of stirring and prominent events must have been owing to the absorbing nature of his intellectual or speculative pursuits. Dr. Vehse states that he laboured hard

at the establishment of a new church, which found proselytes in England and America, taking for its symbol a mystical interpretation of the Bible equally removed from Protestant nationalities and Catholic absolutism. The near approach of the Millennium was one of its doctrines, as expounded by him in a tract, noticed by the French Institute, under the startling title of 'La Pierre Zodiacale du Temple de Denderah expliquée par S. A. le Landgrave Charles de Hesse.'

He died in 1836, on the 17th of August (the dying day of Frederic the Great), in his ninety-second year, surrounded by all that should accompany old age. He had been continued in all his appointments under the Danish Government: he was immensely rich; his eldest daughter was the reigning Queen of Denmark, and his youngest, Duchess of Holstein-Glücksburg, who, with her ten children, formed part of his family when he died. This last-mentioned lady, the Princess Louise Caroline, was mother of the present King of Denmark, grandmother of the Princess of Wales, and great-grandmother of the Prince Albert Victor of England, in whose person a descendant of Prince Charles of Hesse may one day wear the crown of this realm. His favourite maxim was *Der Geist muss immer Herr im Hause bleiben und nie müssig sein* (the spirit must be always master in the house, and never idle); and he acted on it to the last. He was hardly ever without a pen in his hand from morning to evening, except at hours set apart for meals and conversation; and he breathed his last at his writing-desk, passing away so quietly that the servant who first entered the room was not apprised by his appearance that he was dead. What treasures of thought and observation may have been collected by such a man during ninety-two years of such an epoch! Some at least of his multitudinous labours must have been preserved; and we hope to be pardoned for suggesting to his royal and illustrious relatives that any writings of his, of the narrative kind, in particular, would be not only a valuable contribution to historical literature, but one of the most honourable monuments that could be raised to his memory or their house.

- ART. VII.—1. *The Administration on the Eve of the Rebellion: a History of Four Years before the War.* By JAMES BUCHANAN, Ex-President of the United States of America. London: 1865.
2. *Propositions and Arguments on the Re-organization of the Rebel States.* By the Hon. CHARLES SUMNER. Boston: 1865.
3. *The National Security and the National Faith: Guarantees for the National Freedman and the National Creditor.* Speech of the Hon. CHARLES SUMNER at the Republican State Convention in Worcester, September 14th, 1865. Boston: 1865.
4. *Message of the President of the United States to the two Houses of Congress at the commencement of the first Session of the thirty-ninth Congress.* Washington: 1865.
5. *On the present state of Political Parties in America.* By LAWRENCE OLIPHANT, Esq., M.P. Edinburgh and London: 1866.

IT is a little more than nine years since Mr. Buchanan made his Inauguration Address as President of the United States. It was a high day for slavery. The South had won a great victory—preliminary to a greater victory still. For immediately afterwards the celebrated decision in the case of Dred Scott was given by the Supreme Court, which settled in the interest of slave-owners the question of the lawfulness of slavery in the Territories of the Union. On that day the political fortunes of the South and slavery reached their culminating point and began a rapid decline. Mr. Buchanan's prophecies of smooth things were uttered amid the rising of a storm, which neither he nor his friends perceived. The comment of events upon his prophecy took the form of one of the greatest convulsions History records. Out of that convulsion the Union has come safely, and slavery has not come.

Readily and frankly as we congratulate the American people on the result of the war, we need have no reluctance in admitting that it is one for which their firmest friends had hardly dared to look. When the South first seceded, neither the Americans themselves, nor any foreign observers, had the least hope that the Union would ever be restored. There was but little in its previous history to give ground for such a hope. The small but influential Anti-slavery party had been accustomed to denounce the Constitution and to preach disunion.

In the North there had been frequent manifestations of a disposition to regard secession as a right which it might at some time be needful to exercise. In 1811, Mr. Josiah Quincy, an influential Representative of Massachusetts, had publicly declared that in the event of the passing of a Bill admitting Louisiana into the Union, 'it will be the right of all, and will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.' Mr. Rawle, of Philadelphia, and a greater than he, Mr. John Quincy Adams himself, had spoken of secession as a right. In the South, the State of South Carolina had in 1832 asserted the right to nullify the laws of the Union, and the nullification was met by a compromise which admitted its principle. In 1848 resolutions had been passed in public meetings in the same State, recommending secession should the 'Wilmot proviso' become law. From 1850 to 1856 some of the Northern States were enacting and enforcing 'Personal Liberty laws,' which were practically nullifications of the Fugitive Slave Law; and when in 1856 the infamous decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case made slavery the law of the Union, the Free States were united in their endeavours to set that decision at defiance. It was in reliance on these signs of apparent willingness to get rid of slavery at the sacrifice of the Union, that secession doctrines were accepted at the South, which was once the stronghold of Union sentiment; and it was partly in contempt for a people they had always ruled, and partly in the conviction that the North would never enforce the Union, that on the first great electoral defeat the South attempted secession. Nor was there at first any sign that the North would disappoint the contemptuous expectation of the South. When the cotton States had formed their Confederation and their provisional Constitution had been adopted at Montgomery, the prevailing feeling of the North was, 'Let them go.' 'The New York Tribune,' the most widely circulated and influential paper of the time—the paper which was read by the whole of that 'territorial democracy' which really controls the elections in the West and North—again and again declared that 'there must be no coercion.' The popular expression of the moment—everywhere to be heard on the lips of the victorious Republicans—was, 'Let the Union slide.' But the truth was that the Northern people, unlike those of the South, had not realised the meaning of secession. They had talked lightly of the Union when smarting under the humiliations they had endured for the sake of peace with the South, but they had never been really unfaithful to it. They might even have let the Gulf States go,

permitting them to try their new Confederacy and fail, but it would have been in full expectation of their penitent return. But when the border States joined the new Confederacy, and the Territories were threatened with absorption in it, and the Union was cut into two unequal parts, and a thousand miles of the great waterway of the West were in the hands of a hostile power, the instinct of self-preservation awoke, the nation at once perceived that secession if permitted would fetter its resources, curtail its territory, and divide its strength; the idolatry of the Union became the more powerful from the temporary unfaithfulness of the nation to its idol; and when the South dashed with jaunty confidence into a war that was to be an easy victory, the hesitancy of the North was already over, and the first shot fired against the Union evoked the spirit of determined resistance which has overwhelmed the South and surprised the world.

It is proverbial that the actors in the greatest revolutions seldom know whither they are going. But even the wisest and coolest of observers are often equally at fault. 'The French Revolution will be over in a year,' said Jefferson, as he turned his back reluctantly on the delights of Paris in October 1789. Neither North nor South had a wiser or fuller estimate of the consequences of their own revolution, when they rushed to arms, and the confidence in speedy victory, which was born of passion on the one side and of pride on the other side, was as little justified by the result as the universal scepticism of foreign statesmen. Even now, after the event, it is difficult to realise the vastness of the change which five years have effected, not only in the opinions of the American people, but in the whole complexion of their political life. Indeed, were it not that there are some who 'learn nothing and forget nothing,' and amid the changed circumstances of the present still talk the language of the past, it would be almost impossible to estimate the advance. Mr. Buchanan is one of these incurables. He is one of the Bourbons of American politics. It was his unenviable distinction to be at the head of 'the Administration on the eve of the rebellion.' The last pro-slavery President of the United States, it was reserved for him to conduct the country to the verge of civil war, and to close the dynasty of undistinguished and inefficient rulers—to be the last and worst of those feeble men who were chosen to the highest office in the Republic not because they were statesmen but because they were tools. An article on 'the United States under the Presidentship of Mr. Buchanan,' which appeared in this Journal in October 1860, gives a more complete account of his administration up to that period than

his own work supplies. The indictment there preferred against him has been supported by the results of his policy; and in spite of the violent and extraordinary events which have occurred in the interval, we can look back with satisfaction to the opinions we expressed at that pre-revolutionary period. The 'overmastering deluge' we then anticipated has come and gone, and left many wrecks behind it. Mr. Buchanan himself, the great party of which he was the successful nominee and the too successful tool, and the gigantic 'domestic institution,' which it was the aim of his Administration to render national, have all been swept into oblivion. Yet Mr. Buchanan hopes to persuade the world that had his advice been followed, and his wisdom allowed to take its free course, the deluge would never have occurred, and the flood of political passion would have rolled away in the old channels. The unaccountable reluctance of the Free States to turn their passive toleration of the sin of slavery into active participation in it—the mad determination, with which even the Douglas democracy was infected, not to accept a compromise which resigned all they had contended for and would have turned their free soil into slave soil—were the causes of the disaster. The duty of the President was to execute the law as the Supreme Court had interpreted it; but the factious resistance of the North thwarted his benevolent efforts, and spoiled his beneficent and most Christian rule. Nor does Mr. Buchanan even now understand in the least the motives of that resistance. He evidently thinks, or affects to think, that even the party which supported Mr. Douglas, in preference to the nominee of the more extreme Southerners, was moved by merely personal considerations. He is unable to see that Mr. Douglas himself was but one of the marked phenomena of a time of change, and that he represented a fact of vast significance—the inability of their Northern allies to follow the Southern oligarchy any farther in their career of aggression. To the signs of the roused manhood and troubled conscience of the North, which multiplied around him during his Administration, and were read by distant observers as the handwriting on the wall, he is as blind now as he and his party were before they together fell into the ditch. The burden of his story is—It might all have been prevented. So say all those pretenders to statesmanship who precipitate the inevitable crises of history. Mr. Buchanan takes his place among them. His vindication of himself stands like a relic of the earlier and condemned world when the Deluge had passed over it. As a history of four years before the war it is inaccurate and incomplete. As an apology for the 'Administration on the eve of the

' Rebellion ' it entirely fails. It is a feeble and one-sided record of a feeble and one-sided rule. It throws a little light upon the downward course of American politics, but none upon the upward way they have now to take. Poor in its literary execution, and peevish in its tone, its only value is derived from the personal share of the author in the events he writes of, and from the contrast it affords between the weakness and want of principle which led to the war, and the vigour, insight, and conscientiousness needed to complete the work of reconstruction and peace.

This contrast between Mr. Buchanan and his successors is most instructive. The language of Mr. Lincoln was homely, and his course was guided by no farsighted views of policy or statesmanship; but his declarations and his actions were marked by a sincerity and earnestness that slowly won the respect of statesmen and the affectionate sympathy of the people. He brought no genius to the task of government, but his conscientious resolve to discharge the duty he had undertaken, and to preserve the Union of which he was the appointed guardian, gave persistency to his efforts and vigour to his policy. Mr. Seward's administrative ability compensated for the intellectual deficiencies of his chief, and made no unimportant contribution to his success. But we are disposed to think that Mr. Johnson, with equal honesty and greater dignity, is more truly a statesman than Mr. Lincoln. He has none of Mr. Lincoln's racy humour, and but little of his universal sympathy, but in tact as a politician and in bearing as a ruler he far surpasses him. The late President watched and waited for the course of events, which carried him to results he had certainly never anticipated; his successor has shown the will and the power to be a master of events, to stay the torrent, and to impose a policy on his country. Mr. Lincoln's last Inaugural Address had in it something almost prophetic, but there was in it more of the good man than of the politician. Mr. Johnson's first Message, in its clearness of statement and breadth of view, and in the vigorous English of its style, surpasses any Presidential Message of our own time, and is one of the finest state papers of modern days. Mr. Buchanan is unfortunate in recalling attention to his own vapid productions. He is separated from his successors by a moral chasm, as wide and deep as the political chasm which separates their times from his. Indeed, nothing more clearly marks the change in American politics than the change in the moral tone of the Presidency. In the higher regions, at least, the war has cleared the air. A new dynasty began with Mr. Lincoln, but Mr. Johnson rules in a new age. Subserviency to a violent and anti-national faction is at an end. The President is no longer

the tool of a party but the organ of the nation. It is no longer his chief function to defend an immoral institution; it is his duty now to be the highest exponent of the political conscience of the people. The terrible ordeal of civil war has purified the nation from the one guilty institution which corrupted its political life, and the first consequence of the change is that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson have given dignity to a station that Mr. Polk, Mr. Pierce, and Mr. Buchanan had degraded, and that the best men of the nation begin at least to hope, that they may be as proud of the Presidents of the next half century, as they have been ashamed of those of the last.

We think that this change in the moral and intellectual character of leading public men may prove to be one of the best results of the war. Its more obvious and striking results are the vindication of the supremacy of the Union, and the abolition of slavery because it had put the Union in danger. Mr. Oliphant, in his clear and forcible pamphlet—a lecture on American politics delivered to his constituents of the Stirling District of Burghs—states this with great distinctness:—

‘The question referred to the arbitrament of the sword was, “Does a right of secession from the Union exist?” Had the fortune of war given it in favour of the South, this war would hereafter have been known as a civil war; as the North have conquered, it will hereafter be very properly styled a rebellion, because it has established the great principle of Federal supremacy. So you will observe that even in a Republic freedom has its limits; and this war has decided that individual States are not free to secede; in other words, internal liberty is sacrificed at this point to centralised power, and the principle of local freedom is made in this, as in every country, subordinate to the instincts of national self-preservation. The inviolability of the Union was the great principle established by this war, and, in order to secure it, the emancipation of the slaves was deemed a necessary measure.’ (P. 8.)

But it is already evident that American politics have been in no degree simplified, and the difficulties of American statesmen have been in no degree diminished. The consequences of civil war are scarcely less perplexing and calamitous than the evils in which it originates. It opens more questions than it closes. Cutting the knot is no substitute for untying it, for the political problem, solved by violence, invariably returns in a new form and demands another solution. President Johnson speaks of ‘the momentous questions and appalling difficulties’ which met him ‘at the very commencement of his administration.’ No sooner is the war over than the constitutional difficulty out of which it arose returns in all its force, augmented by political and social difficulties which only time can solve. It is around

these difficulties that the conflict of political parties in America now gathers. Mr. Oliphant graphically describes the anomalous aspect American parties present. He says:—

‘The European traveller, imbued with the ideas of the present and the past of his own country, feels bewildered, on his arrival in the United States, by the anomalies and apparent contradictions which meet him at every turn. For instance, he knows that the Southern States have maintained a sanguinary struggle for four years in order to secede from the Union, and that the Northern States have incurred a debt of five hundred millions to prevent their leaving the Union; but he actually finds when he goes there now that the political struggle which the Southern States are making is to get back into the Union, and that a large majority of the United States Congress are straining every nerve to keep them out of it. . . . Another and very significant anomaly is, the extraordinary leniency of the North towards its conquered enemies. Having now seen every political convulsion of any note which has taken place in Europe since 1848, I was the better able to judge of the conduct of the North in this respect; and it is the most remarkable feature of the whole episode, because it really furnishes the key to the situation. . . . I thought of St. Petersburg and Vienna after a Polish or Hungarian insurrection; and the contrast between a civil war in a free country and the revolt of an oppressed nationality against a despotism struck me forcibly. In the one case the instinct of the vanquished at the end of the war is to leave the country altogether, or shrink into seclusion and offer a passive resistance to every measure of the oppressing administration: in the other, it is for the leaders boldly and instantly to repair to the seat of the victorious Government, make honourable terms, and do what they can to recover their lost political position.’ (P. 7.)

And the reconstruction of the Union really includes not merely the solution of momentous constitutional questions, but the restoration of their lost political position to the defeated statesmen and the humbled but not humiliated States.

The first question which presents itself, in the work of reconstruction, is that of the relation of the State Governments to the General Government—of the individual States to the great whole of which they seem to be a part. This relation has never been, and in the nature of things never can be, clearly and sharply defined. No paper constitution can provide beforehand for all the contingencies of human affairs; and it is in the very nature of a Federal Union to rest in some degree on mutual acquiescence and compromise. So soon as any of its members begin to stand upon their abstract rights, difficulties begin. The doctrine of State Sovereignty has from the first endangered the existence of the Union. It asserted that the central Government was the creature of the State Governments;

that it rested on the mutual assent and co-operation of sovereign States, and that such assent and co-operation might at any time be withdrawn. Nullification and secession were the corollaries of this proposition, which amounted in fact to the assertion that in Federal politics the parts are greater than the whole, and the members of a body more important than the body they constitute. This doctrine the war has destroyed. The definite result of the forcible maintenance of the Union is, in Mr. Johnson's words, that 'it is not one of the rights of any State ' Government to renounce its own place in the Union, or to ' nullify the laws of the Union.' The ' pale and sickly ghost ' of the defunct doctrine is indeed still seen on Southern soil. The States of Alabama and Mississippi, in passing the Constitutional Amendment which abolishes slavery and puts the negro under the protection of Congress, have attached to it certain resolutions as to its interpretation. In those resolutions the doctrine reappears, but the amendment has become law ; its interpretation rests entirely with the Supreme Court, and the war has proved that from that interpretation there lies no appeal to force. But though we admit that a great diminution of State rights, and a great augmentation of the national powers of the Union, have been the inevitable results of the war, this is not a mere restoration of the Union to its former condition, but a revolution of the utmost importance in the fundamental conditions of the structure. Without an ample recognition of State Rights no articles of Union could have been carried in 1789—with an ample recognition of State Rights no articles of Union can be maintained in 1866. It is the fate of all Governments of a Federal character to tend either to greater unity or to greater independence. The policy of the South, of the school of Jefferson and Calhoun, of the old Democratic party, lay in the latter direction: the policy of the North, now represented by the triumphant politicians of Washington, has received from the war a powerful impulse to unity. But in a country so free and so jealous of its freedom as the United States, this tendency will in turn be encountered by the spirit of local independence and State opposition. If we understand the policy of Mr. Johnson rightly, he is seeking to reconcile these conflicting principles, and to re-assert the authority of the Union without crushing or annihilating the authority of the States, which is not less protected by the Constitution than the supreme powers of the Federal Government. It is for this reason that we cordially applaud the efforts of the President to control the passionate impulses of the victorious party, and to restore, as far as possible, the former conditions of American freedom.

It is, however, in quite another form that the constitutional difficulty now presents itself. The Constitution not having provided for its own dissolution, of course does not provide for its own reconstruction. Not recognising secession, it does not provide for the restoration of seceded States. Not anticipating State rebellion, it gives no directions how to deal with rebellious States. Hence arises a difficulty in deciding what is the exact relation of the conquered States to the Constitution, under the sway of which they have been forcibly retained. On this subject many opinions have been held, but all ranging themselves on two opposing lines of policy — that of Mr. Sumner, Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, and the Radical Republican party, and that of the President and the more moderate section of the Republican party, and all the Democrats. On the Radical side it has been maintained that the seceding States committed suicide in the act of secession, and are civilly dead, and that in consequence new States should be made out of their territory. Some have said that secession amounted to an abdication of their place and rights in the Union, while others have used the word ‘forfeiture.’ Mr. Sumner himself does not accept any of these theories, and professes to endeavour only to see things as they are. He argues that the acts of secession, being null and void, did not carry the States out of the Union, but simply destroyed and vacated the loyal Governments of those States, and put in their place an usurping power. He quotes and adopts some words of which Mr. Johnson made use, in his address on attempting to reorganise Tennessee in March 1862 :—

‘I find most, if not all of the offices, both State and Federal, *vacated either by actual abandonment or by the action of the incumbents in attempting to subordinate their functions** to a power in hostility to the fundamental law of the State, and subversive of her allegiance.’

But if the States are without governments (for, of course, Congress can only recognise loyal governments), and are still in the Union, and there is no possibility at present of constructing a loyal government, they descend to the status of Territories, and it is the duty of Congress to govern them as such. They should, in fact, be held in pupillage until Congress is able, in accordance with the terms of the Constitution, to ‘guarantee to each State a republican form of government.’ This it can only do when a majority of the inhabitants have become loyal, for republican government is government by the majority of the whole people.

* The *italics* are Mr. Sumner’s.

The principle on which Mr. Johnson has acted is fully explained in his first Message, and is the reverse of this. Maintaining that the so-called 'ordinances of secession' were entirely null and void, he treats them as the acts of disloyal persons, and not as the acts of the States. He says:—

'The States cannot commit treason, nor screen the individual citizens who may have committed treason, any more than they can make valid treaties or engage in lawful commerce with any foreign Power. The States attempting to secede placed themselves in a condition where their vitality was impaired but not extinguished, their functions suspended, not destroyed.' (*Message*, p. 4.)

He has, therefore, refused to inflict on the States any of the penalties of treason, and has endeavoured to quicken their impaired vitality and restore their suspended functions. As speedily as was at all consistent with safety, the military governments were withdrawn, provisional governors were appointed, and loyal conventions called, and these, in their turn, have given way to the regular governors and legislatures, elected by the 'loyal' population in each of the States. Congress, even if so minded, has not the power to treat the States as 'territories,' for they have already resumed their functions and their position as States. Nor can they, as States, be treated as though they were out of the pale of the Constitution. Legislation which should proceed on the assumption that they are so, would be clearly unconstitutional, and would be set aside by the Supreme Court on the first attempt to enforce it. Unlike the British Parliament, Congress is not omnipotent, and will be rudely awakened whenever it may indulge the dream of unlimited power. In the case of the Bill extending and making permanent the Freedmen's Bureau, Congress has been made to feel that it had gone beyond its powers. That Bill made a temporary and exceptional institution a part of the permanent legislation of the country. It set up a perpetual system of minute interference with the internal administration of the Southern States. It protected the freedmen at the expense of the Constitution. Mr. Johnson's Message, vetoing the Bill—a document which fully bears out all that we have said of his statesmanlike qualities—has opened the eyes of the Northern people to the danger of the course on which Congress had entered. It has shown them the danger of abandoning the wholesome rule of strict limitation of the central power. It has so clearly proved the unconstitutional nature of all such invasions of local liberties that it has created a Conservative reaction even in Congress itself. The result is already clear. The President's policy will prevail, and the Southern States

will be restored without forfeiture of their constitutional rights. The constitutional question is, therefore, so far settled, and it now remains for Congress to exact such guarantees as it may think needful, and when they have been given, to complete the restoration of the States, by giving them their due share and influence in the General Government.

As a settlement of the constitutional question only, and in view rather of the future welfare than of the present political and social difficulties of the Republic, there will be no doubt in the mind of any European statesman that Mr. Johnson's plan is the true one. It has been obvious to all foreign observers, that the great danger to which the war threatened to lead, was the erection of an overmastering centralised Federal power, which should dwarf the State Governments to the proportions of merely municipal bodies. The hope so often expressed that the war would 'weld the people into a single and homogeneous 'whole,' and that the Republic would come out of it 'one and 'indivisible,' pointed in the direction of this danger, which is quite as great as that of secession. The theory of the Federal Constitution is that it is a republic of equal and federated States, indissolubly united to each other for certain clear and well-defined purposes. To represent the unity of the people who compose them, and watch over their interest before the world; to provide for needs they have in common—mails and mail-roads, coinage, customs, and charge of waste lands; to guarantee to each State its republican liberty and defend it against domestic treason or foreign assault; to watch over the interest of each in the presence of all and of all in the presence of each, the Central Government is instituted. It has in charge the great general interests of the whole people, but all the details of domestic legislation and local government belong to the individual States. But neither do the State Governments depend on the General Government, nor does that depend on them. Each is supreme in its sphere, and neither waits upon the other. This co-ordination of powers is the essence of the Federal Constitution, which clearly recognises and represents the States as such, and the people as a whole. The House of Representatives is constituted by the people, as such, voting under the laws of their several States; the Senate is constituted by the States as such, and as equal in authority and power; and the President is elected by the whole people, voting in States. To this co-ordination, on which the balance and security of the whole depends, the doctrine of nationality—of the 'one and indivisible Republic,' is as much opposed on the one hand, as the doctrine of 'State sovereignty' is on the

other. The one reduces the General Government to impotence and contempt, but the other would apply to the vast and various territory, the different races, the conflicting interests, and the divergent passions of the American continent, a centralised rule, which can only work over a small and homogeneous territory, peopled by a race of marked nationality, who are accustomed to obey a central power. The State sovereignty theory, in the form of its corollary secession, has been committed to the settlement of force, and the decision has gone against it. The Federal Government took up the challenge and fought for the Constitution. Its victory is, therefore, the victory of the Constitution. It is the assertion of the supremacy of the whole over its parts. But the Radical policy, which would give one half of the Union territorial dominion over the other half, would make the victory a sectional one—the assertion of the supremacy of one part of the Republic over another part of it. It would make the head devour the members, and the whole not only subordinate and co-ordinate, but swallow up the parts. It would sacrifice the States to perpetuate the Union. It would destroy the Constitution in the very act of saving it. For that strong municipal life which is the safety of Republics; that universal political interest and widespread participation in public work, which the State Governments produce, and which is the safeguard of American freedom, would be weakened and reduced with every extension of the powers of the Central Government. Once abandon the principle of limitation, as applied to those powers and enter on the policy of centralisation, and the balance of the Constitution would be destroyed. In place of that co-ordination of limited powers, and that wise division of legislative work which now exist, and which render the Federal system capable of indefinite territorial expansion, there would grow up an irresistible central power, smothering the local political life and hindering local legislation, overburdened itself with legislative work, and dying at last of the very greatness of its functions. Mr. Johnson's policy has taken account of this danger, and avoided it. He has refused to abandon the principle of limitation, and has deliberately chosen to take the risk which attends it, and which he believes 'in the choice of difficulties is the smallest risk.' He has made it his 'steadfast object to escape from the sway of momentary passions, and to derive a healing policy from the fundamental and unchanging principles of the Constitution.' He has saved the Constitution itself by obedience to it.

But though we believe the President's action, so far as it has

gone, to be both constitutional and irreversible, it cannot be considered to be absolutely decisive and final. It has been said that in restoring the State Governments he has gone beyond his powers; but we believe that he has, on the contrary, only taken the earliest opportunity of laying aside the exceptional power which the duty of repressing rebellion had conferred on his predecessor, and which descended to him. Even that exceptional power has not been wholly laid aside, and the restoration of the State Governments, even as it respects the internal legislation of the States, is not complete. The 'Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands' still continues in action in each of the States, and represents, all through the conquered South, the watch and ward of the General Government, over that large portion of the population which the abolition of slavery has given to its care. In the State of Mississippi this bureau came into conflict with the State authorities, and those authorities were made to yield. The Legislature of that State passed a law prohibiting the ownership or leasing of lands by freedmen, and the President at once 'set aside' the law by commanding the officers of the bureau to pay no attention to it. This naturally raised the question whether the restored States were in the Union or out of it. If they are in the Union, internal legislation is their own affair; if out of it, why do they legislate at all? But the fact is that they are neither out of the Union nor fully in it. They have placed themselves out of the pale of constitutional rights, but have been forcibly brought back to constitutional duties. Their condition is, therefore, one of suspense. The President has restored them to a position in which they can freely perform their duties, and so prepare themselves to receive their rights. He has enabled them to co-operate with Congress and himself in restoring the Union, but he has not actually restored it. He has enabled them to go to the doors of Congress and ask for re-admission to their share of the legislative power, and to comply, if they choose, with such terms as Congress may have the will and the power to impose; but it is entirely for Congress to prescribe the time, method, and conditions of their re-admission. At this point a serious difference of opinion and of policy has arisen between the Executive and the Legislative branches of the American Government. But although the President can only advise, and Congress must act, it is easy to foresee that the strong will of Mr. Johnson, backed by the patriotic spirit of the nation, will prevail over the resistance still offered by the Congress to the restoration of the Union.

It is when Congress begins to act that the political difficulties of reconstruction make themselves felt. The immediate admission of the Southern representatives to Congress would complete the reconstruction of the Union, but it would practically amount, it is said, to the reopening of the civil war on the political field. The conditions exacted by the President—the repeal of secession ordinances, the repudiation of the unconstitutional Confederate debt, and the ratification of the emancipation policy—have been accepted with a reluctance and hesitation which prove that the South still bears an unconquered heart and an unconquerable hate. There is no present reason to believe that any persons at all loyal to the Union would be chosen to represent the South in Congress. The admission of those representatives without efficient guarantees would, therefore, endanger the whole legislation of the Union, obstruct the counsels of freedom, and hinder the development of a policy of which the Constitutional Amendment is only the first decisive step. The constitutional victory would be imperilled. Those who have been faithful to the Constitution and have fought in its defence would at once share the power the Constitution gives them with those who have been unfaithful to it and have fought against it. Power in the Union and large influence over its destinies would be at once put into the hands of those who have done all they could to destroy it, but have been foiled in the attempt. Yet it is difficult to see what guarantees can be exacted, or how, being exacted, they can be made effectual. The Southern representatives cannot be asked to give a pledge beforehand how they will use their legislative power. They cannot be expected to renounce their views, or to repudiate their political aims—and everything goes to show that they would go into Congress with all their sectional bias, sullenly accepting their defeat, and hoping to do something to retrieve it. How to restrain and limit their power to do this, is the great political question of the hour. To some extent the South must be trusted when the time for their admission comes. How to limit this trust to the extent of their trustworthiness, or if the trust cannot be limited how to provide for their trustworthiness, is the difficulty Congress has now to solve. The President admits that some risk must be run—a risk we think he underestimates as much as some of his opponents overestimate it; Congress perceives the risk and hesitates before it, and is resolved to reduce it beforehand to the smallest possible amount.

The chief political difficulties of the time range themselves

around four questions of great but unequal importance. The first of these arises out of the doctrine of State sovereignty, which, though defeated in the field, will yet raise its head in the legislature or the courts. It has been maintained all through the war by the extreme democrats of the North, and by the whole of the South, that laws enacted by the National Congress in the absence of any State from the representation, were unconstitutional and invalid, or, at least, could have no binding power over the absent State. This doctrine would invalidate the whole legislation of the past five years. All the important laws passed by the thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth Congresses would have to be at least re-affirmed by the restored States, and in the absence of such re-affirmation would be liable to be repudiated by the State authorities. The Homestead Law, one of the most important measures of late years, and the advantages of which have been extended to the freedmen; the railroad now being made across the desert to the Pacific; the Pension Laws on which widows, orphans, and wounded men rely, in large numbers, for their support; the Freedmen's Bureau, on which for the present their safety depends, and the Public Debt, would all be open to dispute. It will, therefore, be absolutely needful that Congress should demand from the Southern States, as a condition precedent to their complete restoration, the full, irreversible acknowledgment of all that has been done in their absence, or that it should find means of taking from them and their representatives all power to question it.

The second cause of difficulty and anxiety is the distribution of the burden of the Public Debt. The Southern people have perhaps given up all hope that the Federal Government would recognise the Confederate Debt. It must be obvious to them, not only that such recognition is constitutionally impossible, but that the Constitution forbids its recognition by the separate States. Contracted in defiance of the First Article of the Constitution, and for the purpose of destroying that Constitution, it cannot be that secession and rebellion are repudiated if the debt is acknowledged. Nor have the lenders any moral claim either on the Union or on the States. Staking their loan on the success of the Confederate enterprise, and reckoning its chances of success in the price they paid for it, they discounted its failure; and if they reckoned wrongly, this only proves that they had underrated the adverse chances, and overrated the chances of success—a miscalculation that the Southern leaders share with them, but for which the Federal Government can be in no way responsible.

But, on the other hand, it is not at all surprising that the

Southern people should unanimously repudiate all responsibility for the Federal Debt. They have not yet fully realised that they are still part of the Federal Union; and it seems to them to be the last bitter drop in the cup of their humiliation that they should not only be defeated, but should help to pay the cost of their own defeat. Their representatives would therefore, if admitted to Congress, resort to every means of endeavouring to shift this burden from their shoulders. There would be a large, unanimous, and persistent minority in the national legislature, who would feel morally justified in repudiating the debt, who would seize every occasion to protest against it, and who would thus most seriously impair the national credit, and imperil the security of the national creditor. For this manifest danger some certain and effectual remedy must be found; for in strict justice to the other States the South must be made to bear its fair share of the national burden. The debt was incurred in the defence of the Constitution against Southern aggression. According to the very theory on which the Southern States claim to be restored to their legislative rights, the debt was incurred, not to conquer the States as such, but to put down a rebellion of which those States were the seat. To complain of the hardship of bearing part of the Federal Debt, is to complain of coming back into the Union on equal terms with the other States. For the Southern States are either parts of the Union which have been conquered, and have no rights but those which their conquerors may grant them, or they are parts of it which have been the seat of a rebellion which has been put down by the central power, portions of the great whole which were in hostile occupation and have been delivered from it by the Union arms—members of the body on which a terrible disease had fastened, which the bitter medicine of war has cured. In the former view their defeat is sectional, they must accept such terms as the North may grant, and may consider that they are lightly dealt with in coming back on equal terms, with an equal share of public rights and public burdens; in the other view, which is that of the President and his advisers,—the view on which alone the South has a *locus standi* before the doors of Congress—the delivered only help to pay for their deliverance—the patient pays a portion of the doctor's bill. The objection of the South to a share of the Federal debt is but one application of an argument, the other application of which produces the converse demand that the South shall pay the charges of the war. Southern repudiation of Federal responsibility is a coin in which they might be terribly repaid, for on the obverse of it they will find inscribed the Radical demand for Southern confiscation.

The third difficulty arises out of the Constitution itself; and is one of those legacies of evil that a compromise of principle so often leaves. Comparatively humble as slavery was when the Constitution was founded—for it had not then learned to do more than apologise for its own existence—the Fathers of the Republic, who were most of them slave-owners or citizens of States in which slavery existed, probably did not anticipate the tremendous effects of the conflict between slavery and freedom, and certainly did not regard slavery with the abhorrence it has since excited. At that time, as ever since, the principal Slave States were more thinly peopled than the Free States, and the adoption of the numerical basis of representation in the popular branch of Congress would have reduced them to comparative insignificance there. In order to make the Constitution acceptable to them, and in the vague hope that slavery would not be a permanent institution, it was provided that in the apportionment of voting power to the States, in proportion to their population, three-fifths of the slave population should be added to the whole number of free persons.* The effect of this article has been to give to the Southern whites, who alone have the suffrage in any Southern State, an influence in Congress altogether disproportionate to their numbers. In the first apportionment the South got one extra representative for every 50,000 of its slaves. If 30,000 Southern voters held 50,000 slaves they elected two representatives, while a like 30,000 in the North elected only one.† The same disproportion has continued ever since. When the war broke out the South had about twenty-five representatives in the House, over and above what they would have had had they voted on the same terms as the freemen of the North; and it has been estimated that every 100,000 voters in the South have exercised the same amount of voting power, and had equal weight in the Congressional representation, with every 130,000 voters in the North.

* Constitution, Art. I. Sect. 2. ‘Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons.’—‘Other persons,’ is a periphrasis for slaves.

† By the census of 1790 the number of slaves was 697,000. In 1860 the number amounted in round figures to 4,000,000. The apportionment of representatives to population was at first one to every 30,000 freemen and to every 50,000 slaves. It is now one to every 130,000 freemen, and one to every 217,000 slaves.

The emancipation of the slaves will only increase this disproportion. At the redistribution of political power which must take place on the census of 1870, the four millions of quondam slaves, now freedmen, will be added without any deduction to the voting power of the States in which they dwell. But this voting power will all be kept, as it is now, in the hands of whites—eight millions of whom will exercise the political prerogatives of twelve millions. The total result, differing in proportion in different States, will be, that after allowing for the few non-voting free blacks in the North, every 100,000 Southern voters will exercise as much power as 150,000 voters in the North; and two Southern men will weigh as much in the great balance of the Constitution as three men in the North.

It is impossible not to perceive how this inequality increases all the difficulties and multiplies the dangers of the work of 'reconstruction.' Whatever may be the disposition of the Southern States towards the important body of legislation which has been completed in their absence; whatever their dislike of the debt incurred in the defence of the Constitution against them; or whatever their repugnance to the whole policy and results of the legislation against slavery—if they come back under the present arrangement, a factitious power of obstruction is conferred upon them. Quite apart from this, it is already obvious that the division of parties in the reconstructed Union will, for a time, be even more sectional than it was before the war. All the questions which have arisen out of the war and its consequences will constitute, for generations perhaps, a permanent division between North and South. Nothing can therefore be more reasonable than that the North should be reluctant to give their opponents this great advantage in the political conflict, or should be inclined to deny them the prospective greater advantage the Constitution promises them. Based as the United States Government is on the principle of equality of duties and of rights among all classes of the citizens, it is not likely that the North will consent to continue an arrangement which outrages that principle to its own great disadvantage. Nor should the South refuse to sanction a Constitutional Amendment which will remove the inequality. It is defensible on no principle—and it serves to perpetuate that invidious sectional distinction out of which the difficulties of the past arose. Originally inserted as a peace-offering to the South, it should now be sacrificed as a peace-offering to the North. The purchase-price, in some senses, of their original adherence to the Constitution, it would be only statesmanlike and just to pay it back again now, as the

purchase-price of their own re-admission to the privileges of the Union. We are not without hope that this may be done. The North will assuredly be justified in demanding it—it would be no humiliation to the South to give it. As a pledge of good faith, a token of reconciliation, and a bond of future peace, it would be all that is at present needful. Even the sacrifice of political power need not be final. A few years of domestic legislation in the spirit of such a compromise would enable the South to win back in a legitimate way much of the factitious power they would now resign. They have but to make the negroes really free, and to treat them well, to make them their fastest friends. They have but to educate and elevate them, and give them, as they rise to be worthy of it, the powers and privileges of citizenship, and they will make them political disciples, adhering to the policy, and even exaggerating the passions and prejudices, of their superiors. It is one hopeful circumstance among many that are discouraging, that some of the best men of the South already perceive this. Mr. J. H. Reagan, the Postmaster-General of the Confederacy, has pleaded for this policy before his fellow-citizens of Texas; and in the Legislature of Virginia it has been eloquently and forcibly argued that the freedman is arbiter of the situation, that the true contest between North and South will hereafter be for political influence over him, and that in such a contest the South must win. The conditions of such a success are not easy, but they are by no means impossible—

‘ tunc omnia jure tenebis
Cum poteris rex esse tui.’

But great as all these political difficulties and dangers are, they are, at least, tolerably definite, and admit of removal by wise and generous statesmanship. The other difficulty, which increases these while they last, and will remain when they have been removed, is social as well as political, and is surely as vast and terrible an one as ever tried the patience of statesmen or the endurance of a people. The reconstruction of the labour system of half a continent would of itself be one of the most gigantic tasks which ever fell to the lot of any statesman. But when there is added to it the reconstruction of the Government itself, and political difficulties come in to render the social difficulty more dangerous and complicated, the task is one from which the boldest of statesmen may shrink. The abolition of serfdom in European countries has but little in common with the abolition of American slavery. Yet in Russia, with a strong and unquestioned central authority, with ample time for

the work, with much preparedness on the part of the serfs, and much acquiescence on the part of the nobles, and with no difficulties either of race or of political rights to contend with, it has been attended with dangers, from which even the patience and good faith and vigorous determination of the Emperor have not yet delivered his government. In our own colonies, the emancipation of the negro, though fully prepared for, abundantly compensated, and accomplished with peaceful acquiescence, has entailed difficulties which have made the very name of Jamaica one of ill-omen in England. But in the United States every one of these favouring circumstances and concurring helps was absent. Slavery, there, has not been abolished but destroyed. It has perished, not by reason and conviction, but by violence. It has been removed, not by a great act of justice and righteousness, but by an act of war. For though the Constitutional Amendment is the permanent and legal basis of negro liberty*, it was President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation which gave slavery its death-blow, made the Amendment needful and rendered it possible. No attempt could be made to prepare the slaves for freedom; and but little could be done to fit Southern society for its new conditions. Acquiescence there was none. The North imposed emancipation to ensure its victory, and the South accepted it as a consequence and even a part of its defeat. And as slavery was no longer considered to be the unhappy accident of Southern society, but was actually made to be essential to its structure—the cornerstone of its government and civilisation—its sudden removal is more than a great social revolution, it amounts in fact to an entire dissolution of the social fabric. When the soldiers of Generals Lee and Johnston went home disarmed and beaten, the social system of the South was dissolved into its primitive elements. It was a chaos, in which the military governments established by the North were the only formative power. That it should have emerged from this

* The 'Constitutional Amendment' was proposed by Congress to the Legislatures of the several States on February 1st, 1865. It was declared to have been ratified by the necessary number of States—three-fourths—on December 18th, 1865, on which day it became a part of the Constitution. It is as follows:—

'Article XIII. Section 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime of which the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

'Section 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.'

condition within a year, and that in so great a degree military government is already superseded by the regular machinery of civil administration, is wonderful evidence of the recuperative energy of American society. But from the first triumphs of an ordering law in chaos to the beautiful order of Creation is a long and weary way. It is the way which Southern statesmen have now to tread. They have to reconstruct society, to build a new world on the ruins of the old, to found on a new economical and social basis an orderly Commonwealth. They built falsely and they must build again. What the materials of the social reconstruction are, a careful study will, we think, enable us to show—how the Federal reconstruction may run across their plans and thwart or help their efforts, only time can prove.

The Southern materials are not at all of a promising character. Leaving out of view the few unassimilating Northern elements, which may, perhaps, slowly and steadily increase in the future, and leaving out also that German immigration which seems to be in some degree fostered by the Southern people, there are five classes now to be found in Southern society, all of which will exert their influence on its reconstruction.

First of all there is the class of which Mr. Johnson himself and Governor Marvin of Florida are the most illustrious members—the class of loyal and genuine adherents to the Union. The Southern correspondent of the 'New York Times' thus describes the Provisional Government of Florida:—

'In the first place William Marvin, a prominent Judge of the Court of the Southern district of Florida, was appointed Provisional Governor. He ardently opposed secession in all its nefarious and attractive shapes, and was to be stretched up in consequence. Samuel T. Day was appointed by the President receiver of public monies; M. A. Williams was appointed registrar of public lands for the United States in Florida. All the collectors of Customs were men of character and influence. Paran Moody is the collector of Customs at St. John's, and Lemuel Wilson is the assessor of internal revenue for the State of Florida. Every one of these gentlemen not only opposed secession with great vehemence, and at the risk of personal injury, but they remained true to the last, and consistently defended the policy of our Government.'

This is the class out of which the Provisional Governments could at first be formed. They are but few. Their influence is not great at present, but it must increase. They will unlearn their bitter sense of injury, and their countrymen who have persecuted them will learn to respect them, and after a while

they may come to have an important influence in favour of justice to the freedmen and loyalty to the Union.

The second class is the really hopeful element in Southern society. It is that of men who are wise enough to accept the facts of their position and make the best of them. They accepted secession, and fought for it, and were ardent for it—but four years of war made them long for peace. They know and admit that they have been beaten. They are ready to take the oath of allegiance and to keep it, to do the best they can for the freedmen, to learn once more to be proud of the old flag, and to do all they can to serve it. Mr. Reagan is one of these. We believe that the illustrious General Lee is another. They are a class that must necessarily increase. Reviving trade, growing intercourse with the North and with the outer world, will bring multitudes round to their views, and we may hope that in a few years they will be the preponderating element in Southern politics.

The third class is unhappily a large one at present. Everything shows that there are many of the old planter aristocracy who will never accept the new conditions of Southern society, and never be reconciled to union with the North. They have lost nearly everything by the war. Living before secession in a more than feudal authority, with absolute power over their chattel subjects, they were entirely unaccustomed to brook any opposition, or to make any compromise of their will. The secession was their work, and arose from their haughty dislike to be beaten at the poll, from their contempt for a trading people like the dwellers in the Northern cities, and from their indulgence of the pride and passion which irresponsible power produces in all but the very best of men. They threw their all into the war. That they should have been beaten by the despised shopkeepers and farmers of the North, is a calamity they will never forget, and an insult they will never forgive. For years to come this class will be an element of disunion all through the South. They will not lose their old prestige all at once, and so long as it remains they will use it to obstruct and disunite. Like the ancient aristocracy of France, they will be absorbed in the new order at length, for some of the families will be converted to it in the persons of their younger members, and others will die out. There will be a Faubourg St. Germain in some Southern cities for a generation or two, peopled by an old and impoverished aristocracy, who will live upon the memories of a better time, will lament the degeneracy of an equalising and levelling age, and becoming more and more out

of sympathy with the world around them, will gradually sink into oblivion and powerlessness.

The fourth class is, however, the worst of all. Everybody has heard of the mean whites of the South—the hangers-on of the slaveholding aristocracy. It is, perhaps, hardly possible for us in England to form a vivid conception of this degraded class. Uniting the indigence of the poor to the pride of the rich; a landless and moneyless aristocracy of the skin; a class who cannot dig and are ashamed to beg; idle, gambling, and dissolute, they are the scourge of Heaven on a society which has made labour a disgrace and honest toil a badge of slavery. The rowdism which has so often disgraced America, the lawlessness and violence which have so unhappily distinguished the slaveholding States, have their origin in this large, idle, uneducated class of civilised barbarians. Looking down on the labourer in field or city as a chattel, they are so far from accepting the policy of emancipation that they resent it as a personal affront. To this class belong all the *Legrees* of the South, overseers, taskmasters, slave-drivers, and slave-hunters, men who have been in close contact with the most degraded of the negroes, and whose whole nature is demoralised by the enjoyment of unlimited power. These men will be doubly violent now that the class whom they have been used to look down on as inferior creatures are to be put on the same level of freedom, if not of citizenship, with themselves. On all these people the change has a personal bearing. It elevates the negroes to a position side by side with them. The only hope for Southern society is, that thus elevated the blacks will compete with them and supplant them, and that under the new conditions of society they will soon disappear. But so long as they exist in large numbers they will cause endless trouble. Their position will decide their policy. They will seek in every possible way to perpetuate their own superiority, to lower those whom they will still consider to be a proscribed and helot class, and to limit in every possible way their social rights, their commercial privileges, and their political freedom.

The fifth class is that of the coloured race—the slaves of the past, the freedmen of the present. Of this large and complex class it is impossible to give a full account here. Such an account appeared in this *Journal* two years ago*, and it is only their status that has changed since then. Separated from the other classes by more or less marked difference of race,

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. cxxliii. 'The Negro Race in America.'

they have been, and must still be, the great labouring class of the Southern States. Hitherto they have performed this function as slaves—henceforth they have to perform it as freemen. But at present their condition is exceptional. Under the laws of nearly all the States, civil rights are denied them, and in some even their marriage-tie is not recognised. They are out of the pale of the State Constitutions, and special codes of tyrannical laws, based on colour, still exist in most of the States, and are likely to be but little modified as yet.* The Constitutional Amendment has made all these people members of the Commonwealth, as women and minors are members of it. The general Government has them in ward, and Congress is specially charged with appropriate legislation to insure their freedom. To perform this protective function towards them Congress established, as a tentative and temporary measure, the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, which at the present time watches over the interests of the freedmen in nearly all the Southern States. This bureau takes no account of the disqualifying laws of the States, but protects the freedmen in the exercise of all the civil rights which freedom naturally gives. Even the administration of justice, when coloured men are concerned, is in the hands of its officers, and the administration is tolerably impartial. It feeds and clothes the destitute, finds them work, educates them as far as possible, and not only superintends the contract between the freedman and his employer, but enforces its execution on either side. ‘It was determined,’ said General O. O. Howard, who is at the head of the bureau, ‘that the contracts should be *bonâ fide* agreements in which each should have a duty to perform and both be held to it.’ General Howard’s Report gives a full account of its action

* Mr. Oliphant gives an amusing and original illustration of the change in the position of the negro, as seen from the negroes’ own point of view:—‘I invariably asked every negro I conversed with, whether he was better or worse off now than he was formerly, and as invariably received for answer that in some respects he was better and in some respects worse; one man on board a steamer illustrated the difference between his present and former condition as follows:—“If, when I was a slave,” he said, “I had tumbled overboard, the boat would have been stopped; I should have been picked up, put by the fire to dry, because I was property, and then given a thousand lashes for falling overboard; now if I fall overboard, ‘Oh! it’s only a cursed nigger! go ahead,’ and I should never get picked up at all.” In a word, the negro used to be a dog with a master, now he is a dog without one.’ (P. 17.)

during the first six months of its existence. At that time (November last) it had been only partially extended over the whole South, but already its necessity and its adaptation for its work were fully proved. Co-operating with the philanthropy of the North, aided too by English liberality, it stands literally *in loco parentis* to the freedmen and their families. A summary of the educational work which is being carried on under its sanction and protection will well illustrate its whole action and show the efforts that are being made to fit the freedmen for freedom. The following are the numbers of schools, teachers, and scholars in the States which come under the action of the bureau:—

District of Columbia,	41	schools,	91	teachers,	4,884	pupils,
						5 industrial schools.
Virginia	90	schools,	195	teachers,	11,500	scholars.
N. Carolina	63	”	85	”	5,624	”
S. Carolina and Georgia	114	”	174	”	9,500	”
Louisiana	141	”	265	”	19,000	”
Mississippi	34	”	46	”	2,048	”
Kentucky and Tennessee	75	”	264	”	14,768	”

In Florida, Alabama and Texas, operations had only lately commenced when General Howard's Report was published; of Missouri he makes the encouraging statement that 'good laws have been passed, protecting the rights of the freedmen,' so that the bureau has been withdrawn; and he further makes the remarkable statement that 'In Arkansas, the active demand for labour is, in a general measure, settling the condition of society, and by cultivating her cotton fields, the negroes are insured employment and good wages, and the contracts that are made are usually fulfilled.'

On the whole General Howard's Report is encouraging and hopeful. 'A surprising thirst for knowledge is manifested by the coloured people (in North Carolina); children give earnest attention and learn rapidly, and the adults, after the day's work, often devote the evening to study.' In Mississippi, 'a more industrious energetic body of citizens does not exist than can be seen at the colonies now.' Like testimonies come from other States, varied only by the disposition of the whites, which in South Carolina seems to be especially bad. General Howard's Report shows that the coloured men will play a very important part in the industrial future of the Southern States. It is characteristic of the African race that it neither dies out nor recedes in presence of 'superior' races. The negroes have great facility in adapting themselves to outward change. With a fair chance, we believe they will adapt

themselves to the new conditions of the Southern States. They expect to work and will work, not all at once with the zest and energy of freemen, but in the way they have been used to and with the languid manner of the slave. Deprived of the old stimulus of the overseer and his lash, and not yet used to feel the higher stimulus of reward, they may for a time be more languid than ever. But necessity will soon teach them. Hitherto they have worked only to avoid punishment, and their keep was secure to them—now they must work to live. Now and then some will cast back longing looks towards the past, tired of the ruder fare of liberty and wishing for a moment for the carelessness and ‘abandon’ of the slave, but gradually they will all rise to a comprehension of the advantage and dignity of freedom. It may take some time before the new motives of a new condition will tell with all their force, but they must tell at length; and with only a fair chance, the freedmen, as a class, will rise to industrial and commercial importance, and through this to political enfranchisement.

It is impossible to form any but the very crudest estimate of the relative importance of these heterogeneous elements of Southern society. But one of the great difficulties of its reconstruction is that two of these classes—the old planters and the mean whites—will co-operate in denying political and social, perhaps even civil rights to the freedmen. The restored State Governments fall naturally into the hands of these classes, who have shown but little indisposition to qualify themselves by submission to the President; and there can be no doubt that if Congress left the civil position of the freedmen to be decided by the separate States, slavery under some form of serfdom would be re-established in most of them. But Congress will not do this. The second section of the Constitutional Amendment gives it power to enforce freedom by ‘appropriate legislation;’ and General Howard’s bureau, which will continue to exist till March next, and may, in some form, be continued longer, represents that legislation. It stands between the freedmen and the State Governments, limits in their interest the power of the States, and throws the shield of the central Government over the civil rights of its wards. While, therefore, the reconstruction of society in the several States is their own domestic matter, and the ‘reconstruction’ of the Union is entirely in the hands of Congress, the wardship of the freedmen gives Congress a vague and exceptional power of interference with the State legislation. It is bound to pass such measures as will secure

that no slavery or involuntary servitude shall exist in the Union. In the event of any re-enactment of involuntary servitude by a State Legislature, the Supreme Court of the United States would be appealed to, and would at once set such legislation aside as 'unconstitutional.' When, therefore, Congress has legislated in this matter, and the States have been restored, the wardship of the freedmen, so far from lapsing, is only transferred to the Supreme Court. It is of course possible that the Supreme Court may hold, that the constitutional power of Congress only extends to the protection of the freedmen against involuntary servitude, and not to their establishment in civil rights; but even then their safety is assured. If nothing more than this can be done, we shall not despair of the future. Something like a fair chance must be given to the freedmen, and it will be for them to improve it. Preserved from all 'involuntary servitude,' they will be able to choose their masters and, to some extent, to choose their work. Meanwhile, the return of prosperity to the Southern States will make their labour needful. England and the world want the cotton, sugar, tobacco, and rice which only they can grow. The plantations of Louisiana and the Carolinas will have to compete, as, in a few cases, they are even now doing, for the negro's 'voluntary' work. They will do so not only by high wages and good treatment, but as soon as they see it to be their interest, by the guarantee of civil rights and even of political privileges. When one State leads the way in this direction others will be obliged to follow, and then the second great enfranchisement of the negro race will take place. By that time they will be fitted for it. They will have served an apprenticeship to freedom. The step they take now is from being the chattels of individuals to being the wards of a free Government. From utterly helpless infancy they rise to a free and guarded minority. The next step, and it is surely one for which they can afford to wait, is from wardship to self-government—from the guardianship of their political minority to the full powers and privileges of political manhood as represented by the rights of citizenship.

It is the necessity which we have before explained that the Government of the Union should protect itself as well as its wards which renders the task of reconstruction so involved and difficult. In the strict view of the Constitution the difficulties of the Southern States are domestic. It is for them to regulate their own internal affairs, and to adjust the relations of their divided classes and conflicting interests as they best can. Nor, without a long series of Constitutional Amendments, which

could never be carried, and which would be dangerous if they could be carried, can Congress permanently interfere with the domestic work of Southern reconstruction. The present position of the Southern States, however, gives Congress exceptional power over them. The Constitution provides (art. 1, sect. 4) that each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its members; (art. 3, sect. 3) that Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason; and (art. 4, sect. 4) that it shall guarantee to every State a republican form of Government. These articles have a direct application at the present time. By virtue of the first, twenty-two senators and fifty-eight representatives from the South are kept waiting at the doors of the Houses, till Congress has decided on their qualifications. By virtue of the second, Congress has already excluded from practice in the United States courts, and from all offices of honour or profit under the Government, every person who has given aid or countenance to the rebellion, sought or accepted any office under the so-called Confederate Government, or even given it voluntary support. By virtue of the third, it exercises a certain limited and undefined supervision over the Constitutions of the several States, and may take such action with respect to them as public opinion at the North may support, and as the Supreme Court may decide to be within its powers. But all the power which these clauses give lapses of necessity when the work of reconstruction is done. To admit the representatives and senators of the South is to accept the Constitutions of their States, and to endorse the constituencies which elect them. All the power to protect the freedmen and make emancipation secure, which the second section of the Constitutional Amendment gives them, would still remain, but the power to exact the political guarantees we have spoken of would be gone. For that now is the time, and an immense majority in Congress seem to be resolved that the opportunity shall not be lost.

What Congress will eventually do in both these important matters only time can show. At present numerous impracticable proposals have been made, and in a multitude of counsellors there has not been wisdom. The first practical proposal was a Bill conferring the franchise on the blacks of the district of Columbia, over which Congress has full jurisdiction. This Bill gave the franchise to all the coloured people of the district, without any limit or qualification. In this, however, it only put them on a level with the whites. The House of Representatives passed this Bill by large majorities. But it was not a popular measure, and the avowed hostility of the

President to any hasty scheme of negro enfranchisement led to the conclusion that he would certainly veto it. The Senate, who would probably have passed it but for this, were not prepared for an open rupture with the President on such a question; they therefore deferred the Bill, and it is not likely that, for the present, we shall hear of it again. The next proposal was that of another Constitutional Amendment, counteracting the operation of the three-fifths clause, and providing that in reckoning the population as the basis of representation, persons disfranchised on account of colour shall not be counted. In this form the Amendment has been rejected by the Senate because it was too moderate for Mr. Sumner and his small band of followers. They demand negro suffrage, and they will not hear of any constitutional recognition of negro disfranchisement. But an Amendment the same in principle and only different in form is again suggested. It will probably omit all reference to coloured persons and will propose either to base the representation on the number of voters or to exclude from the present population basis all disfranchised male persons. In some form or other we believe that such an Amendment is needful, and will be passed. It would greatly reduce the Southern representation, but it is so simple an act of justice that, on the principles of the American Constitution, we do not see how it could be refused. It is doubtful whether more than this can be done—or whether further Constitutional Amendments are desirable, if possible. The Committee on Reconstruction recommended another Constitutional Amendment ‘empowering Congress to make laws securing to the citizens of each State the rights of citizens of the several States, and also to protect all citizens in their right to life, liberty, and property.’ This, in its first clause was such a step in the direction of that centralising policy we have already deprecated, that we cannot think any advantages it promised would have been at all commensurate with the danger it involved. The right to decide who shall and who shall not exercise the suffrage is one which has always belonged to the separate States. If Congress is empowered to interfere with this right, and to declare that because the negro votes in Maine he shall also vote in South Carolina or Kentucky, the States are no longer sovereign, they descend to the dependent condition of municipalities, and that co-ordination of independent powers which is the safeguard of American democracy is entirely destroyed. The second clause of this proposal was open to less objection. But even this would involve great interference with the State Governments. The duty of keeping order and executing the law devolves on them, and they can at any

time call in the aid of the central power; but for Congress to assume the functions of the police and itself keep order, is to concern itself with matters which lie beyond and beneath its sphere. But if the central Government has not already the power to hold the State Governments to their duty in this respect, it ought at once to be conferred on it. Unhappily it is to be assumed that the Governments of the Southern States will need supervision of this kind. In that disorganised society, the elements of barbaric discord must get the upper hand at present. Those who have always been loyal to the Union, and those who loyally accept the new condition of things, are in so small a minority that only in one or two of the States have they any preponderance in the Government. How far the unhappy freedmen would be safe under local Governments resting on a 'mean white' democracy, or even a planter aristocracy, it is, alas, too easy to see. With their slave codes unrepealed, and all the habits and manners of despotic rule unforgotten, such Governments must necessarily become intolerable tyrannies to the coloured race. And even if it is only in a few States that there is danger of such Governments being established, it is a danger against which Congress must provide. But it must do so, if possible, without exceeding the limitations imposed on the central Government, or destroying in any way the local liberties.

We have already expressed our conviction that a 'constitutional amendment' excluding non-voters from the numerical basis of representation, would give the North every needed political guarantee, and would inflict no humiliation on the South. Its great incidental advantage would be, that it would disentangle the question of the freedmen from that of political reconstruction, and would greatly simplify the whole difficulty. It is quite obvious that the necessary corollary of emancipation is, that Congress should have power to protect those whom it has called to a new condition, until they are able to protect themselves. Their case may well be treated as, at present, an exceptional one. They are new members of the Commonwealth for whom a place and function must be found. Congress and the President have emphatically recognised them, the one by requiring of Tennessee, as the condition of reunion, the bestowal of the suffrage on them, the other by publicly welcoming them as his 'countrymen.' Some means must therefore be found for giving them the rights and privileges of 'countrymen' of the head of the Republic—of incorporating them with the great American people. It seems to us that in empowering 'appropriate legislation' in their behalf, the Constitution makes

provision for this. And when to this is added the power to guarantee a 'Republican Government' to every State, all the conditions needful to ample protection are surely present. For the words 'appropriate legislation,' and the phrase 'a Republican form of government,' must necessarily be interpreted by 'the fundamental and unchanging principles of the Constitution.' The most fundamental of those principles is that of the political and civil equality of all men. The most 'unchanging' of them is the 'inalienable right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' Slavery had caused colour to be a miserable exception to this universal law. But now that slavery is gone the exception is abolished. The 'chattels' are become 'countrymen.' Appropriate legislation will therefore be that which recognises their position and secures them in their 'inalienable rights.' State Constitutions which deny these rights, which place them on account of the physical accident of colour in an inferior and outlawed position, which deny them equal civil rights with other members of the Commonwealth, are clearly inconsistent with Republican Government, and Congress must insist on their amendment. A recognition of the coloured men as men must carry with it all the rights and powers which the American Constitution associates with manhood. That Constitution nowhere recognises colour as a disqualification, and the 'persons held to service,' of whom it speaks, are 'held to service' no longer. Surely then, 'black codes' and negro disqualifications are unconstitutional, and only those States will have a Republican form of government in a constitutional sense, in which no such distinctions or disqualifications exist. And if Congress should send back the representatives of such States and refuse them recognition until they have purged themselves of these unjust and unequal laws, they will keep within the spirit of their Constitution and will command the sympathy of the civilised world.

The question of negro suffrage differs from that of negro liberty as civil rights differ from political privileges. There is nothing in the constitution of the United States which demands universal suffrage, and in many of the States restrictions on its universality, other than those of colour, still exist. Full justice to the negro includes of course political privileges as well as civil rights, and full adherence to the principles of the Constitution demands that in political as well as civil rights they should be on the same level as the whites. That the time for this will come we have no manner of doubt—that it has not yet come is shown by the considerable majorities against negro enfranchisement in Wisconsin, Connecticut, and Minnesota,

and in the Territory of Colorado. The immediate practical difficulty in the way is the obvious unfitness for political responsibility of that vast mass of uneducated and half-civilised negroes, who have but just emerged from slavery. But to apply to them any standard of education, property, or political knowledge, would be to introduce a principle which might soon act in disfranchising multitudes of the whites who now possess the suffrage. In the Southern States, many of the 'mean whites' are almost as ignorant as the most ignorant blacks, and quite as poor. The alternative is to disfranchise them or to enfranchise all the negroes, and both are impossible at present. The negroes must therefore wait, and be content to be insured in the possession of those civil rights which, when once enjoyed, are the sure forerunners of political privileges. In their present condition the possession of the ballot would not enable them to defend themselves—for the violence which may attempt to deny their civil liberty would only the more surely overawe their political liberty. In an exceptional position is their only safety. As wards of the central Government, secured by the appropriate legislation of Congress in the enjoyment of their right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and placed under the protection of the Supreme Court, they may fit themselves for the political enfranchisement that industry and quiet plodding will be sure to win. It is justice and not favouritism they need—rights, not privileges—protection, not power—equality before the law, not equality in making the law.

We believe that the statesmen and people of the United States feel the gravity of the crisis through which they are now passing. It is indeed impossible that they should exaggerate it, and we respectfully assure them of the sympathy of the great Liberal party, not only in England, but all over Europe. The dangers and difficulties around them now are as great as they were when Lee was threatening Washington and Grant was held in check at Vicksburg. The great war of principles has ended in the field to be begun in the Legislature. The material struggle is over, and its traces will speedily pass away. Roads, railways, and canals will be repaired, towns and cities will be rebuilt; the desolate battle-fields will be covered with crops, and the influx of labour from all civilised lands will soon repair the wastes of war. In a few years the only outward traces of the rebellion will be the names of celebrated battle-fields, and the veterans who live on the memory of their deeds. But the moral and social traces of such a convulsion, and the legacies of the evil which caused it, will remain for many generations. For a long future the American people will have the

poor always with them. The freedmen will be a perpetual difficulty, and the questions that gather about them will be a lasting danger. The Union has absorbed into itself millions of self-expatriated Irishmen, of Germans, and even of Frenchmen; it has now to show whether it can absorb into itself four millions of another race, who have been denied a country, and have lived as outcasts in their native land; whether it can elevate them from the degradation of slavery to the safety and dignity of citizenship; and whether under democratic institutions, and animated by democratic principles, a great nation can be made which shall include all races, all religions, and all climes under one common Federal rule. For such a task, entangled as it is with all the quarrels and passions civil war creates, it may well seem as though human wisdom was insufficient, and under such a burden statesmanship may well falter. But it is only by faithfulness to a great principle that the way has been found through the tangled difficulties of the past, and only a like principle can guide the statesmen of the present. It is no disputed or abstract rule. It is the fundamental and unchanging principle of equal justice to all. This is the moral principle on which the Republic is based. Unfaithfulness to it in the case of one unfortunate and defenceless race has caused the troubles of the past and entailed the difficulties of the present. Once more that race appeals for justice—will the Republic be true to itself and be just to them? On the answer to that question its future depends. Surely the concluding words of the President's Message speak the language of every American:—

‘Who will not join me in the prayer that the invisible Hand which has led us through the clouds that gloomed around our path will so guide us onward to a perfect restoration of fraternal affection, that we in this day may be able to transmit our great inheritance of State Governments in all their rights, and the General Government in the whole of its constitutional vigour, to our posterity, and they to theirs through countless generations?’

ART. VIII.—*Diary of the Right Honourable William Windham, M.P. (1783–1809).* Edited by Mrs. HENRY BARING. London: 1866.

LUCIAN, in his essay on the question ‘How true history ought to be written,’ passes a severe critical judgment on a writer of his day, who, in an account of some campaign of the Romans against the Parthians, devoted only a few lines to the great and terrible battle of Europus, while he described, in a most undignified and trivial manner, the adventures of one Mausacas, a Mauistianian trooper in the Roman army—how this trooper, falling in with an Assyrian peasant of the neighbourhood who happened to have been in Africa, was received with much good-fellowship, treated to a dinner, and to the narrative of his entertainer’s exploits among the elephants and lions in the Sahara, of his landing at Cæsarea on his voyage home, and how much a purchase of fish cost him in the market there. No doubt Lucian, as a critic, is in the right. And yet, so much does the relative interest of past events change as the world gets older, that now, after two thousand years, while there is scarcely one of us who would care a straw for a minute account of that celebrated battle, we should be glad to know more of the Assyrian peasant and his household, and what he thought of Africa and the lions; and would not even despise his statistical information about the fish-market at Cæsarea in the second century. Even so with reference to much later times than these, as our interest in past public events begins to fade away, interest in the private, domestic, gossiping life of those whose fame is connected with them seems to grow even stronger.

William Windham was a man who made, to use a popular phrase, his mark on his age. He did, in his official character, very much towards raising the spirit and improving the position of the British soldier, and rendering him that instrument of marvellous efficiency used by Wellington to reconquer Spain and decide the great European conflict. And for nearly twenty years of that conflict, though others had a greater share in directing its political vicissitudes, few voices were so powerful and so inspiring as his in rousing that popular enthusiasm by which the battle was finally won. ‘Nobody,’ such was Pitt’s own judgment of him, according to Lord Stanhope, ‘can be so well-meaning and so eloquent as he: his speeches are the finest productions possible; full of warm imagination and fancy.’ ‘The late Lord Lansdowne,’ says Mrs. Baring, ‘when last at

‘ Felbrigg, in the year 1861, remarked that Mr. Windham had ‘ the best Parliamentary address of any man he had ever seen; ‘ which was enhanced by the grace of his person and the dignity of his manners.’ The more laboured eulogy by Earl Grey, in his speech in the House of Lords on the occasion of the statesman’s death, which she also quotes, we will pretermit, as savouring a little too much for our purpose of the conventional funeral oration.

And yet, to our generation, Windham, the politician, begins to be a forgotten name. His rank, though considerable, was secondary, and secondary men, like secondary events, lose their public interest; while in the pages of memoirs and private journals, such as Lucian’s ideal historian would have held cheap, their personages remain almost as fresh as ever. And it may be doubted whether the most complete biography of Windham which could be compiled out of Hansard and the Annual Register would have so much attraction for the ordinary reader as the very singular little journal which his kinswoman Mrs. Henry Baring has now published. It contains, indeed, but little of public interest. The writer was not in the habit of recording his thoughts on these subjects in his diary. It is chiefly a chronicle of the most private feelings of his mind, such as men in general most scrupulously conceal from others, and as far as possible even from themselves. It is a journal of the diagnosis of a mental constitution much diseased; and yet not so diseased as not to retain, even in its most trying paroxysms, the elements of recoverable health and vitality; a mind which does, in fact, though by very slow degrees, throw off its chronic complaint, insomuch that, after many a year of incessant grappling with the strange fiend who besets him, he seems at last to repel the assaults with greater and greater ease, and, before middle life was fairly over, to emerge a conqueror.

Such, we say, is the singular chapter of internal history to which the ordinary reader is introduced by this volume. And the impression produced by it is even stronger on one who has made himself familiar, beforehand, with the previously known character of Windham. In the great band of English orators who flourished at the close of the last century and the beginning of the present, he occupied, as we have said, only a second-rate position. And yet there were qualities in which he shone above them all. His exquisite scholarship; his union of the thorough refinement of the English gentleman with the rougher and more dashing qualities which appeal to the multitude at large; the under-current of enthusiasm, kept in check

only by a severely disciplined taste, which seems to penetrate from below the surface of his oratory; the hearty and chivalrous attachment to superior minds, which made him, high as his own position was, always accept that of a follower or disciple, towards Johnson, Burke, and Pitt by turns: these qualities of his mind and heart made an impression on those who remembered him even more marked than that produced by greater men. And in private life, the uniform verdict passed on him by society pronounced him brilliant and irresistible.

Such he is described by Lord Brougham, among his 'Statesmen.'

'From what has been said of Mr. Windham's manner of speaking, as well as of his variously embellished mind, it will readily be supposed that in society he was destined to shine almost without a rival. His manners were the most polished, and noble, and courteous, without the least approach to pride, or affectation, or condescension; his spirits were, in advanced life, so gay, that he was always younger than the youngest of his company; his relish of conversation was such, that after lingering to the latest moment, he joined whatever party a sultry evening (or morning, as it might chance to prove) tempted to haunt the streets before retiring to rest. How often* have we accompanied him to the door of his own mansion, and then been attended by him to our own, while the streets rang with the peals of his hearty merriment, or echoed the accents of his refined and universal wit! But his conversation, or grave, or gay, or argumentative, or discursive, whether sifting a difficult subject, or painting an interesting character, or pursuing a merely playful fancy, or lively to very drollery, or pensive and pathetic, or losing itself in the cloud of metaphysics, or vexed with paradox, or plain and homely, and all but commonplace, was that which, to be understood, must have been listened to; and, while over the whole was flung a veil of unrent classical elegance, through no crevice, had there been one, would ever an unkind word or ill-conditioned sentiment have found entrance.' (*British Statesmen.*)

'Whatever were his weaknesses,' (says Lord Holland, whose description of him as a politician is tinged with something of a personal antipathy,) 'as a speaker he was delightful. In fancy and imagery he was equal, in taste, and above all in delivery, he was far superior, to the great god of his idolatry, Mr. Burke. If his views were somewhat less comprehensive, his arguments were closer, more subtle, and more perspicuous. His pride or noble spirit could occasionally supply something like vehemence and indignation; but real and earnest passion were not his forte. To a cold or indifferent critic he might, indeed, have appeared equal to Fox, to Pitt, or to Sheridan. In variety of illustration, in acuteness of logic, he

* We only see one mention of Brougham, as met at dinner, in the Diary; 1808, p. 475.

scarcely yielded to the first; in felicity of language he approached the second; but in some yet greater qualifications he fell short of them all.' (*Memoirs of the Whig Party.*)

One point of weakness in his character was discernible indeed even to those who knew him but as a public man; both friendly and unfriendly observers have remarked on the vacillation both of his will and his judgment, which sometimes marred his efficiency as a speaker, and rendered 'Weathercock Windham,' honest as he was, somewhat uncertain as a colleague. 'He had,' says Lord Holland again, 'an irresolution amounting to childishness; and more ingenuity than judgment in founding his opinions.' And he accuses him, in particular, of wavering on the subject of the French Revolution; but the instance is an unlucky one. This charge, it must be admitted, is satisfactorily disposed of by Mr. Croker in his review of Lord Holland's work in the *Quarterly*. Whatever Mr. Windham's waverings on minor points, on this he never varied. His anti-Jacobinism was without a flaw. And, like Burke or Southey, not like Pitt or Canning, he held Jacobinism for the undying Arimanes of the political world; all-bad, and almost all-powerful; always to be fought against, without hope of conquering it.

'Nothing can be more idle than the hope of the extinction of Jacobinism, either as an instrument to be used by France should her occasions require it, or as a principle ever to be eradicated out of any community in which it has taken once root.'

This he said in 1801, at a time when, to more hopeful spirits, France seemed to be passing from her Jacobin paroxysm into a more manageable condition, in which it would be possible to put a hook into the nostrils of Leviathan.

'He was too often (says Lord Brougham) the dupe of his own ingenuity, which made him doubt and blame, and gave an oscillancy fatal to vigour in council, as well as most prejudicial to the effects of eloquence, by breaking the force of his blows as they fell. His nature, too, perhaps owing to this hesitating disposition, was to be a follower, if not a worshipper, rather than an original thinker or actor; as if he felt some relief under the doubts which harassed him from so many quarters in thus taking shelter under a master's wing, and devolving upon a less scrupulous balancer of conflicting reasons the task of turning the scales, and forming his opinion for him. Accordingly, first Johnson in private, and afterwards Burke on political matters, were the deities whom he adored.'

The *Journal* now before us leaves no doubt of the origin of this and other peculiarities in Windham's mind and ways, which baffled observers of his own time, not so closely admitted into

his intimacy. His vacillation of purpose was constitutional. It was part of that fearfully delicate mental organisation of which these pages afford so many other evidences; an organisation originally shaken, it would appear, by a long and dangerous fever in the early part of his life.

The following is the brief account given by Mrs. Baring of the history of the manuscript confided to her:—

‘The “Diary of the Right Honourable William Windham” was given to me by my brother William Windham, a short time before his death, in December 1854. It is in truth chiefly a record of Mr. Windham’s health and feelings, made for himself alone, which can hardly be supposed to possess much general interest; but there are many passages interspersed in it, strongly indicative of his character, which I trust I shall be forgiven for wishing to rescue from oblivion. No portion of this Journal of any consequence* has ever been made public, with the exception of that which relates to the last moments of Dr. Johnson, which Mr. Croker included in his edition of Boswell’s account of his life. The records of several years are also wanting, having been unfortunately mislaid long since. A life of Mr. Windham, prefixed to his speeches, was published by Mr. Amyot in 1821. If, after much consideration, I determine to submit these pages to the press, it is not with a view to enhance the fame of the writer, but to preserve some portions of a relic consigned to me (φιλάδελφα κάτω δάκρυ’ ειβομένη), before that time shall have obliterated all names and traces of the former possessors of Felbrigg, and whilst there are still living those who cling with fondness to its memories.’ (Preface, p. vii.)

The only extract of consequence from the Diary hitherto given to the public, and to which Mrs. Baring here makes allusion, is the remarkable and beautiful ‘account of Dr. Johnson’s ‘last days, by Mr. Windham,’ printed by Croker, and well known to all devourers of Boswell. Windham, as every one knows, was one of the great doctor’s most favourite disciples; became early a member of ‘the club,’ and was constantly in his society during the latter years of his life. But we were scarcely aware before reading this Diary, how deeply the Johnsonian ways of thinking and speaking had entered into Windham’s mind.

* It is scarcely worth while, but we may just refer the reader to a passage in Croker’s ‘Boswell’ (appendix), where he uses this Diary for a brief account of conversations between Windham and Johnson on a journey to Ashbourne in 1784. The extracts there given by no means agree with the corresponding pages of that now published; and Croker speaks of two copies—one then in the possession of Mr. Amyot, one of a Mr. Wright—in a manner which we do not profess to understand.

On the occasion of this extract, Mr. Croker says of the Diary that it—

‘exhibits instances of a morbid, self-tormenting hypochondriacism, of which those who knew him only in society could have no idea.’ ‘Mr. Windham’s Diary’ (he says elsewhere) ‘proves what I believe the world never suspected, that he was hypochondriacal to an extraordinary degree: in fact, at times crazy, and at all times liable to strange turns of mind. His hypochondriacal sensation he used to call “the feel,”* and it was the cause of his resignation of the office † of Secretary in Ireland, where he seems to have been but a month or two. I suppose, however, that as Mr. Windham advanced in years, this disorder abated. I, who knew him only in later life, never perceived anything of it.’

‘It appears in this Journal that Mr. Windham laboured occasionally under a nervous and indeed morbid hesitation to do even the commonest things, and used to lose hours and days in deliberating whether he should do this or that trifling thing.’

We quote farther from a passage in Mr. Croker’s review of Lord Holland, already cited (Quarterly, vol. xci. p. 227):—

‘The volume from which we make our extracts is, or lately was, in the hands of Lord Colborne. Some of the entries, and among the most curious, are in Latin. Mr. Windham’s papers were, soon after his death, entrusted to his and our friend George Ellis, who made some little progress in a life of him. Upon Mr. Ellis’s death they were transferred to Mr. Amyot, who was to complete the work; but he too died *re infectâ* a year or two ago, and what has now become of the mass of papers we cannot tell.’

Mr. Ellis had gone so far in preparing this work for publication as to write a very interesting preface, which Mrs. Baring now publishes; and we will farther trespass on our reader’s patience by extracting from it some portions which throw light on its composition, and propound Mr. Ellis’s own theory—not to our minds a quite satisfactory one—of the circumstances and mental impulses under which it was written.

‘It is not improbable that the project of undertaking this troublesome task may have been suggested to Mr. Windham by his friend,

* Mr. Croker has not remarked that this ugly word is Johnsonian, or at least mentioned by Windham in recording a conversation with Johnson. ‘Argument about that *feel* which persons on great heights suppose themselves to have of a wish to throw themselves down.’

† We do not know Croker’s authority for this assertion. Mr. Amyot, in the ‘Life’ prefixed to Windham’s speeches, represents the cause of the resignation as simply political. But Amyot knew nothing, or concealed everything, respecting the mental peculiarities of his hero.

Dr. Johnson, to whose advice he always listened with reverence, and whose example he was ever disposed to follow. The reader will have frequent occasion to remark that the species of mental discipline to which Mr. W. was so anxious to subject himself was, even in many minute particulars, exactly conformable to the practice of Dr. Johnson. To establish the empire of reason over imagination was their common object; and with a view to acquire the power of continued thought undisturbed by the intrusion of fancy, they imposed on themselves the same exercises; accustoming themselves to occasional composition in the learned languages, converting Greek into Latin epigrams, and taxing the memory by long mental calculations. An English translation of "Thuanus" was, as Mr. Boswell relates, frequently meditated by Dr. Johnson, and has been partly executed by Mr. Windham, with that sort of reluctant diligence which would be almost unaccountable if, in undertaking the task, he had been solely guided by his own predilection for the voluminous historian. Dr. Johnson wrote, in two quarto volumes, a diary of his own private life, and strongly recommended to his friends the adoption of this practice.

"The great thing to be recorded" (says he) "is the state of your own mind, and you should write down everything that you remember; for you cannot judge at first what is good or bad: and write immediately, while the impression is fresh, for it will not be the same a week afterwards."

There is, indeed, an apparent allusion to this advice amongst the minutes of a conversation with Dr. Johnson, which Mr. Windham has preserved, and which took place, as Mr. Boswell relates, when Mr. Windham, "before he set out for Ireland, as secretary to Lord Northington, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, expressed to the sage some modest and virtuous doubts, whether he could bring himself to practise those arts which, it is supposed, a person in that situation has occasion to employ." The heads of Dr. Johnson's answer were, as appears by Mr. Windham's notes, "I have no great timidity in my own disposition, and am no encourager of it in others. . . . Never be afraid to think yourself fit for anything for which your friends think you fit. . . ."

"You will become an able negotiator; a very pretty rascal. . . ."

"No one in Ireland wears even the mask of incorruption. No one professes to do for sixpence what he can get a shilling for doing." . . .

"Every day will improve another. *Dies diem docet*: by observing at night where you failed in the day, and by resolving to fail no more." (Preface by Mr. Ellis, pp. xvi. xvii.)

Mr. Windham accordingly commenced his self-imposed task on January 1, 1784, and continued it pretty regularly until his death.

If anything was wanting to show the utter unsoundness (in its application to many, perhaps to most minds,) of the sage's

advice to keep a diary of self-examination, these papers of Mr. Windham's would alone suffice for the purpose. The practice keeps morbidly alive that over-acute self-consciousness which in really healthy organisations is absent, in unhealthy ones should be as far as possible repressed, and which the patient should be taught to 'ignore' as far as possible. One cannot help believing that nothing tended more to maintain Mr. Windham's nervous feelings in activity for so many years.

'That a man in the bloom and vigour of life (Mr. Ellis continues), already distinguished by his various attainments, ambitious of every kind of distinction, and conscious that all were within his reach, should contemplate, with no common alarm, the prospect of being arrested in his career by a disease which, without much hastening his death, might deprive life of all its enjoyments, is perfectly natural. It is not less natural that, feeling himself responsible for the due use of his talents, and persuaded that the preservation of them depended on regular and active exertion, he should deplore, with sincere contrition, the frequent instances in which he had inadvertently resigned them to intervals of dangerous reaction. The corroding anxiety which had thus fastened on his mind, explains that sudden air of dejection which was sometimes observable even in his gayest moments, that "dread of competition, and habitual distrust of his own abilities," of which he often expresses his consciousness, and that hesitating indecision which formed such a singular contrast with the general firmness of his manly and intrepid character.'

' "What a pity it is (says he, in an article of his *Adversaria*) that a man cannot, for a while, stand at a distance from himself, and behold his own person, manner, behaviour, and character, with the eyes of a stranger! What a pity that no one can see himself as he is seen by everyone else! It is from this impossibility that one meets people every day, who are as perfect strangers to their own characters as a man would be to his own countenance who had never seen the reflection of it in a mirror. In this latter predicament few can be found; art, incited by vanity, having furnished us with such ready means of viewing our own persons. But there is no mirror that can, at one view, give us a distinct image of our characters. That image is only to be formed like the map of some of the planets, from the result of observations made with pain and difficulty, and at various times. For this reason few people ever form it at all, but remain in such total ignorance of the appearance of their own characters, as seen from without, that nothing is more common than to hear a man arraigning in others the very failings for which he is himself most notorious, and treating his own favourite follies, the very vices of his own bosom, with as much severity as if he had not the smallest kindred or relation with them."

'It was such an image of his own mind that Mr. Windham was desirous of delineating for his own improvement; and if that image

be, as it certainly is, extremely different from the idea of him impressed upon the memory of his friends, it is only because he was able to discover, and disposed to exaggerate, defects which were invisible to any other observer.' (Pp. xix. xxi.)

It follows, of course, that this Diary is of the most strictly private character. It is highly improbable that Windham ever intended any eye to see it but his own. In the first place, he had the habit, common to him with many men of business, of noting down, almost every day, the places he had visited, the business he had transacted, the persons he had met at dinner; but adding hardly a word of detail as to what passed, or as to his own thoughts. These were of course ordinary memoranda for the convenience of future reference. But besides this, he used the same diary, as we have seen, for the separate purpose of noting down the daily variations of his own mental barometer. Of the ordinary gossip of a genial diarist there is next to none. As years advance, the character of the memoranda somewhat changes; the entries are briefer and more careless; but at the same time they contain rather more of remark on what was passing around him; in his last years, even to the heads of discussions, and the divisions, in the Cabinet; a breach, we fear, of certain recognised obligation, which nothing but the *bonâ fide* privacy of the Diary could excuse.

To appreciate more fully the predisposing causes which trained so peculiar a character, the reader must remember that Windham was through life the possessor of an ample fortune, to which he succeeded in boyhood, an only child. He married late in life, and he had no offspring. He was exempt nearly all his days from common anxieties and common interests. His family affections, so far as this Diary gives intimations, were chiefly centered on one object—Mrs. Lukin (Catherine Doughty), wife of his half-brother on the mother's side, who became Dean of Wells. It was to this gentleman's issue that Mr. Windham devised all his Norfolk property; they took the name of Windham; and from them proceeded the last unhappy and too notorious owner of Felbrigg. Mrs. Lukin was established, during many of the years comprehended in this Diary, in the parsonage at Felbrigg; and there is something almost feminine in the tenderness which marks almost every entry respecting her; his uneasiness when long absent from her, and his self-reproach when, from some wayward reason or other, he fancies that he has not found the pleasure he expected in her society.

'The chief interruption was the having Mrs. Lukin with me, which certainly operates in that way, whatever compensation it may

bring in the pleasure of her company. How it is that her presence, so little restraint as it imposes, should be a hindrance to employment, is not discoverable at first sight; nor need, perhaps, be in fact so, if there was nothing wrong in the habits of my own mind. The great desideratum with me is, continuity of thought; whatever touches me in that part is liable to leave a wound that is long in curing.' (P. 189.)

'June 23rd, 1788.—I have promised her to-night that my absence will not make me forget her, and certainly if I forget *her*, whom shall I remember? Where shall I ever find one so amiable, so worthy, of understanding so acute, of integrity so confirmed, of disposition so pure, and attached to me from feelings of such genuine affection?'

'September 19th, 1789.—Uncomfortable from the same causes that had made me so before. I had not despatched my business as I ought, nor felt the power to do so now. The *feet* was increased by some irritation, more than was wise, at the folly of George bringing his boy John to breakfast, to be stuffed with chocolate, &c., at the expense of our conversation. After various delays I set off with George in the chaise, not till it was so late as to leave little hopes of reaching Ipswich before eleven. In setting off, it occurred to me that I had done wrong not to ride to Aylsham. I accordingly ran back for my horse, and thus had the satisfaction of again taking leave of Mrs. Lukin, though my riding back so unexpectedly occasioned a momentary alarm.'

'March.—Journey [to London] not unpleasant, except to Mrs. Lukin, who was low-spirited and affected with something which I had said beyond what she ought.'

On one occasion he ascribes to this lady the credit of inspiring him with the point of one of his most remarkable early speeches.

'December 1787.—Amongst the events of this time I must not forget the speech about Francis*, which seemed clearly to have been

* About the exclusion of Francis from the list of managers of the impeachment. It is a singular circumstance, and has not, so far as we know, been adverted to by any combatant in the Junian controversy, that when Sir Philip Francis was attacked in the House of Commons for having allowed himself to be included in that list,—he having had a quarrel with Hastings, and fought a duel with him,—he cited *Sir William Draper* as a person whom he had consulted, and who had approved of his conduct. 'The honourable person whom I consulted is no more, and for that reason I have been hitherto tender of mentioning his name. Those who knew Sir William Draper, I am sure will acknowledge that there could not be a stricter and more scrupulous judge of points of honour than he was. If it were possible to produce the opinion he gave me in approbation of the conduct I have pursued, I should look no farther.' (*Debate of December 11, 1787.*)

the best I ever made, and which, by the credit given to it, entitles me to pronounce with greater confidence on the degree of admiration due to public speaking. In the whole of that speech nothing was found that I had not on various occasions said before in company, without exciting any particular observation in those who heard me, or appearing to myself particularly to have observed it. For some time before my leaving town Mrs. Lukin had been with me; she was in town at the time when the speech above mentioned was made, and had suggested, in talking upon the subjects, one of the points which I afterwards made use of, and which was just as good, for aught I know, as any of those with which it was associated. Our journey was delayed a day for the sake of the battle, at Staines, between Ryan and Johnson, which I went to see. Next morning Mrs. Lukin, myself, and Robert set off for Felbrigg.'

Windham, it will be remembered, was not only much associated with Francis in politics (in the management of the Hastings' impeachment), but he was also one of the very few personal friends and intimates of that unpopular man. An entry of the year 1786 is curious from the high estimate it contains of the oratorical powers of Sir Philip. The debate in question was on the 'Rohilla' charge. Windham's speech is very briefly given in the Parliamentary History.

'June 1st, 1786.—By the time I got there (to the House) my mind had got into some disorder, and my spirits into some agitation; and by the time Burke had finished I found myself in no good state to speak. The same state continued, though with a little amendment, to the time of my rising. Yet I contrived, somehow, to steady and recover myself in the course of speaking, and so far executed what I had prepared, that I conceive it to be fashion to talk of what I did as rather a capital performance. 'Tis a strong proof on what cheap terms reputation for speaking is acquired, or how capricious the world is of its allotment to different people. There is not a speech of mine which, in comparison of one of Francis's, would, either for language or matter, bear examination for one moment; yet about my performances in that way a great fuss is made, while of his nobody speaks a word.' (Pp. 77, 78.)

'Let any one (he elsewhere says) remember the reception and examine the language and matter of any of Francis's speeches and then say what the proportion is, on matters of this sort, between praise and merit. Francis's speeches are regular compositions, exhibiting in many parts great force of thought and conceived, throughout, in language peculiarly elegant and energetic. I know not any one whose speeches, in respect of clearness and force of diction, can stand in competition with Francis's. What I have said at any time must come infinitely short, since I should despair very much, even, of writing such language. What I have said can, in fact, rise to no higher character than that of a few loose points, acutely argued and sometimes forcibly expressed. So much for that.' (P. 175.)

Although these pages evince abundantly his affectionate interest in all the members of the Lukin family, who were his nearest connexions—whole blood-relations he had none—they give little insight into his personal affections, except, as we have said, for Mrs. Lukin. His marriage with Cecilia Forrest, an old friend of his family, did not take place until 1798; and he says but little about it. The first entry on the subject, indeed, only a fortnight after the ceremony, is not encouraging.

'August 2nd, 1798.—Drawing Room. Presentation at dinner. Lady Palmerston, Lady Mary Fordyce, Malone, who came in by chance. Lady M. stayed till late. Cecy, when I came down, had singed her feathers. Slight ill humour.'

Even the most cursory biographer ought to record that notwithstanding this ominous start, 'Cecy' made the eccentric bachelor an excellent wife, and is said to have been a most agreeable woman; the Queen and Princesses were very partial to her society.

More than half of Windham's daily life, throughout the greater part of this Journal, was devoted to London, politics, and literature; the remainder chiefly to Felbrigg. It is a place which has inspired much attachment to those connected with it; and this feeling has been shared for generations by those families of Eastern England who are accustomed to seek health and recreation on the beach of Cromer and the breezy hills of the Norfolk coast. The Elizabethan mansion and the noble woods of Felbrigg formed the central point of the scenery and society of the district—the more venerated because they were associated to Norfolk eyes with the memory of Mr. Windham. Yet it is evident from the record of his life that he seldom enjoyed himself there, unless when soothed by the favourite company of his half-sister. The management of his affairs, and the duties of Norfolk society, bored him extremely; but, in his odd self-tormenting way, he seldom seems to have allowed himself an opportunity of escaping from them, and occupied his mind and his diary with long arguments as to why he was bored, and why he ought not to have been. Though it seems a strange thing to say of the enthusiastic defender, as Windham was esteemed, of British muscular pastimes, he was not a passionate or even habitual sportsman; his entries in that way are meagre and few; and while everything which gave him pleasure, or for a time diminished the 'feel,' is habitually recorded, neither the slaughter of birds nor the leaping of fences figures in that category. Nor, though of course accustomed to horsemanship, does he seem to have been an eager rider. One of his paradoxes was to

stand up for bull-baiting as a preferable sport to horse-racing; and some of his memoranda seem to show that he suspected he was timid on horseback, and was disgusted with himself accordingly.

'*March 1786.*—Arrived at Pytchley about eight o'clock. The company there, Lord Winchelsea, Lord Spencer, Damer, Conyers, and Lord Cathcart, who came down the same day; Isted, Assheton Smith, Harry Churchill, and afterwards Northey. Doughty did not come till the next day. The weather was very delightful, and we hunted the next morning. I rode Doughty's horse, Nobbs, and when we went out in the morning, and for some time afterwards, was foolish enough to entertain doubts of the sufficiency of my horsemanship. We had a day delightful for the weather, and sport sufficient for my powers and wishes. Littleton Powys was in the field, and Hanbury, with whom I renewed my acquaintance.' (P. 74.)

'*July 3rd, 1786.*—Set off about twelve for Oxford, on horseback. Ride to Tedsworth; spirits gay; thoughts shamefully idle. Dined comfortably at Tedsworth, and should have arrived at Oxford pleasantly enough, if, in riding up Shotover to ease the horses in the carriage, my horse had not taken me by surprise, and turning violently round, and kicking upon being struck with the spur, thrown me off with a good deal of force. Though I was bruised a little, and made very sick, I should not have found myself so uncomfortable as I did, if I had not in some measure charged the fall as my own fault. I certainly fell at last from consenting to fall; yet I am not sure that I did unwisely and think, I am sure enough, that I was not frightened. What, perhaps, made me most uncomfortable was, the feeling that if I had been hurt as much by a blow and fall in boxing—which was a subject one had been talking of not long before, with the same apprehension, too, of possible serious hurt—how little inclination at heart I should have felt to continue the combat. I felt that if I had stood up, it would merely have been from fear of shame, and that all the ardour of combat would have left me. I argued, that if such could be the effects of pain so slight and danger so unlikely, what might happen in trials really severe? I hope in this, as in other cases, one should do better than, by inference from smaller things, one should suppose. The impression, however, destroyed the pleasure I should have had in arriving at Oxford.' (Pp. 80, 81.)

The same curious suspicion of his own manliness beset him whenever he experienced—what he was very fond of courting—a new 'sensation' in the way of danger. This is probably the case with most men; but then they do not record their remissness in diaries. Windham was not only one of the most chivalrous, but in mere personal as well as moral courage one of the bravest of men. He had dragged a mutinous militiaman with his own hands into the guardhouse, and stood at the

door of it with his drawn sword, confronting alone a rush of the prisoner's comrades to the rescue with fixed bayonets. He had jumped out of his chair, after an election, into the middle of a hostile mob, and seized a man who was throwing a stone at him. And—in the way of moral courage—he had done the much more daring feat of defying in Parliament all the newspaper reporters, and provoking them to retaliate for some time by suppressing his speeches. But when going up in a balloon, or exposing himself at the siege of Valenciennes in the trenches, he seems to aim at sinking himself below the level of ordinary mortals by persistent self-anatomy.

'*May 5th, 1785.*—Went up in balloon. Much satisfied with myself; and, in consequence of that satisfaction, dissatisfied rather with my adventure. Could I have foreseen that danger or apprehension would have made so little impression upon me, I would have insured that of which, as it was, we only gave ourselves a chance, and have deferred going till we had a wind favourable for crossing the Channel. I begin to suspect, in all cases, the effect by which fear is surmounted is more easily made than I have been apt to suppose. Certainly the experience I have had on this occasion will warrant a degree of confidence more than I have ever hitherto indulged. I would not wish a degree of confidence more than I enjoyed at every moment of the time.' (P. 52.)

'*July 17th, 1793.*—I accepted readily the offer of Major Crawford* to accompany me there (to the trenches before Valenciennes). It was not without anxiety that I ventured into a situation so new and untried, as that into which I was about to enter. It was impossible to tell the effect of circumstances which have been found occasionally to operate so strangely on minds not distinguishable beforehand from the rest of the world. How could I be certain that the same might not happen to me as happened to certain persons that one knows of? I did all that could be done in such a case; "*omnia præcepi atque animo mecum ante peregi.*" How far I had succeeded could be known only by trial. The result of the trial answered, I am happy to say, to my most sanguine expectations. I think, with confidence, that during any part of the time I could have multiplied, if necessary, a sum in my head.'

Shortly afterwards, however, his self-cross-questioning took another and less comfortable turn.

'*19th.*—This was the day following the preceding, and that on

* This brave officer (Sir R. Crawford, killed in Spain) was a peculiar favourite with Windham. It is said, with reference to the failure of the expedition against Buenos Ayres (for which the world found especial fault with him), that he was anxious to send Crawford there, and was overruled by the Horse-guards, from motives of routine, in favour of Whitlocke.

which they fired some cannon-shot at us, by one of which Phipps's horse was wounded. I shall never fail to regret my foolish dilatoriness, and want of consideration, in not having decided then to take my leave. Had I gone then I had stayed a blessed time! By suffering myself to stay on beyond that, I have outstayed my interest, and left myself with a doubt upon my mind, for which, before, there could not have been a pretence, whether something more should not have been done. I had seen the trenches the day of the truce; and when there was no danger, I had then gone down twice besides, once by daylight and once by night; at the former of which time there was a good deal of fire of cannon and shells, and at the latter of musketry. It was at the latter of those times that a sergeant of the 14th had his head shot off. I had rode about everywhere, and, as it happened, had run some risk. I had done enough to satisfy myself, and to show to others what, if it is very necessary to be conscious of oneself, it is pleasant also to have known. By not going to the storm of the covered way, though I forbore only, what everyone would have said it was absurd to do, except at least a few people, whose opinions perhaps are not worth much, yet I felt something below what some might have expected. One way of putting it may be, Was it a thing which would have been more praised or blamed had it been done? Would it, considering all circumstances, have raised the character of the actor or have depressed it? It is the hope that it might have had, with some good judges, even the latter effect, that can alone reconcile me to the not having done it. The decision taken of avoiding any intermediate course, if I was not wholly to engage, was, I think, right. I observed at least a distinct line, that of keeping throughout with the Duke of York. It is most fortunate for my own satisfaction that the Duke went into the trenches, and not amiss that there was, during the time, a pretty smart fire. The head of an Austrian was knocked off, who was walking a few paces before the Duke, and a guardsman was knocked down while we were standing near the battery. This was, I think, the 25th. Why did I not go away on the 23rd? . . . Had I gone away before this question had arisen, I should have walked upon down; had I achieved the adventure, I should have trod on air.' (Pp. 283-5.)

By degrees he gets steady under fire, and then takes to finding fault with himself for his impassiveness.

' *September 5th, 1794.*—We soon after set out for camp. . . . It was a grand and (to me) a new situation; I am angry with myself that I did not seek to impress my mind with a fuller sense of the magnificence of it. The army of the enemy, of which we had heard so much, were advancing upon us. The action was going on in the close country in front. An attack, it was likely, would be made upon us in the morning. The fate of the British army and with that of the whole cause, probably, depended upon the event. What a situation for the imagination of Burke or Dr. Johnson! I am afraid I must say that I felt this hardly more than a grenadier; I hope

only that I felt as much as a grenadier, at least, that if I felt it but little in one way I felt it but little also in another. The line was ordered out, and the Duke of York rode along it. . . . I took what occasions I could to say something animating to the soldiers; but as that kind of eloquence has much of chance in it, I did not always succeed. The Duke of York, in an attempt or two that he made, failed most miserably. It is one of the talents in which he is defective.' (P. 89.)

To return to Windham at Felbrigg. It is not an uncommon thing for the owner of a fine place to get very tired of it now and then, and welcome the freedom of an inn as a considerable relief. See into what a curious compound of emotion this very ordinary propensity is transformed by the subtle alchemy of this analyst of himself.

'October 13th, 1792. Oxford.—Dined at Malone's: only he. After sitting some time, during which I finished manuscript "Life of Milton," that I had begun before dinner, and had a good deal of not unpleasant talk, we walked out, and drank tea at coffee-house at the Angel, where I met Newnham. Thence, after another walk, more productive of pleasant images than a walk in Felbrigg woods, to my new lodgings at Kettle Hall. During the whole of my time of being here, I have felt strongly the share which place may have in determining the course and character of one's thoughts: all that it has done here has been for the better. My mind has been more gay; my thoughts more satisfactory; stronger impressions have been made; more of that has been felt which advances us, as Dr. Johnson says, in the order of thinking beings. . . . It is a great question with me this morning and last night, whether I should not leave Oxford to-morrow, and some time was lost in the consideration. I determined at last to make trial of a lodging, if it were only that I might make trial of the difference. The result is, for any time longer than a few days, there must be no hesitation about taking a lodging. My situation at the inn (the Cross) was for the time I stayed by no means uncomfortable. I could sit there in an evening or a morning, and think with as much effect as anywhere else. The bustle of it, too, was not more than such a residence as Felbrigg, was pleasant rather than otherwise.' (P. 263.)

Of Windham's passionate addiction, as it may be truly termed, to classical and modern literature, but especially the former, and his profound studies in mathematics, this diary affords, as might be expected, the most copious evidence; his continual entries showing his pursuit of these subjects in the midst of the most engrossing avocations, even to the extent of injuring his efficiency in the political line, as he sometimes fancied.

'It would have been better for me, perhaps (he says in a letter to Mrs. Crewe, 1790), that I had never meddled with anything else;

or, meddling with other things, that I had begun to do so sooner. From some cause or other I am now a little of two characters, and good in neither: a politician among scholars, and a scholar among politicians. As Dr. Johnson said from Pope, of Lord Chesterfield, "a wit among lords, and a lord among wits."

'Under the present half of this divided empire, I am very sorry that Parliament is to meet before Christmas; and look with great concern to the termination that is to be put in three weeks' time to various schemes which I fancy now, if time was given me, I could pursue to some effect.'

But his numerous entries of severe literary labour alternate strangely with self-reproaches for idleness, inattention, and incapacity. They rarely, however, contain a literary judgment; which is disappointing. Some of the few which they *do* contain grate oddly on our ears. There is something ultra-Johnsonian in his contempt for Warburton. 'Read the first chapter also of that most absurd, dogmatical, and offensive book, the "Divine Legation Demonstrated."'

In his estimation of Churchill, so famous in his own day and so little read in ours, most people will probably agree with Windham.

'*July 29th, 1802.*—Passed the day at Cockburn's. I did nothing but read Churchill, which I found among Sir James's books: part of the "Ghost," and the "Conference." . . . Great facility of versification and style and occasionally considerable force of expression; some good strokes too of character; but in general, I think, from one reading, a great proportion of words to meaning.' (P. 438.)

But on the subject of Goldsmith he is so strangely tasteless and heretical, that we could scarcely believe our eyes when we came to the passage.

'*20th.*—After dinner slept only for a few minutes, afterwards "Vicar of Wakefield," which we just completed by supper and bedtime; a most absurd book, with hardly anything to carry it through but the name of the author, or to reconcile the reader to it but the catastrophe giving such full measure of happiness to the good, and such proper punishment to the wicked and worthless. Tiresome disputations, false opinions, uninteresting digressions, improbable incidents, nothing perfectly right, even where it cannot be said to be violently wrong; the very humour being little more than a good attempt, and never being quite successful.' (P. 485.)

The best that can be said in the statesman's defence is to cite the object of his never-dying worship, Dr. Johnson. The sage, we know from Boswell, was of opinion 'that sixty pounds was a sufficient price for the Vicar, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by the Traveller,' (to which Johnson himself had contributed

some strokes). 'Then, to be sure, it was *accidentally* worth 'more money.'

'June 23rd, 1788.—Read in the morning some portion of different French books, among others, for the first time, some of Madame de Sévigné's "Letters." The quantity I read was not sufficient to enable me to form any judgment about them, except that they seem to be conversant chiefly, as letters ought, about such little circumstances and occurrences as people object to in the letters of Dr. Johnson. That they do not contain remarks so acute, and reflections so fine, I may venture to conjecture, without having read enough to assert. I will read more when I next go there, that is probably in the course of this week, in order to oppose this instance, if the fact should support me, to the petty and malignant cavils of those who object to the genuine and familiar correspondence of Dr. Johnson; that it does not recite important facts, nor abound in learned disquisitions.' (P. 141.)

Windham's delight in literature extended to its very receptacles. He never fails to specify a visit to one. On visiting Wentworth in 1785, in company with Burke, he says, 'In the 'morning I went with great eagerness into the library, and enjoyed there very strongly all that *feel* which a library usually 'excites.' It will not be forgotten that it was in working hard at a fire to save Mr. North's library, in 1809 (he rescued four-fifths of it), that he met with the injury which caused his death, through an operation, the year after.

Travelling, or rather touring, was another of the occupations of Windham's leisure; and several accounts of journeys at home and abroad are contained in the Diary. In 1783 he visited Scotland in company with Burke; but the record of his impressions is very disappointing. The foul fiend hypochondria was one of the company, and the phrase 'melancholy reflections continued' furnishes the key-note of every day's entry. The following 'Burkiana' are, however, worth preserving.

'Burke's idea of the application of the character of Æneas to Augustus, as a person who kept his passion for women in subjection to his politics, and was contrasted in that respect to Antony.

'His general criticisms on the book, where Æneas introduces himself to Evander.

'The parallelisms of Virgil: always figurative, his verse slow—An idea of a prose style, that might be formed from Virgil, of what sort I did not well understand.

'Johnson and L'Estrange, the extremes of the English style.

'Every man has some little corner in his mind which he reserves for meanness—a slut's hole.

'Rather be turned out on the India Bill, than on the Prince of Wales's business; rather be drowned in the Ganges, than be wrecked on the harbourless coast of Wales.

‘ Lord Lovat’s remark upon Sir Everett Fawkener, when he came to give evidence against him—“both their heads in a bad way.”

‘ To some man who was with him when one of the rabble called out “to see the old villain”—“Which of us does he mean?”’

We may remark, with reference to this account of his tour, that whether because his diary was kept for altogether another purpose, or whether the deficiency was common with the cultivated minds of that day, or whether something is to be allowed for a Norfolk man’s infamiliarity with natural beauty, he scarcely ever vouchsafes a word of admiration to scenery; or, it may be added, to architecture, and such ordinary subjects of the tourist’s interest. His adieu to Scotland is conveyed in something like the ring of the old song:—

‘ Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland,
Bannocks and barley, cakes and kale;
Welcome, welcome, merry old England,
Laughing lasses and foaming ale.’

‘ Dined at Longtoun, just in the south of the river—the Esk, I think—that divides the counties. Carlisle—pleasant appearance and pleasant *feel* at approaching it. The North of England more connected in my imagination with old times than Scotland; and England itself viewed perhaps with more complacency.’

And so, when he returned from Switzerland a few years later, he only notes the delight of getting away.

‘ Oct. 1st, 1788.—A letter I got in the morning from Mrs. Lukin assisted the effect of a fine day, and made me very gay. I am sorry to say that the pleasantest moments of my tour have been those which I have passed by myself. Something of uncomfotableness hung upon my mind, as it does perhaps still, from apprehension of ridiculous and vexatious distresses, in which I might be involved for want of speaking and understanding sufficiently the language, but that was overpowered by the other sources of satisfaction which I had; the consciousness of having fulfilled my purposes, and the prospect of being speedily in England, and the *feel* of being left at large to the government of my own motions, and the enjoyment of my own thoughts. I travelled on therefore with great gaiety, walking generally before the chaise, the country being perfectly wild and mountainous, till about ten, when I reached at length La Maison Neuve.’

But of all the bye-enjoyments of Windham’s life, even in his most melancholy days—in the intervals of his greater occupations of politics, literature, and deep intellectual study—nothing came up to a ‘fight.’ The entries on this subject are numerous, and often grotesquely intermingled with other matter.

‘ May 14th, 1784.—Saw a tight battle at the corner of Russell Street.’

'*May 2nd, 1786.*—The circumstances of the fight, which was the object of our excursion, need not be recorded. The winner's name was Humphries (Richard, I think); and the butcher's, Sam Martin. The man, by the way, of whom I won my bet, but of whom I probably may not get payment, was Young. The spectacle was upon the whole very interesting, by the qualities, both of mind and body, which it exhibited. Nothing could afford a finer display of character than the conduct and demeanour of Humphries, and the skill discovered far exceeded what I had conceived the art to possess. The mischief done could not have affected the most tender humanity.'

'*Aug. 6th, 1787.*—Detained between Nepean's house and the office till near five o'clock, when I found a set of people going to a battle in Tothill Fields. Got some dinner at the tavern in Palace Yard, and proceeded thence to the scene of action, where, between six and seven, saw very commodiously, from a dray, a smart battle between Jack Joseph, a soldier who showed upon his back floggings which he had received to a distinguished amount, and one Hardy, I think a carpenter. Joseph was bulky, but old and corpulent, and not a match for the other in activity, but he fought most courageously, and after eleven times being either thrown or struck down, gave me a great persuasion that he would win, even if his antagonist had not given out suddenly, in a way very discreditable either to his courage or his honesty. The opinion was, as I heard from Hanger and Ayton afterwards, that he fought booty.'

'*June 9th, 1788.*—I had been that morning with Fullerton and Palmer to Croydon, to a boxing-match, and after dinner went before coffee with Elliot and Cholmondeley to the philosophical fireworks. The boxing-match was, in consequence of a purse collected by subscription, under the direction of H. Aston, G. Hanger, &c. The combatants, Fewtrill and Jackson, both of them large; one of them, Jackson, a man of uncommon strength and activity, but neither of them of any skill, or likely, so far as appeared upon that occasion, ever to become distinguished. The fight, which lasted an hour and ten minutes, was wholly uninteresting, it being evident from the beginning which was to prevail, and no powers or qualities being displayed to make the prevalence of one or the other a matter of anxiety. The fight which succeeded this between Crabb, a Jew, and Watson, a butcher from Bristol, under 21, was of a different character; so much skill, activity, and fine make, my experience in these matters has not shown me. After a most active fight of forty minutes the Jew was very fairly beat. There was also another fight, between a butcher and a spring-maker, neither of them large, but one of them, the butcher, a muscular man, which though smart enough for the time, ended soon by what seemed a shabby surrender on the part of the spring-maker; his plea was having sprained both his thumbs, or, as he called it, but not truly, according to their appearance to me afterwards, put them out.'

'*Aug. 14th.*—Straight on to town without stopping, as I had at first proposed at Burke's. The occasion of my hurrying on so much was, that I might write a letter to be inserted in one of the papers.

to take off, as far as one could, the effect of the accident at Brighton*, of the death of a man in a boxing-match. I finished this, contrary to my usual practice in the execution of anything requiring any degree of thought, the next evening and the next morning, I think, sent it to the "Morning Chronicle."

'April 1st, 1792.—I let myself foolishly be drawn by Boswell to explore, as he called it, Wapping, instead of going when everything was prepared, to see the battle between Ward and Stanyard, which turned out a very good one, and which would have served as a very good introduction to Boswell.'

On July 20, 1805, he assists at a fight between Crib and Nichol, with a '*petite pièce* between a Jew and a jackass-driver.' And the last entry on this subject we have noticed (October 25, 1808) records a battle at Moulsey, and then proceeds:—'First good beginning that has been made on treatise so necessary to be begun and concluded, on Negative Sign.'

Whenever the habits and ways of thinking of a rougher age are dying out under increase of refinement, some paradoxical intellect is pretty sure to be raised up to defend the old practices, and find glory in what the majority are beginning to regard as shame. Windham, himself cultivated to over-fastidiousness, took under his especial protection the brutal side of the old English sporting character. He was the last genuine muscular Christian—for we must set down the sect who have been so styled in the present day as mere fantastic imitators. We cannot resist the temptation to illustrate his unique temperament by quoting perhaps the most famous, certainly the most eccentric, of his speeches, that in defence of bull-baiting (1802). His main argument was, that those who desired to abolish it must be either Jacobins or Puritans:—

'In their devices to accomplish this object, there were two great parties united, the Jacobins and the Methodists, though the objects they had in view by this change were essentially different. By the former every moral amusement was condemned with a vigour only to be equalled by the severity of the puritanical decisions. . . . By the Jacobins, on the other hand, it was an object of important consideration to give to the disposition of the lower orders a character of greater seriousness and gravity, as the means of facilitating the reception of their tenets; and to aid this design, it was necessary to discourage the practice of what were termed idle sports and useless amusements. This was a design which he should ever think it his duty strenuously to oppose. . . . When he condemned the

* A man being killed in a prize-fight at Brighton, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, the Prince declared that he would not in future patronise or be present at any pugilistic contest.

excesses to which bull-baiting gave rise, had he forgotten all the confusion and riot which horse-racing produced? He himself did not object to the practice of horse-racing, since there were so many individuals to whom it was a source of pleasure. But he might be allowed to remind the House of the observation of Dr. Johnson, who had expressed his surprise at the paucity of human pleasures, when horse-racing constituted one of the number. To horse-racing he was himself no more a personal enemy than to boxing; though in making this observation he was far from wishing to disparage boxing so far as to put them on an equal footing, or to insinuate that so poor, mean, and wretched an amusement as the one, was at all to vie in importance with the other, which is connected with ideas of personal merit, and individual dignity.'

As to the popular argument derived from supposed cruelty, he scouted it as at once derogatory to the bull, the dogs, and the spectators.

'He believed that the bull felt a satisfaction in the contest, not less so than the hound did when he heard the sound of the horn which summoned him to the chase. . . . If the bull felt no pleasure, and was cruelly dealt with, surely the dogs had also some claim to compassion; but the fact was, that both seemed equally anxious in the conflict; and the bull, like every other animal, while it had the better side, did not appear to feel unpleasantly; it would be ridiculous to say he felt no pain; yet when on such occasions he exhibited no sign of terror, it was a demonstrable proof that he felt some pleasure.'

We have left ourselves but little space for extracts from that which is in truth the most characteristic part of the Diary, namely, its painful self-anatomy. Incidentally, indeed, the passages which we have already given will convey a pretty accurate idea of what remains; but our purpose would scarcely be achieved without adverting somewhat more closely to this subject, brought as it is already into unavoidable prominence. At the same time, it is obvious that it would be a mistake to suppose that those gloomy pages contain a real reflection of the images which were passing in Mr. Windham's mind. His ebullitions of hypochondria can hardly be called spontaneous. He evidently made it his task, whenever he took up his Diary, to place on record, as far as he could, the sensations experienced since his last entry. As we have said, he entertained the very mistaken notion that this kind of medical record would be serviceable, instead of, as it must have been, disadvantageous. Probably, therefore, he yielded to the natural tendency to exaggerate the symptoms which he felt thus compelled to analyse. Some extracts—they are a very scanty selection—may serve to illustrate this aspect of his strangely

compounded character. We give them promiscuously, that is, in mere chronological order; including some, particularly among the earliest, which are chiefly curious as showing the miscellaneous nature of the subjects on which he employed his mind, and the constant self-reproach which his vacillations between one subject and another occasioned him:—

February 16th, 1784.—During the hour or two that I was in my own room while they were in Duke Street, went on with the sacred history, and read the twenty-second chapter of Numbers in the Greek containing the story of Balaam. Afterwards sat down to the continuation of the account in “Adversaria:” “Mirari aliquando “subiit,” &c. ; but could not satisfy myself about a sentence I was attempting; at last went off into a reverie about an air-balloon.

17th.—Did not get up till ten minutes past ten. The first effect of what is here stated is, that I have two hours less in the day, at least that my day begins two hours later. Are there not also other losses? Are not the two hours which I should so gain, better than any other? Would not every other hour be improved by additional health and spirits? And might not the advantage gained in the application of my time be more than in proportion to the time added? . . . Dined at the Club; conversations about balloons, at which Sir Joseph Banks chose to take offence, and exposed himself most completely. Went with Burke for a short time to Brookes’s. (P. 6.)

April 6th, 1785.—This habit of indecision, if some means are not found to stop its progress and abate its malignity, will corrupt and eat away my understanding to the very core; it wastes my time, consumes my strength, converts comfort into vexation and distress, deprives me of various pleasures, and involves me in innumerable difficulties. Some canon must be framed for proceeding in these cases. Let the first resolution be, that from the moment the question is instituted, and the trial commenced, no interruption should be permitted, nor any adjournment take place. The cause should be concluded before the jury go out of court. . . . An adherence to these rules will, I have no doubt, go a great way towards a cure.

‘The fact on which the above speculation arose was that, till eleven o’clock, I could do nothing, from not having been able to settle in what manner I should dispose of the day; and in consequence, seven of the best hours of the day, viz. from seven till two, without more having been done than the writing of the present article, and thinking loosely on some parts of my work. Half-past three, went to dinner at Kent’s; not unpleasant. Quarter-past five, rode, going over wild ground about Wimbledon Common; not unpleasant, but not so pleasant as it might have been.’ (Pp. 48, 49.)

September 20th, 1786.—Came from Aylsham, where I had slept. Day uncommonly fine, and spirits uncommonly good. I had a song in my head, which I had heard at the dinner of the day before, descriptive of a fox-chase at some place near Angelsea, as I conceived, and which carried my thoughts into that part of the world, attended

with a feel of enjoyment which I seldom know. As these moments of happiness depend often on causes subject to our own direction, it is worth while to inquire what they are, and take such means as may bring them into action. On my arrival at home, I did what was most proper, and sat down to Thuanus, but was interrupted before long, and not unpleasantly, by Lady Buckinghamshire, driving through the park, with whom I rode to Cromer, and continued to attend till half-past three. Well employed till sleep obliged me to go to bed. It occurs to me upon this occasion, that that foolish feel or notion, by which one part of a day used to be sacrificed to another, and all power lost of terminating a neglect once begun, has for a long time ceased to operate. I don't recollect that for many times back of my being at Felbrigg, I have ever loitered away a whole evening as I used to do at Hanworth or the Parsonage.' (Pp. 88, 89.)

'June 15th, 1787.—I had felt myself particularly strong and clear, but lost some of the advantage by a foolish contest with myself, whether a wish of exercising my horse before dinner, sooner than it should lose a day, should be indulged or not. The disturbance given myself in arguing the question became a reason for deciding it in the affirmative. We drank tea out of doors. When they went away—the party from the Parsonage—which was about nine or past, I came into my room, and continued in my chair, thinking with great intentness on the question, in page 261, K. U., till past eleven, when the effect of thought, so long and so earnestly continued, brought me into a state different, as it appeared to me, from what I have frequently experienced from the same cause—such as seemed to me a natural precursor of that which, sometime or other, will be my end—a paralytic stroke.

'16th.—From whatever causes it happened—whether from continuing too long in bed, or from the same as occasioned what is stated above—I felt all this day low in spirits and feeble in mind. I was so drowsy as to be obliged to betake myself to the couch, where I continued fast asleep till I was waked by Mrs. Lukin coming under the window in the phaeton.' (Pp. 117, 118.)

'February 22nd, 1789.—Called, I remember, on Lady Howe, and meeting Fitzpatrick near Hay Hill, went back with him to Burlington House to see Fox. Lost time in deliberating whether I should dine at Lord Spencer's or not; determined at last for dining and found in the event, that I had determined very rightly. It was just six when I went there. From the time of my going to that of my returning was just three hours. What was I likely to have done in those three hours had I remained at home? At dinner, were Sloper, George Conway, Bingham, Charles Greville, Mrs. Howe, old Lord George, and Marchant.' (P. 164.)

'April 30th, 1791.—Whether it is want of habit, want of exertion, or want of power, I do not find in myself a capacity of exercising well, at the same time, both memory and judgment, or of collecting and digesting, on a sudden, a multitude of small particulars. The suspicion that this deficiency may have some connexion with the change lately suspected in myself and serve as a new proof of its

existence (a proof, I fear, not necessary), has contributed very much to depress my spirits.' (P. 225.)

'July 1791.—I fear a dreadful change in my mind in all ways; the prospect is very dreadful, considering all circumstances, and begins already to affect my spirits, though not to any great degree.

'Let us pass from this to the manner of late in which I have managed my time and to the state of my mind in other respects. I have certainly for a long while, perhaps for a twelvemonth, remitted greatly that exertion and vigilance which I used to employ in the government of my own thoughts. I have lost likewise much of my ardour for study and, since Christmas at least, of my diligence in the prosecution of it. The relaxation in the government of my thoughts is the more inexcusable, as the exertion of the power would have been more easy, and the effect more complete; though it is perhaps from this very cause, that so little exertion has been made. While my mind was in that strange state, that nothing but continued endeavours would preserve any thought at all, something was necessarily done, and the necessity of that something, like the defects of northern climates in the production of the finer fruits, led to exertions that did more than supply the deficiency to which they were called. When without any exertion at all, I could be in a state of tolerable comfort, I acquiesced in what I had, and not being below mediocrity, never rose above it. But little pains has been taken to strengthen my memory, by the recitation of passages formerly known or purposely committed to it; no pains hardly taken to confine my thoughts to any prescribed course, or to restrain them from idle and unprofitable subjects; no exertions made on subjects of an opposite character. . . . I am not what the same habits I now possess would have made me a little while ago. Let us endeavour to find other causes for this besides that most unwelcome one of a commencing decline in my own faculties.' (P. 231.)

'September 7th, 1792.—Rode out in the morning with Sir W. and Mrs. Lukin. I was so exhausted, that I was fain to lie down and sleep, and was unable to do that without many of those convulsive shocks with which I have for some time past, and particularly I think during this summer, been so much annoyed, and which I fear are the forerunners of a paralytic stroke. A night now not very often passes without my experiencing some of these seizures, in a way to make me apprehend that the event is actually taking place.' (P. 259.)

'September 10th, 1793.—The Townshends dined at Cossey. Both mornings were pretty well employed in writing letters. I felt for the greater part of the time a considerable tendency of former *feel*; proceeding in part perhaps from indisposition, but more probably from the effect of a state, which has always been most injurious, and to which it has always been my misfortune or my fault very much to expose myself, *that of being in company in which I was not amused*. The fatal hours spent in that way during one period of my life, were the cause, I believe, of a great part of the mental maladies under which I have always laboured, as were the hours to which I was

condemned by Norbury, in his pupil-room, at a still earlier period.' (P. 290.)

The intellectual Sybarite, whose slumbers are disturbed by a crumpled rose leaf, certainly shows himself in this expression of fear lest his health should break down under the infliction of 'company with which he was not amused.' Did he expect the world at large to be only an expansion of 'The Club'?

'*October 10th.*—I dined at the Bishop's. A party of, I suppose, fifty, chiefly clergy. I felt the same enjoyment that I frequently do at large dinners; they afford, in general, what never fails to be pleasant, solitude in a crowd. My satisfaction, however, was much clouded by finding that I had acquiesced in calling in my own mind "Randall"—"Marshall." It is in vain, I fear, to entertain a doubt, that the event which excited so much horror when I first suspected it two years ago has really taken place, and that memory gives signs of decay.'

'*October 25th.*— . . . What have I been about? It is certain that I have known, since I have been down here this time, feels of ill health not experienced or observed before, and which are perhaps of the most alarming kind, as arguing a general decay, and decay in that quarter which seems conclusive of all the rest, I mean of the powers of digestion and appetite. . . . It is certain that latterly I have fallen into a great neglect and oblivion of all that I have had to do, either of study or business.'

And here we conclude this disagreeable series of extracts somewhat abruptly, for, to say the truth, the subject itself somewhat abruptly breaks off. In 1793 (the date of the latest of them), Windham was in the forty-seventh year of his age. He had thirteen years more to live, in the full exercise of his admirable powers. And henceforward, with the exception of an occasional peevish self-reproach about vacillation of purpose, he nearly ceases to anatomise himself: the 'feel' seems almost entirely to have left him: we hear no more of incipient paralysis, or obliviousness, or decay. What turned the poor hypochondriac into a healthy and self-reliant man? Certainly not medical aid, nor self-examination, nor careful poisoning of improvements and backslidings, nor caressing of the inner consciousness. Mere natural causes may have done something; marriage (in 1798) perhaps more. But we are inclined to attribute much greater effect in curing him to the French Revolution, and the French war. The first drove his thoughts per force into violent and engrossing action, apart from himself. The second supplied him with congenial subjects for oratorical display, and abundant occupation (in office) for the natural turn of his mind, inherited from his father, towards military organisation and its kindred topics. Had he been forced from an early age to

toil for bread or success—had he worked at a profession, or shouldered a musket—his cure would probably have come earlier; but it could hardly have been more complete.

And it is in this point of view that we consider society not a little indebted to the lady who has edited this volume, for giving it so unreservedly to the public. Not for the sake of that pathology of nervous weaknesses which it illustrates so curiously. Of these everyone, who knows life, has probably seen too much already. Similar, if not quite as peculiar, cases abound in everyone's experience. But the real lesson of the book is this: that such besetting affections really are, in many cases, mere phantoms; that they will gradually disappear—not in obedience to efforts, not as a reward for patience, nor as conquered by medical skill, but of themselves: wearing themselves out, imperceptibly, even as an ordinary complaint wears itself out, under the influence of physical change in the system and occupation of the mind. We know full well how many a Windham, in respect of internal organisation, there is among us; some who may probably read these pages; let them meditate on the fact that their hero lived neither to become insane, nor paralytic, nor lethargic, as his perverted imagination had so often suggested to him, but to strain his fine faculties to the utmost for several busy years, to conduct the administration of the British army down to the dawning of its era of triumph; that this career was only cut short by an accident, bravely met and bravely endured; and not without an opportunity for resuming those serious views of life with which his early familiarity with Johnson had imbued him, though kept in abeyance through many a season partly engrossed with business, and partly devoted to self-anatomy.

This Diary will, of course, be in the hands of those who busy themselves with the political history of the era to which it relates; and they will find it of value for purposes of reference, especially the latter portion, relating to the Grenville and Portland Ministries. But these do not constitute the most interesting part of the work, compiled, as we have seen, as a private, and not a political, record. We will not therefore enter into this field, except by referring to a remarkable series of letters on the quarrel between Lord Fitzwilliam and Pitt's Cabinet, written by Burke to Windham almost from his death-bed (in October, 1794), containing the imaginative statesman's last utterances of despair:—

‘I wrote, last night, a *threnodia* to the Chancellor; but I did not enter into any particular whatever: it would have been quite useless, He is a very able, good-humoured, friendly man; and for himself,

truly, no great jobber, but where a job of patronage occurs, "*quam quam ipsa in morte tenetur.*" For in the article of death he would cry, "Bring me the job." Good God! to think of jobs in such a moment as this! Why, it is not vice any longer: it is corruption run mad. Thank you for the account of the few saved at Bois le Duc—Pichegru has more humanity than we have. Why are any of these people put into garrison places? It is premeditated and treacherous murder. If an emigrant governor was, indeed, appointed a better thing could not be done. Then we should hear of a defence: it would, indeed, be a novelty; and one would think, for that reason, would be recommended. But cowardice and treachery seem qualifications; and punishment is amongst the *artes perditæ* in the old governments. I am very miserable—tossed by public upon private grief, and by private upon public. Oh! have pity on yourselves! and may the God whose counsels are so mysterious in the moral world (even more than in the natural), guide you through all these labyrinths. Do not despair! if you do work in despair. Feel as little and think as much as you can: correct your natural constitutions, but don't attempt to force them.

' Adieu, adieu !

' Yours ever,

' EDMUND BURKE.' (P. 332.)

To this we will add, in conclusion, some extracts from a paper which reads curiously enough by the light of recent occurrences, drawn up by General Dumouriez, who was brought in contact with Windham, as Secretary of State for War and the Colonies in 1806, propounding a scheme for founding an empire in Mexico in order to check the progress of the United States.

' Le projet d'arracher le Mexique à la monarchie Espagnole ne doit point être envisagé comme une conception dévastatrice et de haine contre cette monarchie. C'est un acte de prévoyance digne du gouvernement d'une nation profonde et réfléchie. Les progrès de la population et de la culture de la Louisiane, depuis son union avec les États-Unis, annoncent l'invasion prochaine du Mexique, dès que les nouveaux établissements qui s'étendent déjà à la droite du Mississipi dans les riches plaines des Cenis se répandront jusqu'au Rio del Norte. Alors, les frontières du nouveau Mexique seront bientôt franchies par les aventuriers américains, à moins que le Mexique n'ait un souverain résidant sur les lieux, qui puisse rassembler sur les mêmes frontières des forces indigènes bien conduites. Toutes les nations de l'Europe seront alors intéressées à borner les conquêtes des Américains dans le Golfe du Mexique, l'Angleterre surtout. La révolution du Mexique est inévitable un jour: il est donc très-important d'empêcher qu'elle ne devienne américaine, ou démocratique, de la prévenir et de la préparer à l'avantage de l'Angleterre, pendant qu'elle est en guerre avec l'Espagne subjuguée par la France.

' L'avantage d'une pareille révolution est incalculable, son exécution

est très-facile, sa dépense n'est qu'une mise en dehors, un prêt à la nouvelle dynastie, dont on sera bientôt remboursé; son succès est infaillible. C'est ce que je m'offre de démontrer, si le projet est adopté par le Gouvernement. Manille, Cuba et Porto-Rico suivront le sort du continent, ou auront une autre destination dictée par les circonstances.'

'Faire un roi du Mexique: par cette opération acquérir un allié puissant qui, par la suite, contienne les États-Unis, vous aide à chasser des Antilles les Français et les Hollandais, vous assure un débouché pour vos manufactures, et vous dédommage au centuple des gênes qu'elles éprouvent en Europe. Par cette expédition, aussi solide que brillante, aussi facile que lucrative, vous acquerez, sans tirer un coup de fusil, la domination du Golfe du Mexique, par la possession de la Havane, celle de la Mer du Sud par celle de Manille, que le nouveau roi du Mexique vous cédera pour le prix de son exaltation; vous ne pouvez les acquérir que par ce moyen, en profitant des circonstances, qui ne se représenteront jamais et qui tourneront contre vous, si vous les laissez échapper. Le commerce des deux mers sera dans vos mains, les richesses métalliques de l'Amérique espagnole arriveront en Angleterre, vous en priverez l'Espagne et Buonaparte, et cette révolution numéraire changera la face politique de l'Europe.' (Pp. 507-15.)

The writer then proceeds to enlarge on the feasibility of his project, and the advantages which would accrue to England from placing the Duke of Orleans (Louis-Philippe) in the position since conferred by France on the Archduke Maximilian.

The whole of this paper deserves careful consideration at the present time, when a formal attempt has been made by one of the greatest Powers in Europe to place a European Prince upon the throne of New Spain. The proposal was certainly entertained by Mr. Windham and referred by him to Sir Arthur Wellesley, who wrote upon it the masterly papers contained in the sixth volume of the Wellington Supplementary Despatches, p. 35, one of the earliest specimens of the Duke's political and strategical powers. At p. 50 of the Memorandum in question, the Duke refers in distinct terms to Dumouriez's scheme, which must therefore have been laid before him.

ART. IX.—*Electoral Statistics.* Presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty, March 2nd, 1866.

AT the moment when these pages are submitted to our readers, the House of Commons will be engaged in debating the second reading of the Bill for the Extension of the Franchise, recently introduced by Her Majesty's Government; and within a few hours a vote of the Lower House of Parliament will probably decide the fate of that measure in the present Session. It is not our province to compete with those political writers who are enabled by the facilities of frequent publication to track the varying fortunes of the fight, and to discuss with feverish ardour every incident of the campaign and of the battle. Nor could any observations published in this place affect results, which depend on the fluctuations of a majority, swayed by the eloquence of debate or the artifices of Parliamentary tactics. But although we are precluded from taking any active part in the contest now raging in the House of Commons, and we shall not presume to speculate on the consequences of an unknown vote, it would be inconsistent with our duty to the party with which we have so long been connected to remain silent at so important a conjuncture of public affairs. It is never too late to recall attention to those fixed principles of public policy and political truth, which survive and govern the vicissitudes of success and defeat in a popular assembly; and whatever be the decision of the House of Commons upon the Bill now before it, we know that the ultimate success of the measure for the extension of the suffrage to a larger class of our fellow-citizens is certain and indisputable.

On former occasions—on the eve of the general election in July last, and on the eve of the meeting of Parliament in January last—we fully stated the views we entertain on the subject of Parliamentary Reform in its present phasis, and we have only to add that the measure introduced by Lord Russell and his colleagues has, by its sincerity and its moderation, entirely justified the anticipations we had formed of it. It was easy to foresee, that, at a time when the Liberal majority of the House of Commons is not vehemently impelled by any strong agitation in the country, and when many members of the new Parliament are more anxious to exercise their privileges than to subject them to revision, a proposal for the reform of the House of Commons has to encounter the secret aversion and apprehensions of a considerable number of

members of the Liberal party, in addition to the open opposition of the Conservative minority. On this well-known fact the opponents of the Bill have based their operations; and it is a remarkable circumstance that in the debates upon the first stages of the Bill, the whole attack was carried on by skirmishers, who still affect to wear the colours of the very party they are endeavouring to divide and to defeat. The Conservative leaders maintained at that time a significant silence, and it might be inferred that, in the judgment of the calmer and wiser spirits among them, the measure proposed by the Government was a fair and moderate settlement of a long-disputed question, which cannot fail—as long as it is in dispute—to exclude them from any lengthened tenure of office. They cannot doubt that sooner or later, and at no distant period, a considerable addition will be made to the present electoral body, for the principle was conceded by Lord Derby's own Reform Bill of 1859; and in addition to the manifest justice of the claim, it is an act of prudence to remove inequalities and anomalies which have repeatedly been exposed, and to bring as many of Her Majesty's subjects within the pale of the franchise, as can be expected to exercise that right with independence and intelligence. The appeal to the fears of the upper and middle classes, which the opponents of the present Bill have not scrupled to make, is grossly exaggerated, if not entirely unfounded. If there are dangerous classes in the community, there is danger in excluding them from the exercise of political rights, as well as in including them within the regular line of operations of electoral constituencies. We are told that in certain boroughs which have been named, there is already a preponderance of the working-classes, and that to augment the present electors by the 7l. householders would be to establish this preponderance over a broader area. But what evidence is there that this class of voters is constantly to vote *as a class* with undivided strength, when every other class in the community is divided by the influence of party and of opinion? If we take the old freemen and scot and lot voters, who existed at the time of the Reform Bill of 1832, and who survived it—a low class of voters certainly, and probably lower than the average 7l. householder of the present day—it will be found that they were by no means class-supporters of popular candidates, but, on the contrary, many of the boroughs in which they still exist are strongholds of Toryism. It is then a fallacy to suppose that the admission of a more numerous body of voters from a lower class in society tends necessarily to throw their unanimous vote on the popular or democratic side. Indeed, it may happen, and it

does happen, that voters in this humble condition of life are more accessible to influence than men of a higher position; and we see reason rather to apprehend that they may be wanting in independence than over-eager to assert it at the expense of all other classes in the nation.

We infer, then, from these and many similar considerations, that the Conservatives are wrong in rejecting this Bill—that they are repeating the mistake they have often committed before—and that the certain result of the defeat of the present measure would be to render the introduction and adoption of a stronger measure of Reform infinitely more probable hereafter. We admit, however, that the production of the Electoral Statistics, which have been framed by order of the Government during the past winter, and were laid before the House of Commons a few hours before Mr. Gladstone brought in the Bill, has supplied a vast amount of materials for the discussion of this question which did not before exist. We have ourselves on several former occasions pointed out some of the remarkable inferences which might be drawn from the known increase of population, from the rise of wages, and from other causes, which render the franchise to a certain extent *self-adjusting*, and have actually largely augmented it, in the last thirty years, notwithstanding the gradual extinction of the class of freemen. But these inferences were the result of conjectural analysis; they are now confirmed by statistical demonstration. It must then be conceded that we are far better able than we have ever been before to arrive at certain conclusions on the subject of the franchise, and that we have now, for the first time, in our hands the materials for a *scientific* treatment of the subject. We must take leave to remark that it reflects no great credit on those statesmen of all parties who have repeatedly tried their hands at a revision of the representative system, that they should now, for the first time, have discovered the paramount importance of the information contained in the Tables before us. The fact is that the treatment of the question of Reform has hitherto been purely *empirical*, at least by practical politicians; and the more philosophical class of writers on the subject had never before obtained from Government the means of verifying or refuting their speculative propositions.

The question of Parliamentary Representation has therefore made a great step in the present year by the production of these elements of calculation; and we have no doubt that a still greater step will be accomplished when the intelligence of the nation has been for some time at work on these materials. They disclose an infinite number of anomalies and imperfec-

tions, which it is not easy to set right by the application of any uniform rule or standard. Hitherto the machine has worked with tolerable fairness, because one set of abuses may have served to counteract another set of abuses of an opposite tendency. But if the whole system of our representation is to be passed under review, and reduced to any definite principle, the subject is so intricate and so difficult that it demands an amount of time and thought that have not yet been given to it. It matters, in our opinion, but little whether a particular measure be carried within a particular time by a particular set of men; but it is of the deepest consequence to the permanent interests of the nation that every step we take in this matter should be taken with a clear knowledge of its consequences. The objection which has been taken to what is termed the 'partial and fragmentary' treatment of the subject, appears to us to be altogether captious and unfounded; the magnitude and complexity of the questions at stake render it almost impossible to treat them collectively, or to legislate for them in a single Bill.

The present debates are therefore salutary, and even the opponents of the Bill now before Parliament are unconsciously lending their assistance to the ultimate triumph of a more enlarged measure, by showing the imperfections which may be laid to the charge of this scheme. No doubt it is incomplete. The framers and authors of the Bill were the first to acknowledge its incompleteness, and to announce that they should be prepared to go on in the same direction, and with the same precautions. The question is whether that direction is the right one. But it is a singular characteristic of the opposition made to this Bill, proceeding from parties notoriously adverse to Reform, that they require to be informed of all its concomitants, and demand pledges from the Government to carry it further. Had the Bill been a bold and decisive measure, they would have proclaimed an uncompromising resistance. As it is a partial and moderate measure, they protest against it for its exiguity:

'My wound is great because it is so small :
Then it were greater were it none at all.'

These, however, are but frivolous strictures; and we cannot believe that they will prevail against a great principle. The nation desires on many accounts to admit a larger number of persons to the exercise of the franchise. Parliament is already pledged to that principle both on the hustings and by former votes. This Bill would effect that object without any serious

disturbance of the present balance of parties and classes; and we trust that a premature defeat of the Government plan will not throw the conduct of the question into the hands of less experienced statesmen, or upon more agitated times than the present.

Within the last few days especially, and during the Easter recess, it has become manifest that in spite of the all but universal opposition of the London Press and the censorious tone of London society, the country at large has given to this Bill a much more favourable reception than it obtained on the first reading in the House of Commons. Many a member of Parliament who went down to his constituents a waverer, has been taught by their firm and contented, though dispassionate, attitude, that the Bill has been received with profound satisfaction by the best portion of the middle classes of England. The adversaries of the Bill complain that it has called forth no violent ebullitions of enthusiasm and party feeling. That is in our eyes one of its merits, because it shows that the measure is a temperate one, and makes no appeal to the passions of democracy. But if the Tories and their casual adherents wish to awaken those sleeping passions, and to rouse the spirit they affect to dread, they may depend upon it that an unqualified rejection of this Bill would not fail to realise some part of their own sinister predictions. The adoption of the principle of the Bill on the second reading, which we confidently anticipate, will, on the contrary, go far to justify the reliance placed by the country on the wisdom of Parliament and the consistency of the present Administration. If, on the contrary, an appeal to the constituencies were unfortunately rendered necessary by the rejection of this measure, we entertain no doubt that the answer returned to that question would be a decisive majority in favour of the Bill.

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